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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE
1941

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FICTION · SPORTS · HUMOR
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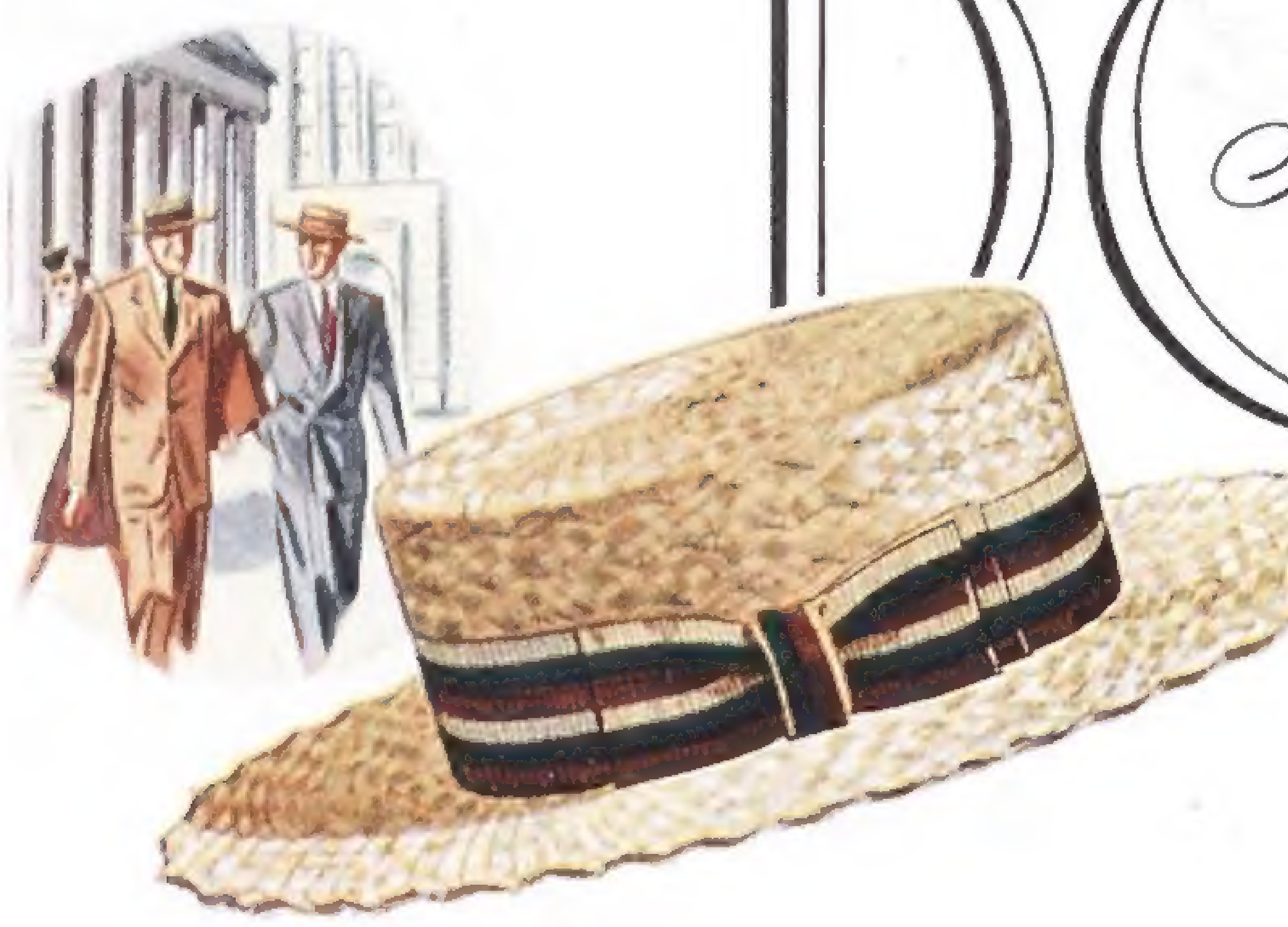

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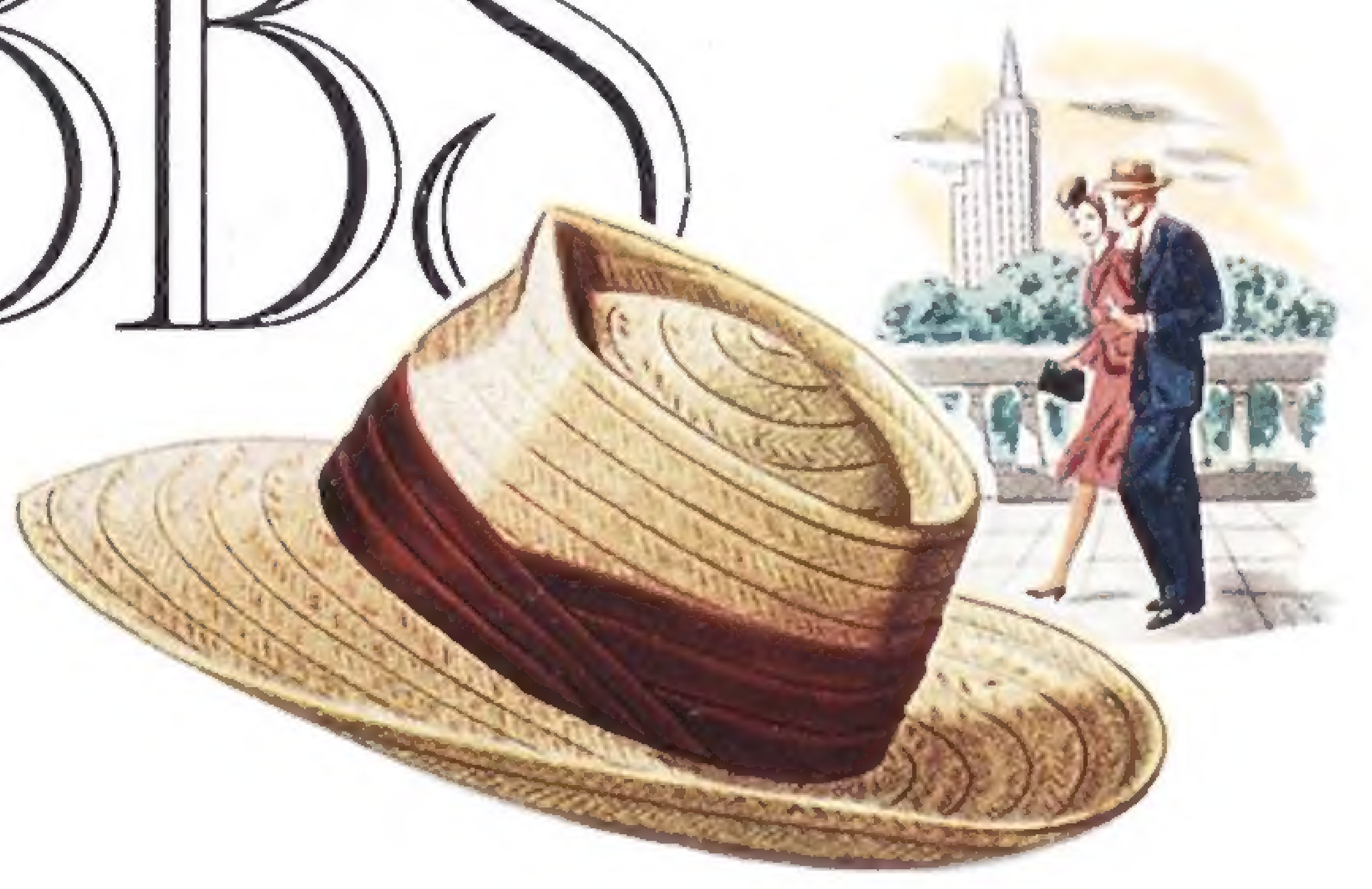

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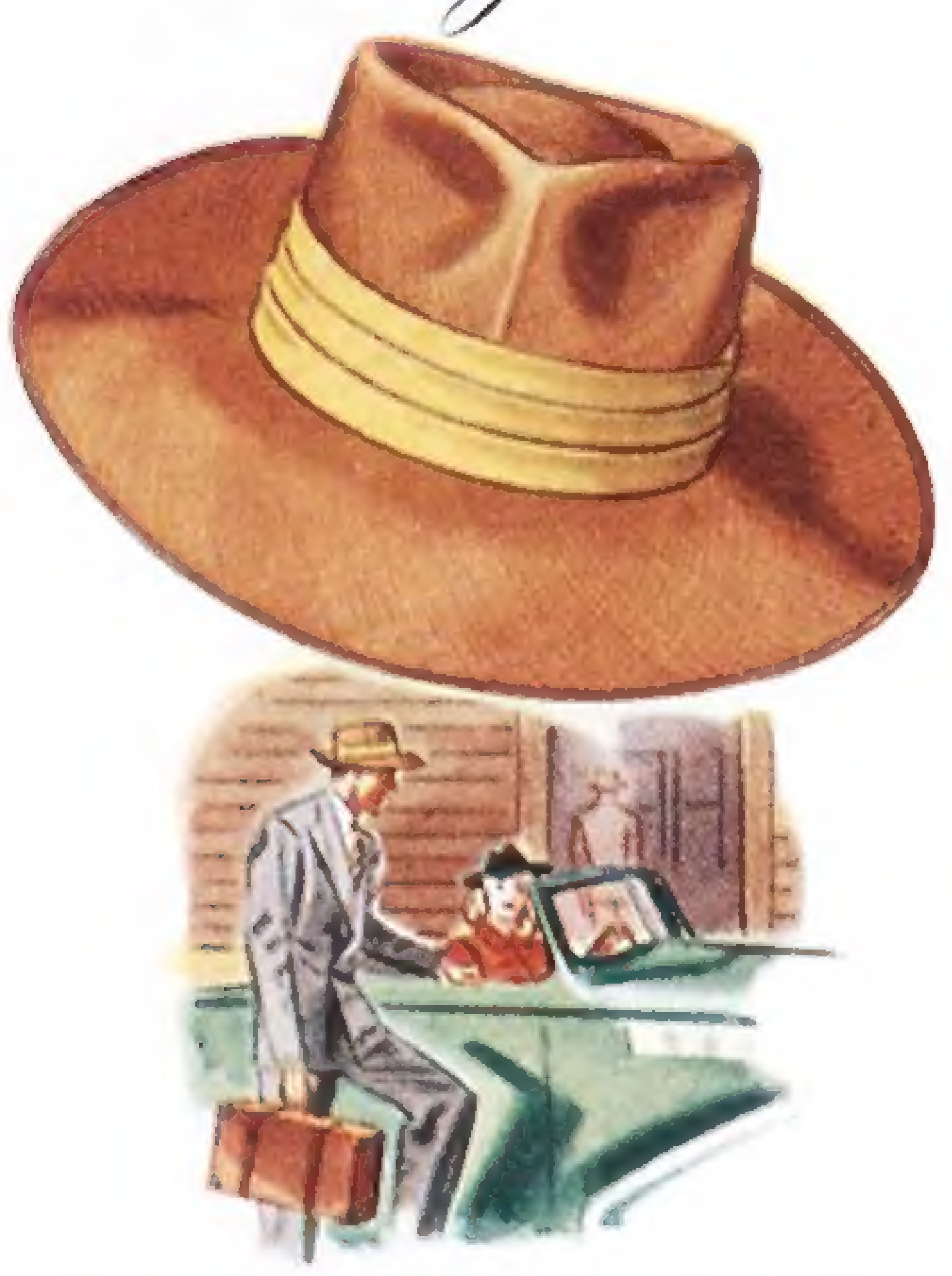

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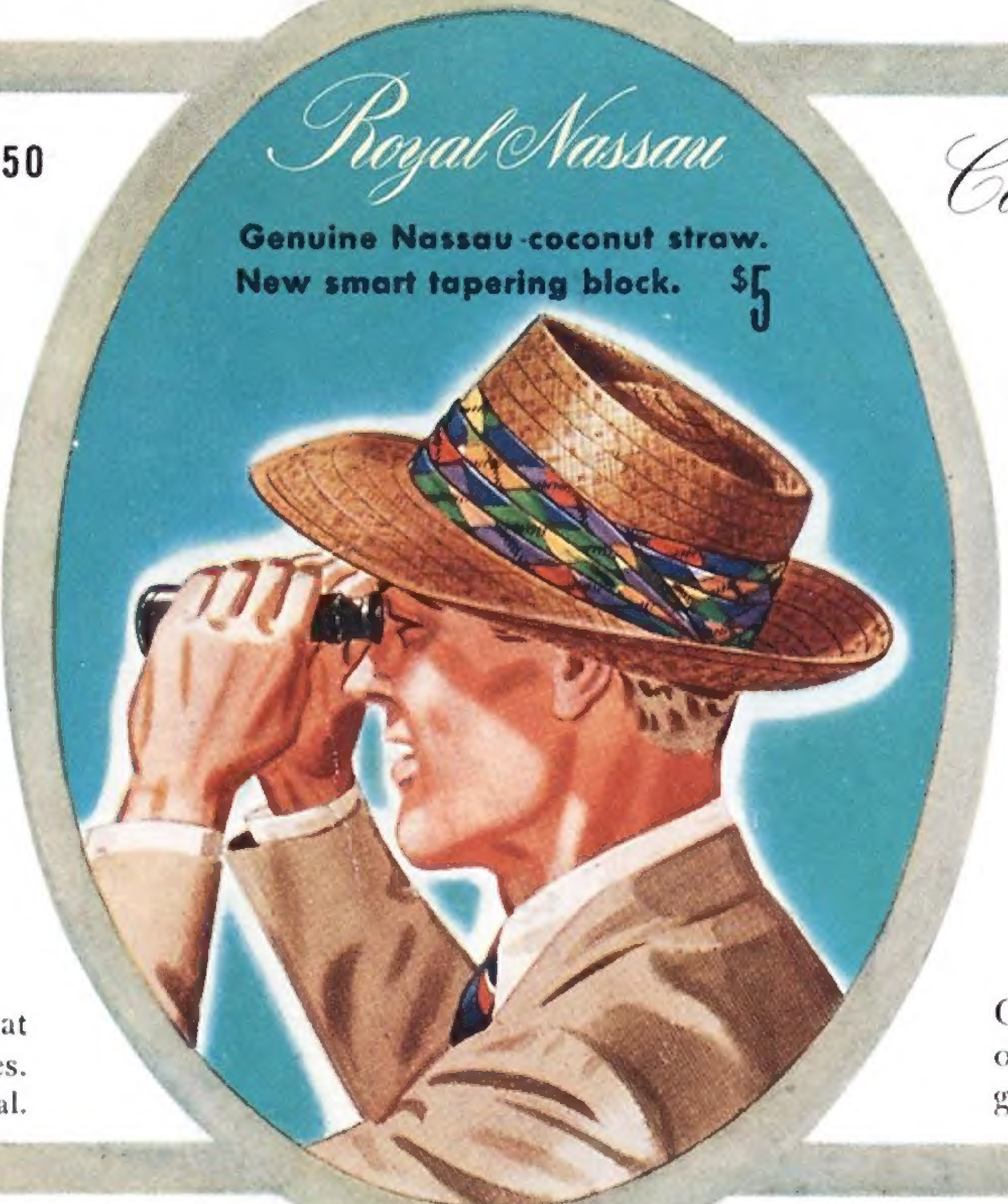

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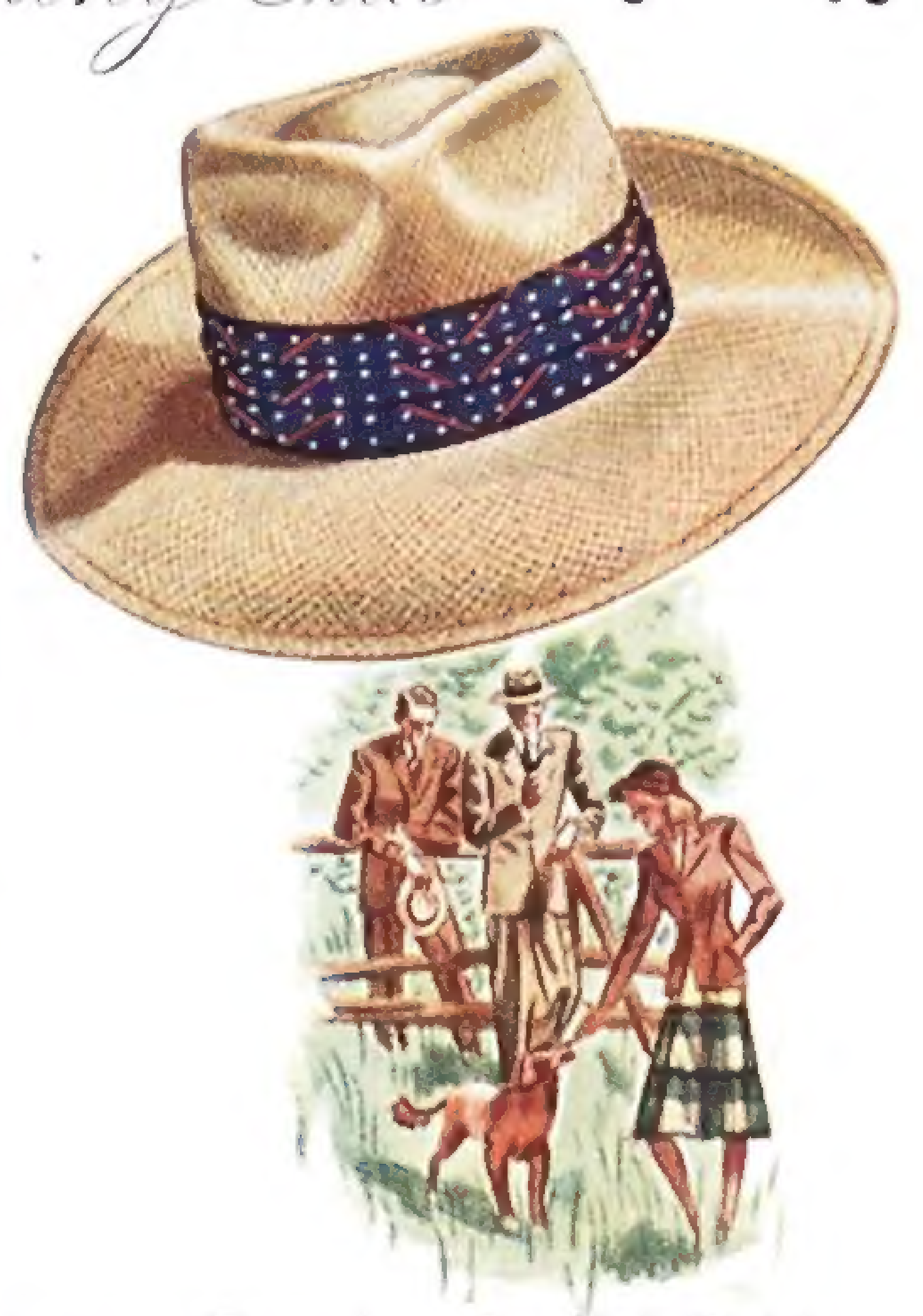

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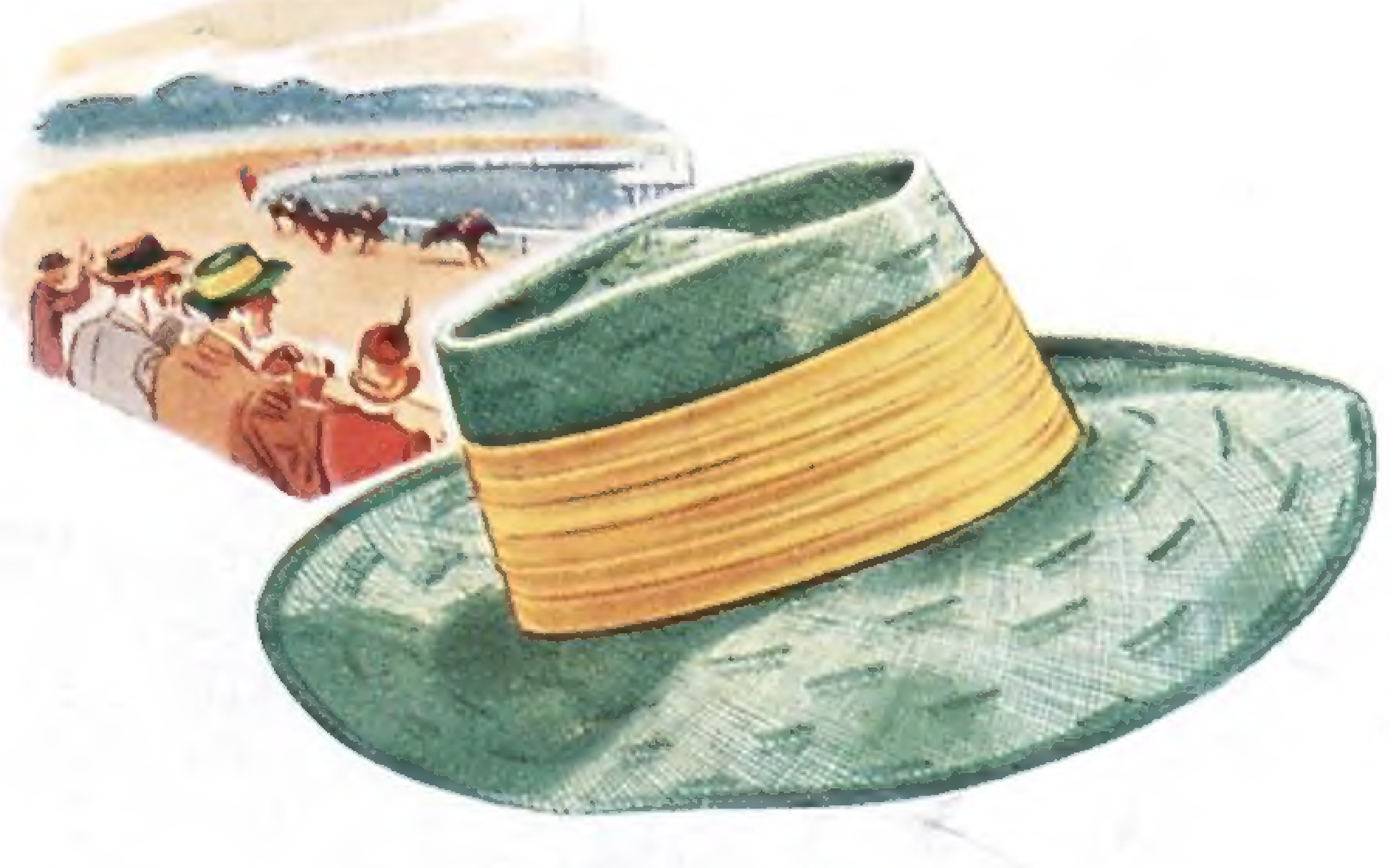

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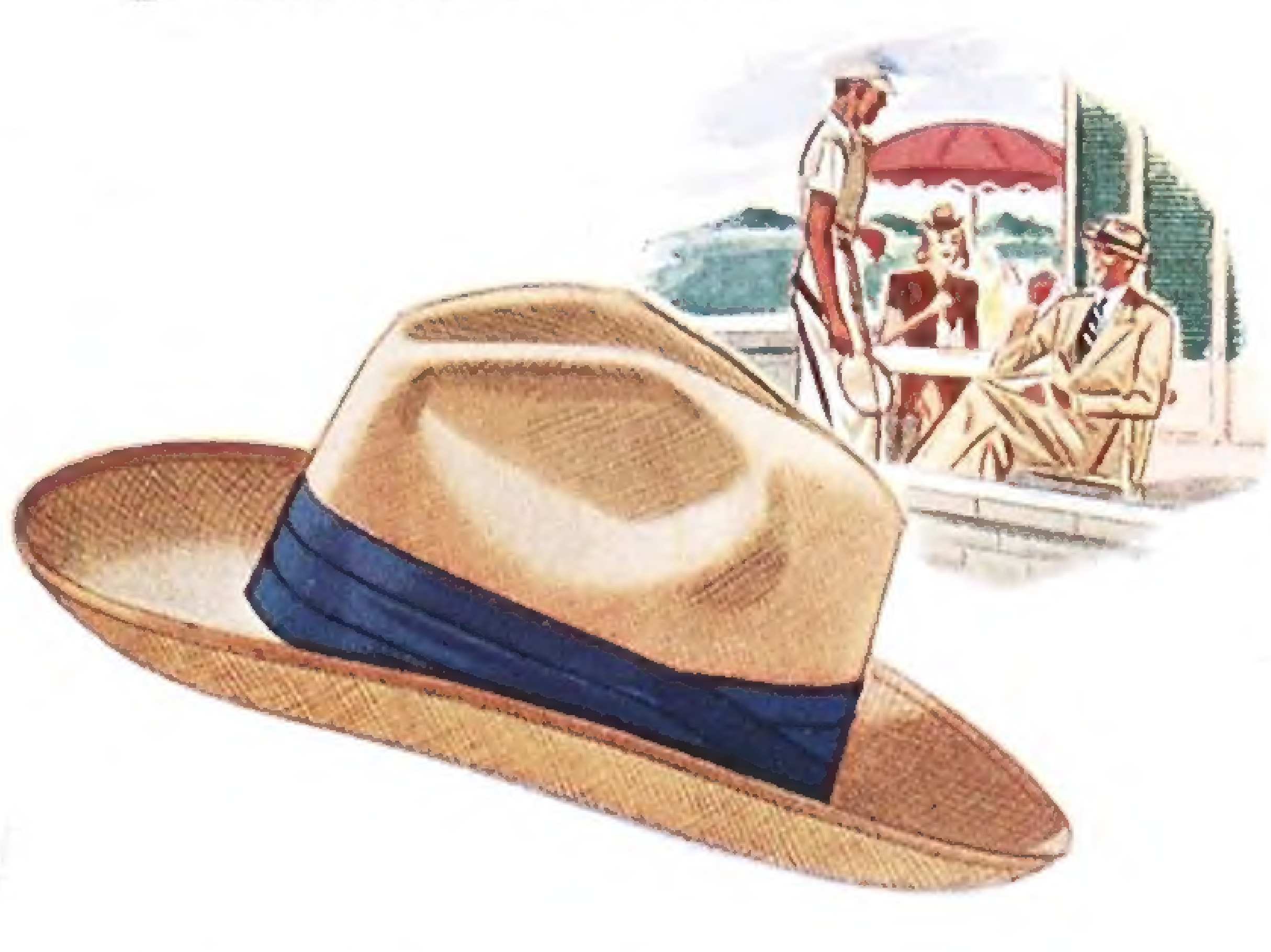

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by BOTANY

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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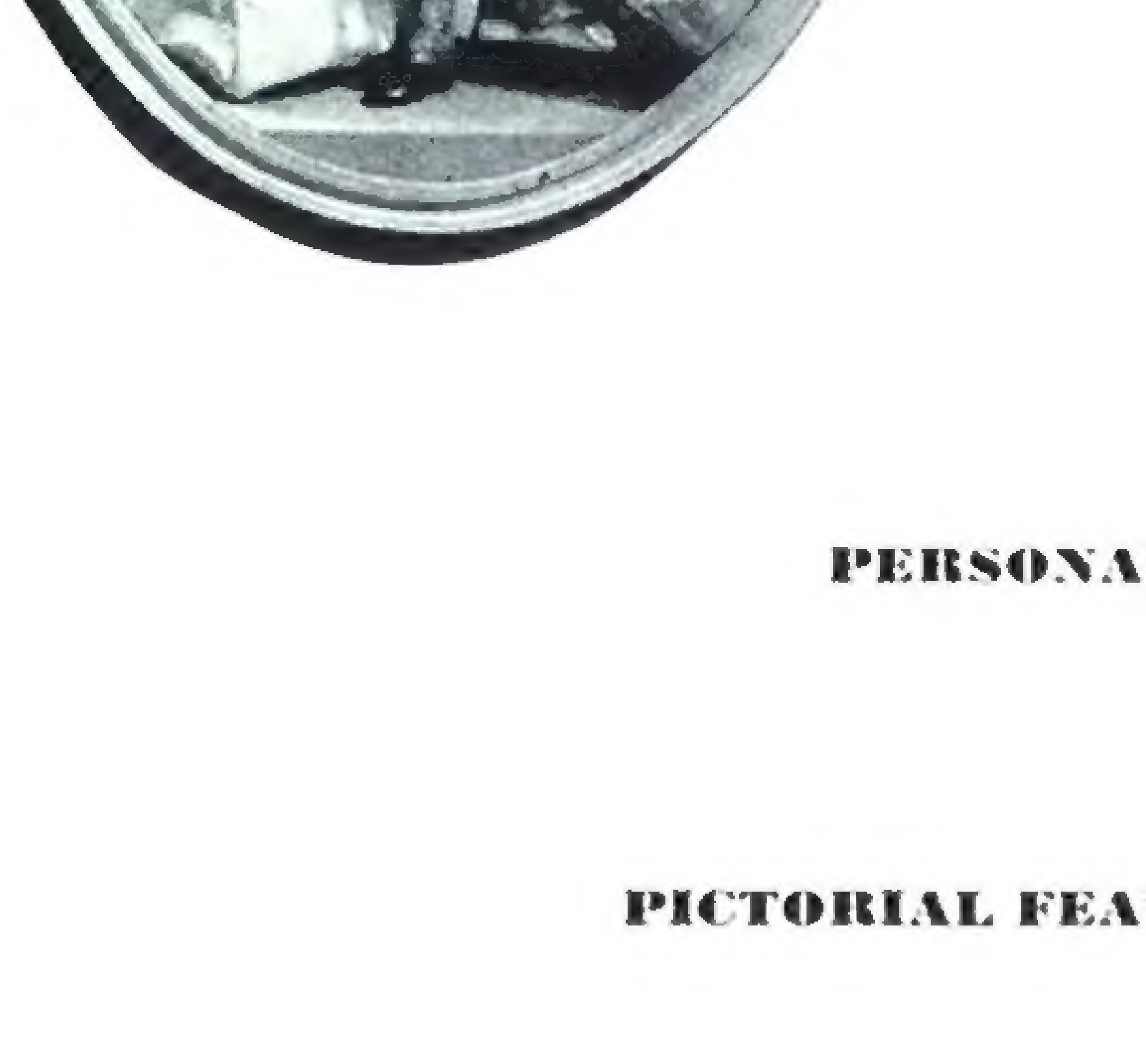

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NEW YORK EDITION

EDITORIAL: Homage to a comedian and a revival of a portent

Because we don't know him, have never seen him offstage and only twice on, yet feel toward him the warm affection normally felt only for friends since childhood, we wish here and now to sing the praises of an actor named Berni Gould.

We have only once before felt this way about a performing artist. We said so, at the time, in these pages. That was about a singer named Charles Trenet who has since gone, along with his native France, into partial eclipse. Happily, this Berni Gould appears destined to enjoy a kinder fate.

All we know about him is what we read in the program of the current road show edition of the Labor Stage revue *New Pins and Needles*. That isn't much, but here it is: "Berni Gould was a cloakmaker. He didn't try out for *Pins and Needles* until the second company was being cast. Gould once was a traveling salesman in the millinery line and spent a good bit of his time in the southland."

Elsewhere the program says, "After three years of the theatre, the people in *New Pins and Needles* would find it hard to tell you just what they are—actors or ladies' garment workers. They've been all over the country, they've played in the White House, and wherever they've given *New Pins and Needles* they've been acclaimed as polished and experienced troupers. Yet the fact is that once upon a time every single one of them earned a living as a needle trade worker."

Well, unless the question was never meant to be anything but rhetorical, let us record here, however tardily, the fact that the quondam cloakmaker Berni Gould, strongly seconded by an ex-truckdriver named Harry Clark, answers it with a side-splitting affirmative. These two are the bright particular stars of a scintillating show. But to us it seems that Berni Gould's story is just beginning at this point.

The temptation is strong to dip right down to the bottom of the dish of superlatives in talking about Berni Gould. Suffice it to say that we found this comedian unique in his ability to make you feel more strongly about things, while causing you to laugh yourself sick at them, than you would ever feel about them in your serious moments.

Dazzled the first time we saw him by the brilliance of his material, as furnished by the hyper-talented team of Harold J. Rome and Joseph Schrank (the latter's one of our favorite ex-Esquire boys, by the way), we felt that upon second sight and hearing his humor couldn't possibly hit us anywhere near as hard. But the second time, with the first fine edge of novelty worn off his material, we found him even funnier—and perilously close, for us, to the point of being unbearably funny. Fortunately for us, if not for our doctor, *New Pins and Needles* left town, headed for the coast, before we could get to see it a third time. But we're going to see this Gould again, whenever and wherever he shows in something else. And remembering how we laughed the last time, we sort of dread it.

We can think of half a dozen big name comedians who leave off far short of the point where this fellow begins. Not to join the argument as to whether Chaplin failed of his purpose in *The Great Dictator* we can only say that we can't imagine Berni Gould muffing even as big a chance as that. Hollywood, if it has half the sense that it was born with, will grab him off while he's in the neighborhood. For his humor is a double-barreled combination of those two sure-fire ingredients, frenzied flag-waving and flustered custard-pie.

* * *

Because it seems a bit more timely now than it did on its first appearance in print, we take the liberty of repeating here what we wrote in another magazine, over two years ago, on February 23, 1939:

The sound of the eagle's scream has never been music to our ears. At home and abroad we wince to hear a certain familiar type of over-American indulging in disparagement of everything foreign and whooping it up about how much better we do this or that in America. Blindness to the good qualities of other countries simply indicates an excess nationalism which is, in itself, an indication of intellectual and cultural deficiency. But an excess of nationalism constitutes nine-tenths of what's wrong with the world at this dark moment of its history. And if nationalism, now running wild at the expense of internationalism, continues unchecked, then various nations will be competing with each other, not on the basis of their good qualities, but precisely the reverse. And the cream of the jest is that in that case, when world competition turns from the noble to the ignoble, the last laugh is ours beyond the least shadow of a doubt.

We Americans, we Gringoes, have not been jingoes for a long time. But anybody who forces us into it, is going to discover to his sorrow that he has goaded us into playing our own game and is due for a surprise that will probably be tragically funny.

For the good qualities of the Europeans, which we properly respect and admire, are not the qualities that will count when the party gets rough. Let Germany, for instance, compete with us on music and we must admit defeat. We have nothing to equal Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. In such a contest we would be hopelessly outclassed. Let Italy engage us in a contest where Art is all that counts and we will fold up when asked to face Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo, routed as badly as the pathetic Ethiopians. Let England cast down the gauntlet in a war of words, where poetry is all that matters, and we would crumble before Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley. For America, thrown into competition on such terms, can only be compared to John L. Sullivan at the celebrities banquet who, when called upon in a distinguished gathering of musicians, artists, and writers, could only get up and say, "I can't sing, and I can't paint, and I've got no gift for fine speeches, but I can lick any s.o.b. in this room."

So it's going to be pathetically funny if the musicians, artists, and poets insist on being s.o.b.'s because Uncle Sam can be the biggest one of them all. If they would only stick to their music, their painting, and their poetry, over there on the other side! But they insist these days on thinking in terms of machine guns, airplanes, and submarines. Have they forgotten, perhaps, that we are the plug-uglies who thought up those things?

Herr Hitler has been pacing up and down of late and muttering into his mustache about "a nation of bankers and business." He undoubtedly thinks of us, along with the rest of the knee-knocking democracies, as a nation of mere money-grabbers, grown slack-paunched, and flabby-muscled in our preoccupation with the all-mighty dollar. Undoubtedly he thinks that when the time comes, after France and England have been euchred out of everything that matters over there, we will also fold up in utter confusion whenever he feels like reaching for anything over here—anything in Latin America for instance. And that is when the last laugh will be on the side of the democracies—or perhaps one should say on the side of the last democracy.

This may seem small consolation in these troubled times. Democracy, on the other side of the water, is evidently a lost cause. But then, it is worth remembering that the form-chart shows that the opposition to tyranny usually loses every battle but the last one. Napoleon, for example, found that out.

Meanwhile Hitler may mutter into his mustache anything that comes into his head, Goering may growl, and Goebbels gabble. Lindbergh may tell us anything he wants to, about the way the Nazi airplanes can darken the skies, and it won't mean much. For whatever the German airplane production may be hopped up to, it can't be a spit in the ocean, compared to ours, from the day after the day we decide that the time has come to turn on the heat. For against the trinity of composers, our inferiority is unimportant, because the new world game won't be won with music. No, we're not a nation of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms but we are, instead, a stamping grounds of Ford, Du Pont and General Motors.

We have been inclined to be ashamed, in the past, of those who bragged about our material superiority, in Philistine ignorance or unawareness of spiritual considerations. But if Europe insists on getting off that level, and tries to come at us on our own, the result is a foregone conclusion.

Away back in the early days, when in the family of fighting animals this country was in the class of the gartersnake, it had a motto, "don't tread on me." Today, when in the ranking of the nations on a score of potential meanness, this country can only be compared to a fullgrown bushmaster—in other words, the deadliest thing alive—that motto still stands unrepealed.

It may yet turn out to be the handwriting on Hitler's wall.

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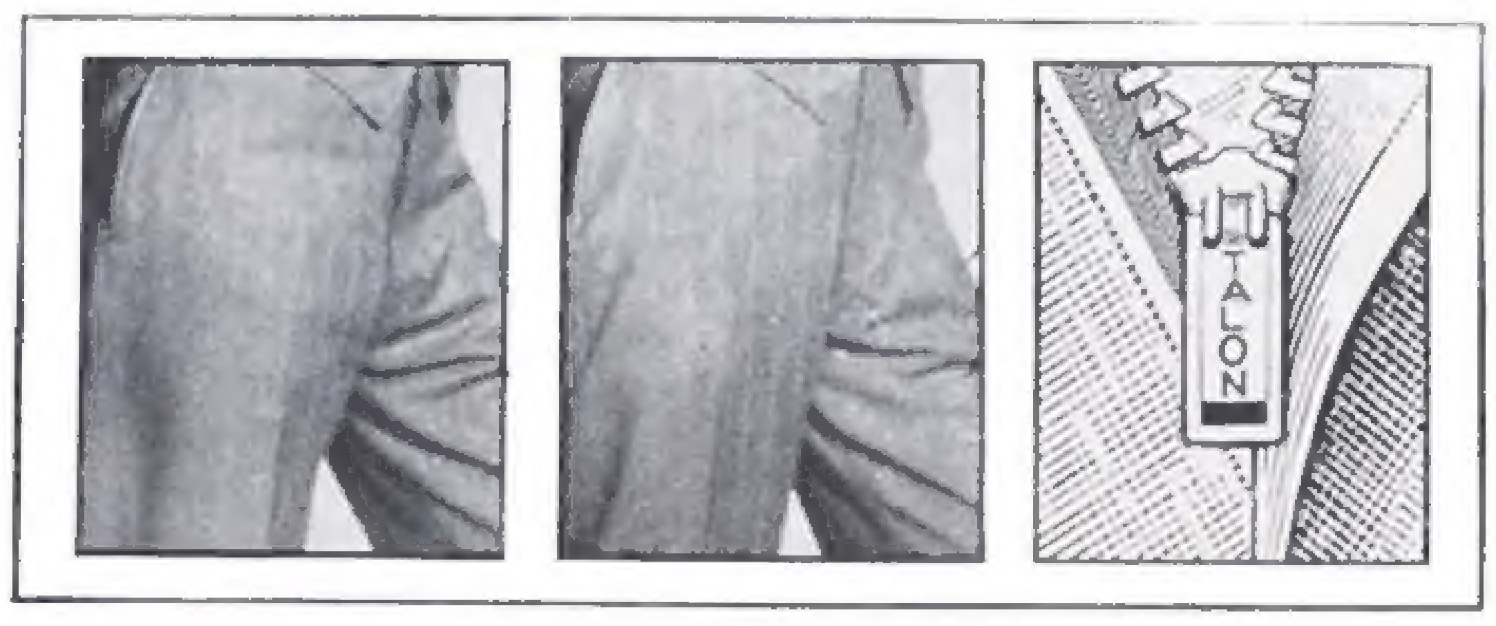

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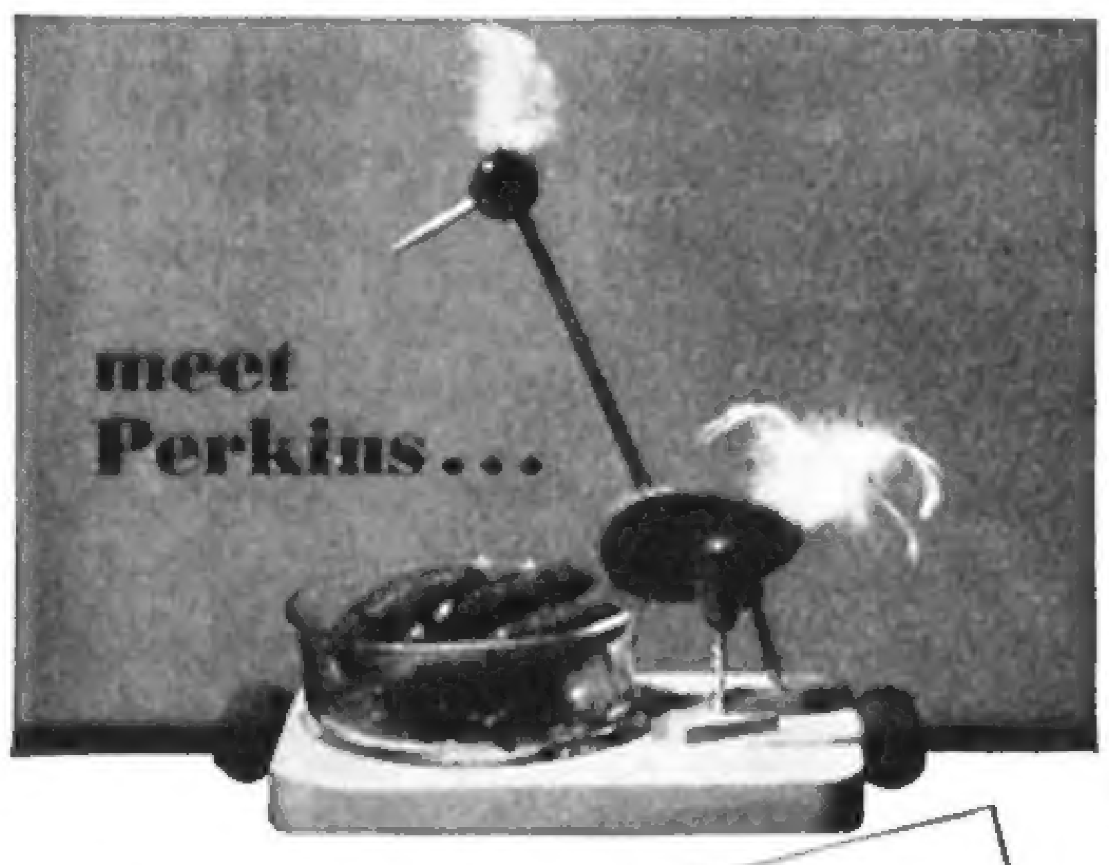

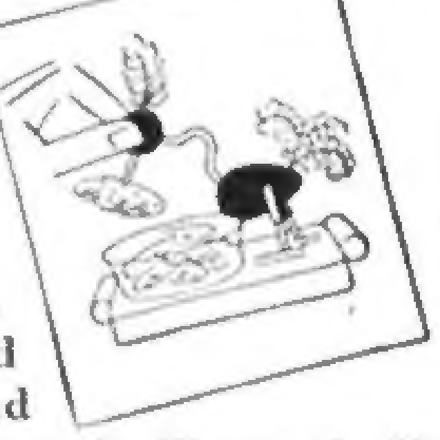

Perkins is quite a bird. He stands guard over a 4" glass bowl that you fill with pickles, olives, or other tidbits. Taking his head in your hands, you use his beak to select your delicacy.

Perkins is red, yellow, and blue, with white feathers here and there, and a coiled spring for a neck. He stands 8" high. He's a sure-fire compliment-getter for your next cocktail party—and a grand gift for your weekend hostess. He's yours for only a dollar, postage prepaid, so send check or money order for several to

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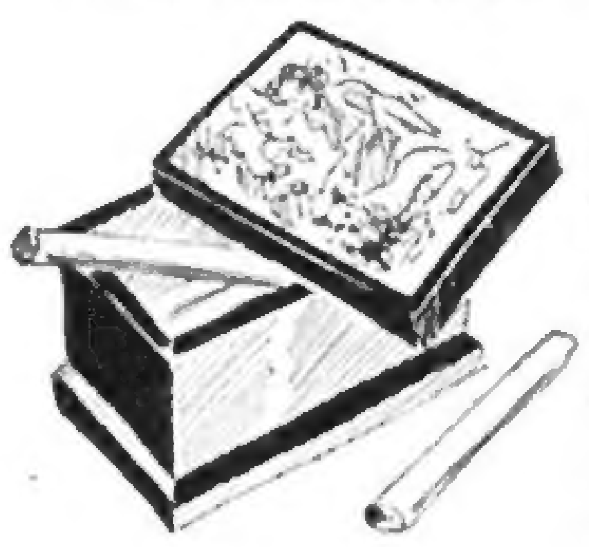


THE PERSONAL TOUCH. If you're getting your camera out of its dust cover for the open snapshot season, you might like to have the prize picture of the lot go down to posterity in permanent form. A print or negative can be reproduced on the cover of a plastic cigarette box; not pasted on, but baked in. There are bookends, too, in plywood processed with pyraglass; one photograph can be used for each end, or two different ones if you prefer.

SHE MARRIED FOR LOVE . . . but she couldn't manage Hildy, the maid of all work. So perhaps she'd appreciate a nicely-gotten-up plastic-bound portfolio that gives both the neophyte housekeeper and Hildy a round-by-round description of what to do until, and after, the guests arrive. Although it's most amusingly (and tactfully) written and illustrated, its chief purpose is practicality. There's a page for the bachelor and his valet, too.

WEDDING RING. We saved this one up till June as a wedding or anniversary gift possibility—a card tray designed after a wedding ring, made of what appears to be sterling silver but isn't. It has an attractive design around the outside, and the inside of the band is to be engraved like an actual wedding ring, with the bride's and groom's names and the date of the wedding.

CRAFTS TO THE FORE. Our native craftsmen and women have always come through with quality of workmanship and originality of design. An exceptionally smart bar chair, for instance, made in Connecticut, is keyed to today's living and yet will be useful years from now. It's hand-carved in a light-colored native wood; the back is a stylized horse's head, and a stirrup is suspended from the front to hook your heel in as you imbibe. Tall, as a good bar chair should be, it can be used as a telephone or occasional wall table.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

JUSTIN-BARTON-THE BELT TEXAS RANGERS WEAR
$3

The Grand Gift for a Man to Give or Receive

For sports or every day wear a real Justin-Barton Western belt, one of the swankiest, smartest belts ever to come out of Texas! Made of No. 1 top-grain cow hide, hand edged to stay smooth and round thru years of wear. You'll like the bold masculine pattern, precision tooled from an original handcut Western design. Hand finished with the original Barton Antique leather stain, which never rubs off, but mellows with age, taking on a luxurious deep-toned leather glow. You never shine the metal on a J-B belt because tip, loop and removable buckle are of Oxidized Silver and stay bright. These lustrous silvery fittings can hardly be distinguished from a $15.00 jewelry store set, yet the price of this hand finished belt is only **$3.00 Post Paid.** We guarantee you'll be proud to wear it or give it, or your MONEY BACK. We also have Western belt and buckle sets, $1 to $500.

If Your Dealer Doesn't Carry, Mail Coupon Today!
or order by letter if you prefer not cutting this magazine

JUSTIN-BARTON BELT CO. Fort Worth, Texas
Please send me at once. . . . . . .Justin-Barton Belts at $3.00 each POST PAID. If not satisfied, I may return within one week for my money back. Enclosed is—
☐Check-Money Order ☐Cash ☐Send COD 17c extra
Waist Measurement. . . . . .Inches.
Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . . .State. . . . .

★ where you see them, you find style!
PARK AVENUE CRAVATS
MAYSON CRAVATS
L. MAYERS & SON
333 W. Baltimore St.
Baltimore, Md. ★

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

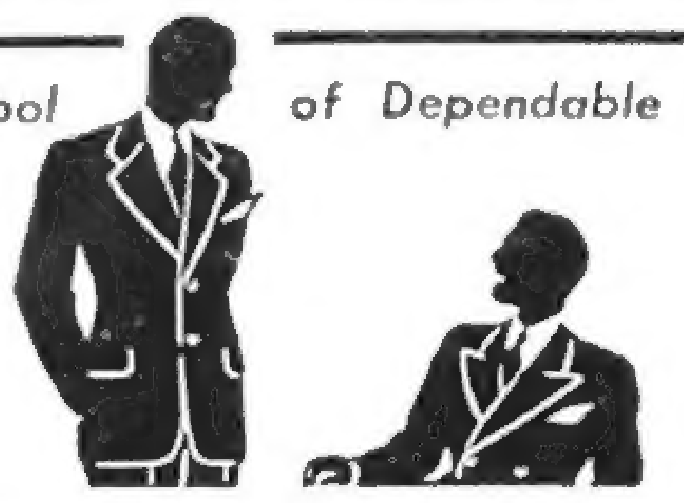
THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR

Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp and *see* the difference, *feel* the results. Let Vitabrush, the new electric driven scalp brush, answer your hair worries in a sensible, positive way. 5000 stimulating, vitalizing strokes per minute. Use Vitabrush only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Recommended by scalp authorities. Available in several models. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write *now* for full information including details of special money-back trial offer.

HERSHEY MFG. CO., 195 So. La Salle St., Chicago

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★SIMPSON CLOTHES

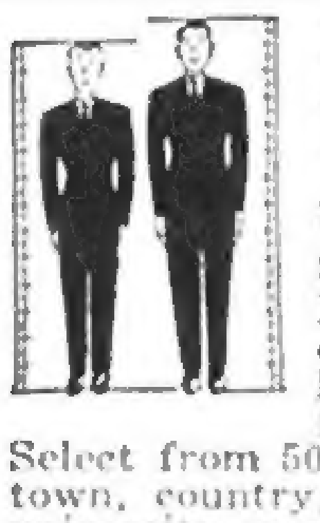
In Self-Defense

Let's defend America—to the hilt! And let's not forget the defense of *your* standards of excellence in personal appearance. The Simpson way of making and selling fine clothes makes it possible for most men to match personalities with 'captains of industry' . . . with leaders in every walk of life.

For summer you may dress with elegance, comfort and unusual economy. The fabric you select will be cut and *individually-tailored* to *your* measurements. A capable Simpson representative, skilled in measuring, will call at your home or office with fashions and fabrics.

FOR YOU!... *we have a copy of our luxurious, full-color brochure, titled "10 Best Dressed Men". A penny post card will bring it to you. Write Dept. E-6.*

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. Simpson Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
Display Rooms in Many Cities



BE TALLER

than in ordinary shoes

Staturaid shoes make you taller by 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2¼ in. (more than in ordinary shoes). *Improve posture too.* Built-up feature cleverly concealed from outside view. Select from 50 smart styles for town, country, sports, military, university wear. *Staturaids are custom-made.* One week delivery. **Free Staturaid catalog** sent in plain wrapper. Write Dept. 51.

SEND for *FREE* CATALOG

JOSEPH BURGER
Factory and Showroom,
2067 Third Ave., near 113th St., N. Y.

dura-lite score pads
For BRIDGE and GIN RUMMY

Bridge score
GIN-RUMMY

With illustrated plastic cover, **dura-lite** score pads satisfy the urge for new and different score pads. Contains new, simple Gin Rummy rules and scoring method; enough sheets to score 500 games. Bridge pads have rules, can score 500 rubbers. Unique prize or hostess gift. Attractive gift package $1. At your favorite store or sent direct. Dept. 14

4 pads for $1

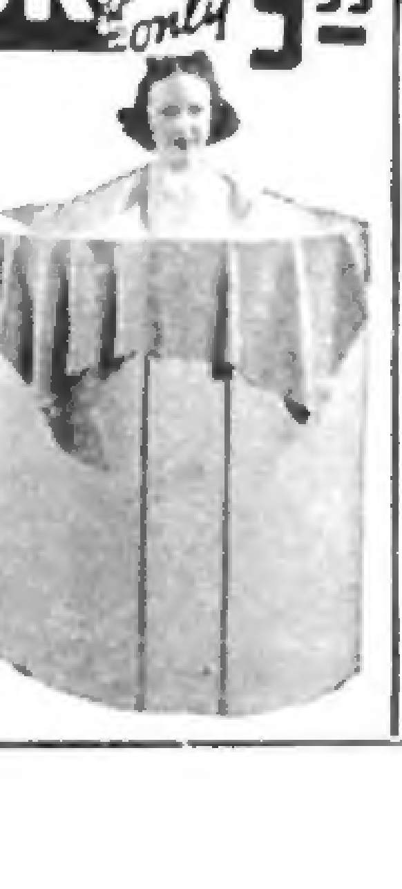
dura plastics, inc.
1 w. 34 st. new york

those ties you've heard about are **HABAND TIES**
AND ARE SOLD ONLY BY MAIL

Let us send you a **free** set of pictures in full color.

Address Dept. 67 **Haband Co., Paterson, N. J.**

PERSPIR-ATOR only $9.95



THE MODERN TURKISH OR VAPOR BATH FOR HOME USE

Complete with streamlined cabinet, infra-red electric heater, vaporizer, rubber apron. Portable. Roll up when not in use. Positively guaranteed. Sent postpaid upon receipt of $9.95...or pay $9.95 plus postage on delivery. Try it in your own home. If not satisfied, return within 10 days and we will refund your $9.95.

PERSPIR-ATOR MFG. CO.
Dept. 391 **Toledo, Ohio**

Graduation Gifts

GOLD WATCH set in one of a pair of cuff links make an extra-special gift. 14K, the links are plain and unadorned except for the 17J watch, which is unusual and practical in its novel setting.

PIPE RACK made of lucite, with space for two pipes. It's streamlined, to the greater advantage of its usefulness and good looks. Nothing corny about a traditional gift this time.

WRISTWATCH for the man of action; it's proof against water, shock, and breakage. What's more, it winds itself. For a watch that can take an awful beating and like it, it's exceptionally good-looking. The price is much less painful than you might expect.

PORTABLE RADIO—three-way type, for this is AC and DC as well as a battery model. Makes the handy portable more useful than ever. It's made of leatherette and tenite in a pale tobacco color. Switching from one current to another is as easy as snapping a button.

MUSICAL ALARM CLOCK in copper and brass plays reveille for him (unless it's going to be done by bugle) with *Good Morning* or *Blue Danube*. Small in size, it should appeal alike to musical bachelors of art and those who don't like a violent awakening.

DRESS STUDS will remember you to him if he's been struggling along with his roommate's all these years. Smoked mother of pearl crossed in the center with gold are good because they can be worn with either black or white tie.

AIRPLANE CUFF LINKS for the man with his head in the clouds. Twin-motored planes in 14K gold do the job of holding his cuffs together. They're as minute as you might expect, but accurately detailed.

DE LUXE traveling typewriter in a cowhide leather case that will knock his eye out, being that the case is fitted with slide rule, pen, pencil, stamp box, and for sheer elegance, a cigarette holder. A lifetime gift.

THE TRAVELER RETURNS with more than he took away with him, making the kangaroo bag a practical contribution. It stows flatly away in the bottom of a suitcase, while for the overloaded trip home it's a suitcase in itself. Brown or tan canvas with leather binding; three sizes.

PENCIL of sterling silver, containing a yard of lead when the interior supply is laid end to end. These lie in wait in sections; a simple adjustment brings a fresh lead into use. Inexpensive, it has a three-inch measure to indicate how much lead there is to go.

VEST POCKET model of the popular leather traveling clock with flaps that fasten over the face and contain space for two photographs. Can be propped up on night table or desk. Blue, red, or saddle brown cowhide, moderately priced.

Ranger

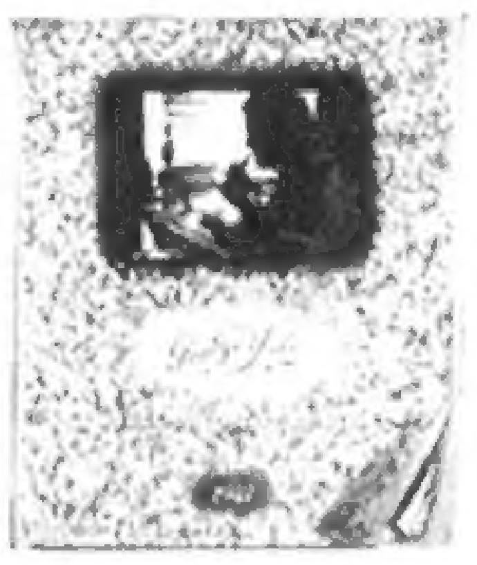
For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

BEST PIPE-LIGHTER I'VE SEEN YET!
HOLD LIGHTER UPRIGHT... GET REGULAR FLAME FOR CIGARETTES AND CIGARS
TILT LIGHTER... GET 2½" JET FLAME FOR EASY PIPE-LIGHTING

Pipe smokers: it's true! Here's the lighter with the "projected flame" you've always wanted. **Beattie Jet Lighters**, using any good lighter fluid, make pipe-lighting as enjoyable as pipe-smoking. And the moderate prices make them "naturals" for gifts, on such occasions as Father's Day, graduations, birthdays, and that problem-present for your week-end host. And, of course, you'll want one for yourself.

Black or Tan wrinkled Enamel, Polished Nickel, Gleaming Black Enamel	**$3.65**
Satin Chrome, Genuine Pigskin, or Black Morocco	**$5.00**
Heavy Silver Plate	**$7.50**

All Beattie Jet Lighters are guaranteed for life. At leading department stores, tobacconists and men's stores. If dealer can't supply you, order direct. **BEATTIE PRODUCTS, INC.**
17 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.



PIPE SMOKERS

Here's a valuable addition to your smoking library! 48 fascinating pages about briar, meerschaum, corn cob, clay, odd pipes, collectors' pieces, tobaccos, blending, smokers' accessories.

Write for FREE copy

GEORGE YALE, Dept. 36
1083 Sixth Ave., New York

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 228 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 35 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $2.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

DIVE KING
Swim Trunks

by Lamb Knit

★★ For speed in the water and style on the beach . . . these hip-hugging, 100% wool swim trunks give you a new sense of comfort. You'll *feel right* the minute you put them on...and they will *wear right* summer after summer . . . *At better dealers everywhere!*

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

GO GET A GUITAR AD

I was very much interested in your article about the piano makers. I peck away at a piano myself, once in a while. Probably the reason for it lies in the fact that we have an inherited "upright" of ancient vintage—which cost me nothing—whereas a guitar would require an outlay of $2.39 (Shears and Sawbuck catalog price) plus postage.

As far as the piano manufacturers are concerned, they don't care a darn whether I ever buy a piano, or not. After all, if they don't worry about it, why should I.

In my twenty-eight years of married life, no piano salesman has ever so much as inquired as to whether or not I might be interested in purchasing something more modern.

So, tell the boys in your advertising department not to be too much concerned about the withdrawal of piano advertising—pianos are not made to be sold—they must be bought. If I correctly sense the motif of Esquire, it glorifies the idea of trying to sell "something."

Your piano article led me to go thru the rest of the magazine to see just what things or services advertised in its pages I am buying or have at sometime purchased—and here they are.

Teachers, Florsheim, Jimmy Kelly's (at least—almost bought it), National Beer, The Plaza, No Doz, Schenley, New Yorker Ice Show, Leon & Eddie's, Sherry Netherland, Chez Paree, Dobbs, Calverts, Hart-Schaffner & Marx, Arrow Shirts, Budweiser, Pabst, Abercrombie, Von Lengerke, Portis, Talon, Philip Morris, Haig & Haig, Stetson, Manhattan Shirts, Paris Garters, Old Taylor, Hickok, Coopers, Fitch, Chicago Daily News, Coronet, The Blackstone, Interwoven, Camels.

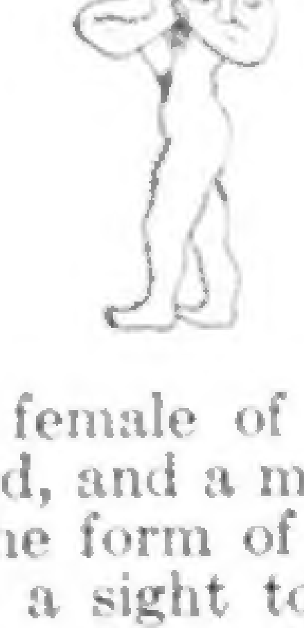
Where your advertising boys have fallen down—is their failure to sell someone on the idea of advertising *guitars.*

Yours truly,
Sheboygan, Wis. George M. Cornell

GOOD POINT WELL PROVED

My wife and I both enjoyed the current issue—and thought the Petty girl especially admirable.

The Missus however asked her inevitable question, to wit:



Why is it one always sees the female form illustrated, photographed, painted, drawn, sculptured, modeled, molded, etc. in the nude, but never the form of the male?

My answer was—as always, the form of the well developed female of the species is a joy to behold, and a memory to cherish, while the form of the well developed male is a sight to be avoided and a memory to be blotted.

To illustrate my point, I drew the "Cassidy Boy" enclosed, in a "Petty girl" pose and I think my wife sees my point now.

Yours very truly,
Latonia, Ky. B. P. Cassidy

TRUISM WITH AN EXCLAMATION POINT

I don't know whether to be madder at your former piano advertisers or at you.

What the hell is the matter with the American business man? Why must he be so dumb?

A piano maker should know that anything and everything that increases love for, appreciation of, or desire for music, is going to increase the probability that more pianos will be needed. And sold if people have the money.

Anything that increases the desire for music is NOT competition for pianos. Any advertising of anything that is NOT related to music IS competition for pianos.

Let that soak into your thick skull awhile. And tell the damn fool piano men that ALL the advertising in Esquire that is not for or about music, is their real competition.

Your readers (& your ads) may be in a class by themselves but I doubt if they have all the spending money they need, so that, therefore, and all the rest of it, every time they buy something, someone loses a sale. Get that.

When I sent you $10 for a 3 year sub did it occur to you that my baby (bless her blue eyes) had to go without a pair of shoes, or that I staved off the landlord or skipped a payment on the car or radio or stood up the grocer or the gas company? Now did it? Some day I will write you an article on economics on which subject I am considered an authority.

Sincerely yours,
Bernard Rowntree
Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

WELCOME ASSIST FROM LORD BROADKNOLL

Just before I left England I was present at a gathering in which Lord Broadknoll, fifth Earl of Chisham, expressed in a touching testimonial his deep affection for the piano. When I read your editorial in the April issue of Esquire concerning the loss of piano advertisements through certain inimical remarks contained in an article by Hart Stilwell, I could not help being struck by the coincidence.

We had just left the pleasant environs of the Gentlemen's Club in Twiddenham when a din of air raid sirens shrieked its warning, and we were forced to take shelter in the Underground. Whilst the heavy bombardment went on overhead the conversation came round to pianos. How it happened to come round to pianos I fail to recall. Somebody—I think it was Major Mawkley—expressed the opinion that the piano was being slowly supplanted by the wireless and the dry Martini. "Considah my own nevvew, young Balgerstone. Bean taking lessons on the pianah for almost a dekit, still cahn't play anything but chopsticks, and that by ear."

Lord Broadknoll, to our surprise, then came to the defense of the piano. We had never heard him express an opinion on a musical subject, and of course we listened with interest. A bomb fell somewhere near us but we were too preoccupied to do more than acknowledge the momentary interruption. "Cahn't agree with your thiddy, my deah fellah," said Broadknoll. "Inabiliteh of your nevvew chap to mahstah the intricacehs of the pianah keyboard no test of the thing's populaddity. Why, down at Chisham Manah, we've possessed one of the blahsted businesses for something ovah two hundred yeahs. Still in parfect condition. Fahnceh you'd coll it a clavichord, same principle as the pianah. Wouldn't be without it, you know. Indispensable. Extraordinarileh convenient to put things upon—hats, walking sticks, whisky-and-sodahs . . ."

I don't at this time remember the conclusion of our conversation, as the talk veered to a technical discussion of grammar: whether it was whisky-and-sodas or whiskys-and-soda. In any case, I feel that as long as such folk as the Earl of Chisham consider the piano indispensable the manufacturers have little to fear from guitar players.

Sincerely,
Palo Alto, Calif. Louis Paul

RIPOSTE MORE'N SORROW'N ANGER

Of late thou hast received missives, verily, told by idiots, full of *Sound and Fury,* signifying nothing. Lo! how the infidels rage and howl at being smitten in their most vulnerable libido.

When Allah the All Merciful, the Creator, fashioned this earth He put therein various and sundry creatures, some beautifully, some fearfully wrought. To some He gave a soul and these He called Men. But wearying in the task and momentarily occupied with a few errant stars in the universe, He was compelled to leave the completion of the work to assistants.

Among these assistants was one known as Asmodeus, surnamed the Devil on Two Sticks. This knavish creature grasped the opportunity and in the absence of Allah the Giver of Light, the Source of Wisdom, perpetrated a fiendish joke which has repercussions to this day.

Asmodeus continued to fashion Men but to some he gave only the outward form and denied them a soul or any concept of beauty. To add to their misery, he confounded them with frustration. Thus these poor creatures are dependent on the images and drawings of artisans to slake that thirst which is engendered by what the infidel scientists term the XY chromosomes. Thirsting for sex but lacking a soul or any concept of beauty, these infidel pseudomen are easily misled by false artisanship and it is possible to palm off on them hideous monstrosities poorly done in the name of art and beauty.

When a true believer, taking pity on their defenseless misery, seeks to point out to them the error of their ways, they snarl and demand to be left undisturbed in their worship of the ugly and untrue. Like pagans they adore false images and would not hear the truth.

In the words of the true prophet Mohammed, may he be blessed and his memory revered, you can safely call a man a dog, but look to yourself when you imply that he has no concept of a beautiful woman or that any She, image or real, whom he admires is ugly.

I have spoken.

Haroun-Al-Raschid
Commander of the Faithful
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE EVIDENCE IS STACKED

Why print such puerile, witless verses in conjunction with your highly attractive drawings? Is Phil Stack your office boy, and if so, don't you feel it is false economy to pay so much for a Varga and then try to make a saving in the poetic commentaries?

I have always maintained, often against lusty opposition, that an Esquire follower has a grammar school education. If the point is admitted, you must also admit that your standards of poetry must be raised.

Read Ogden Nash and Dorothy Parker and Margaret Fishback, then turn to Phil Stack and feel your gorge rise. I'm not quite sure what a gorge is but whatever it is it rises at such drivel as this by Stack (March, p. 104):

> When you moved into town a year
> ago
> You surely were a sweet, attractive
> kid, . . .

That wooden "surely" is his favorite, by the way. He throws the word in whenever the meter begins to limp, and, believe me, most of his poetic feet have paralysis. Note this inversion and lousy feminine rhyme (April, p. 35):

> Weird decrees appear in Nippon
> As the Fascist garb they slip on:

And this papless disfiguration of a Varga (March, p. 73):

> Yes, you thrilled them to the marrow
> As you roamed the woodland, dense,
> With your crafty bow and arrow
> You were certainly immense!

But let me carry on in the same foul medium:

> As vapid verse becomes inaner,
> Pithless, pointless, still insaner,
> Which bard proves the least
> inspiring,
> Most flatulent and quickly tiring?
> No, it isn't Edgar Guest;
> Even Stein can't win this test.
> The oaf who leads the dullard pack?
> Your tripe-producer, Philip Stack.

His poems *surely* make one retch.

Very truly yours,
George W. Feinstein
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

TWO FIGS FOR CONSISTENCY!

What is happening to your fashion staff. They seem to be contradicting themselves.

On page 99 tis said, "Cuffs are only absent on formal occasions."

Last spring the "paddock suit" was illustrated without cuffs.

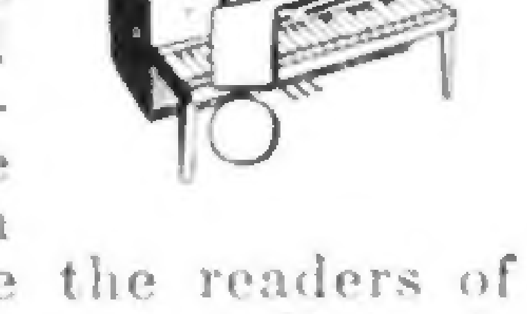
Get yourselves together.

John J. Delaney, Jr.
Baltimore, Md.

BETWEEN RESTS

Naturally I was sorry to learn that an article of mine in Esquire has caused you to lose the advertising of the piano manufacturers.

I believe they let their feelings get the better of their business judgment. The article which I wrote, *Go Get a Guitar,* didn't hurt them. What will hurt them, however, is their action in withdrawing their advertising from Esquire because of the article.



Far better business on their part would have been the purchase of even more space, not less, in an effort to convince the readers of Esquire that I was wrong. As it stands now they have, by withdrawing from the field without a struggle, admitted that I was right.

So I guess we'll all go get a guitar. But I expect to hang onto that battered old grand piano of mine. In fact, my wife was rattling off a little Bach fugue, to give me a rest from my guitar, when I happened to notice your editorial.

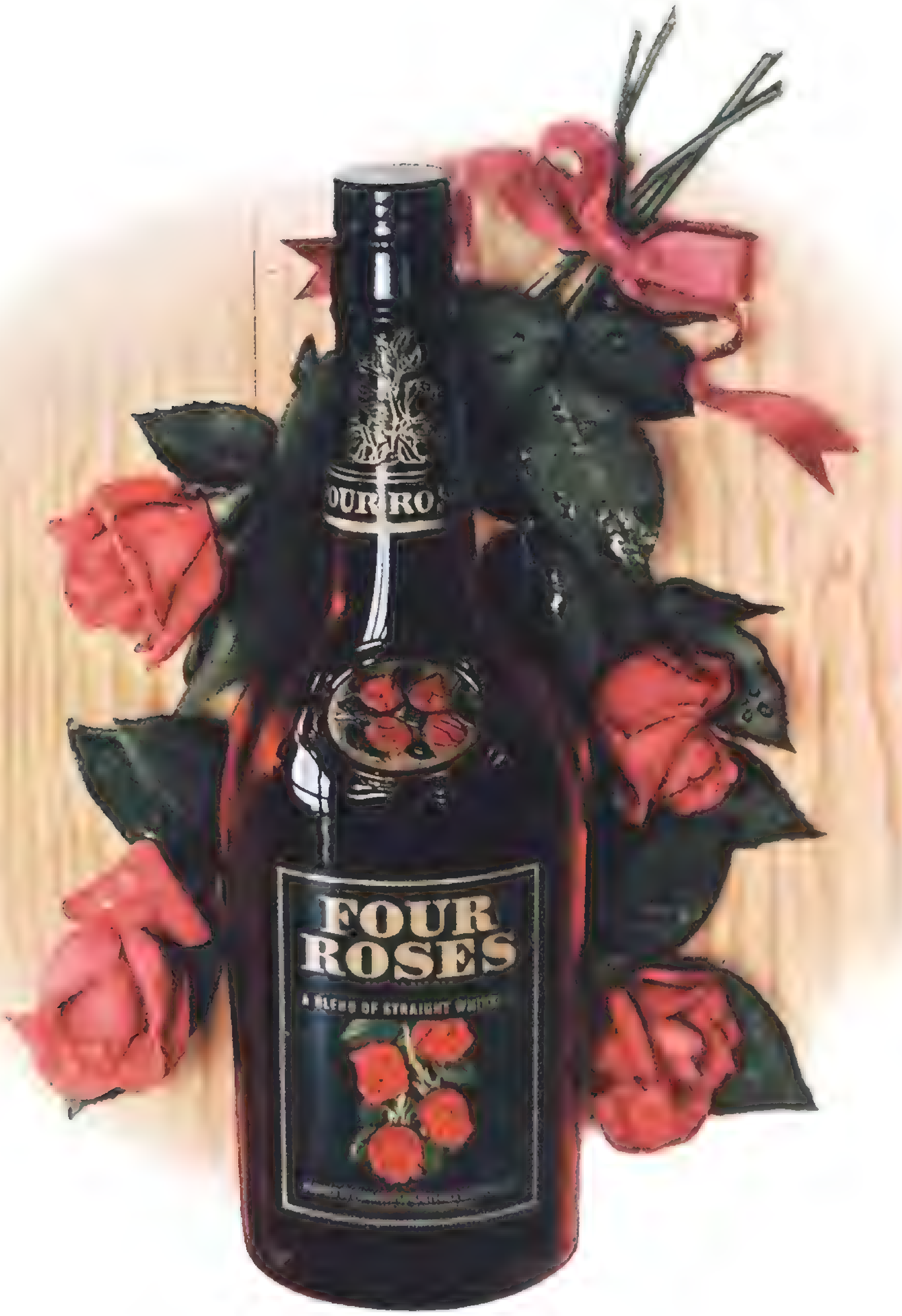
Sincerely yours,
Brownsville, Texas Hart Stilwell

DIAGNOSIS OF DIANA

I wish to state some of the diagnostic possibilities which the head and neck of the Varga Girl in the March issue of Esquire present.

There is no question about the head and neck being pathological. The size of the jaws and cheeks are certainly out of proportion to the rest of the head. The jaws suggest that of an acromegalic individual. Of course one would have to consider mumps or perhaps some neoplasm of the mandible or parotid gland. Actinomycosis must also be considered since she looks like a country girl. The eyes with their slight exophthalmos (pop-eyes) suggest hyperthyroidism. The puffy upper eyelids (oedema) makes one consider either a kidney condition or trichiniasis. Her neck, well I just don't know what to say about it. It may be simple hypertrophy due to looking out of windows or in doors—or, maybe she just necks too much. But with whom?

Very truly yours,
Cleveland, Ohio Dr. E. F. Harvey



FOUR
ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Today—discover

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

TODAY, THERE AWAITS you a whiskey so magnificent that we had to give it a special designation: *The 1941 Bottling of Four Roses.*

From the time the whiskies that go into this Four Roses were laid down, five years ago and longer, we've been pretty certain they would be exceptionally fine. For into their making had gone extraordinary care . . . and to their aging we applied added knowledge, added skill.

But when we finally opened the barrels in which these special Four Roses whiskies had been slumbering, even we ourselves were astonished at their surpassing excellence. Right then and there, we knew we had achieved a Four Roses more glorious, more satin-smooth, more flavorful, than any whiskey we had ever made or known, in all our 76 years' experience.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, there is a new and thrilling experience in store for you when you taste the 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it—*today?*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Preserve Tailored Form

WISHBONE HANGERS

USED BY THE CLOTHING INDUSTRY FOR 30 YEARS

Now You Can Buy Them for Your Home

Thousands of well-dressed men will welcome this opportunity to dispense with those form-destroying wire affairs. Scientifically shaped to the natural slope of the shoulder, WISHBONE HANGERS will keep good form in your clothing, and permanently modernize clothes closets. Will be appreciated on Father's Day. Wishbone Hangers in units of 5, $1. Your dealer or order direct, postpaid.

JOHN THOMAS BATTS, Inc.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Dad
For my Old Man

JUMBO CUPS

A royal Father's Day gift. Jumbo 16 oz. Cup and Saucer set in Royal China, trimmed with 22 kt. gold. You may have your cup lettered "Father", if you prefer. Sent prepaid in U.S. when remittance accompanies order. Each $1.75

The BAR MART
56 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Everything for your Entertaining needs. Send for Catalog E

"GAYER THAN DE MAUPASSANT" —Walter Winchell
THE BEDROOM COMPANION or A Cold Night's Entertainment
Being a Cure for Men's Neuroses
A Sop to his FRUSTRATIONS
A Nightcap of forbidden Ballads
Discerning PICTURES
Scurrilous Essays

LET'S CHUCKLE AT LOVE

Here are days and nights of unique entertainment with "THE BEDROOM COMPANION". Tickle your risibilities with the many contents items, including such gems as: Baron Ireland's—"A Western Romance"; Mark Hellinger's—"Confession"; Arthur Kober's—"In the Bronx They Do It, Too"; Robert Cantwell's—"Sex or Marriage"; Lucius Beebe's—"Like a Wolf on the Fold"; etc., plus hilarious art by O. Soglow, Zito, E. Simms Campbell, etc.—only $1.98, Postage Free.

Says WINCHELL "GAYER THAN DE MAUPASSANT!"

The Wittiest, Raciest, chuckle-provoking collection of tasty tales, merry jingles, drawings and art put together in one volume.

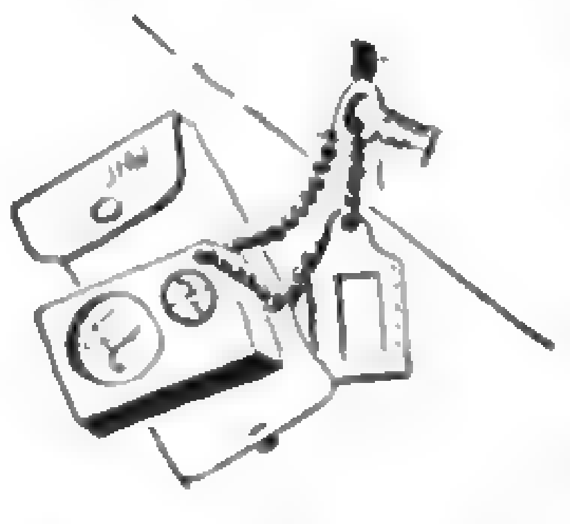
Please send THE BEDROOM COMPANION
☐ I enclose $1.98 ☐ Send C. O. D., I'll pay $1.98 & postage.
Name________ City________
Address________ State________
ARDEN BOOK CO. Dept. H 45 Astor Pl., N.Y.

BRANDS ARE NEWS. Far be it from us to try to get you all hepped up over boudoir decoration, but when spread and drapery fabric comes out designed for men only, we think it's worth a mention. The theme of the pattern is cattle brand marks; they're woven into the fabric (saddle tan) and interspersed by uncoiled lariats in red, green, and blue. There's a tradition behind each brand symbol—*Broken Heart, Square and Compass, Cloudy Moon,* Ranchman Webb's *Spider Web,* and a good many others. The fabric is tough and can take summer cottage wear in its stride. Swell, too, for the masculine refuge.

BRITISH BULLETIN. The latest article sponsored by Bundles for Britain is a handsome rep silk necktie that you'd probably buy for its looks, even if you didn't know maroon, dark blue, and light blue were the R.A.F. colors. (Or should we say colours?) These form the diagonal stripes of the tie. Bundles for Britain has gone in for lucite, too, in a large way. Witness cylinder cigarette boxes in two sizes, a cigarette case, and a belt for women, all made of lucite decorated with the characteristic and colorful *"Dieu et Mon Droit"* emblem.

A PIPE TO LIGHT. Pipe smokers get a break with a flameless lighter just on the market. You don't have to make a fire—just hold the business end of the lighter to the bowl of your pipe and draw. Two puffs usually do the trick, and it will work on pipes that are nearly empty. A neat job, finished in black enamel, it's a good bet for men who like to smoke in a high wind, on the golf course, on board ship.

FOR OUTDOOR BANQUETS. With an eye on al fresco summer living, we have dug up two outdoor stoves: one small, manageable, and efficient, and a larger one that has everything but the kitchen sink, which it doesn't need, anyway. The small one comes in two sizes, is easily set up, and is steady on its pins on lawn or in fireplace. There are wind guards on either side, a third one at the back when it isn't swung over the top for frying eggs or bacon. The other stove is collapsible, too, but stands at regulation stove height when in action, and is equipped with oven, open grill, solid griddle, and spit for a real barbecue. Three heat levels are features of both models. They can be easily toted to back yard or beach.



CAR KEY RING. A gift for the car-owner, especially the long-distance driver—a small but useful leather case that has on the outside a pocket for his license, and on the inside a semi-attached plaque that has a set-in magnifying glass (for reading road maps) and compass. Besides which, there's a tag hanging from the key chain for an identification card. Pigskin, cowhide, morocco.

Ranger

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Treat Dad (and yourself) to an interchangeable set in Wine, Kent Green, Royal Blue and Brown. If unobtainable, send $1 for each set to The Crown Co., 907 Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

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Album No. 2 of songs by Dwight Fiske rivals our famous first album. Songs saucy, sophisticated, wickedly clever! Titilate your friends with: **The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird, and the Last Cure.** In special Rabson Album $5.00 (4-12" records). While in the Rabelaisian mood order also Dwight Fiske Album No. 1, containing 8 hilarious, slightly scandalous ditties on 4-12" discs, $5.00. We Pay U. S. Postage.

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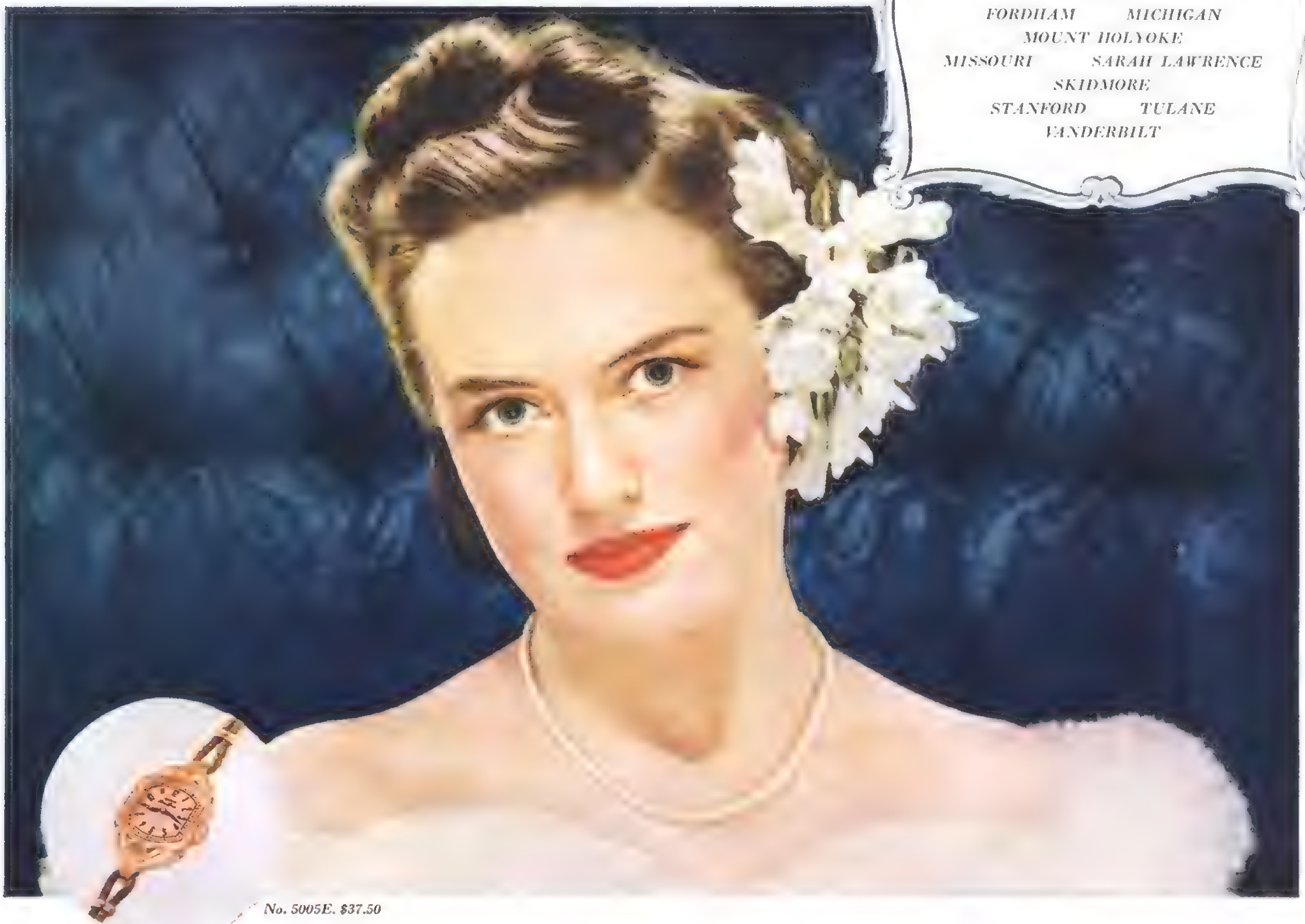
College seniors name Elgin "first choice for graduation!"

ON CAMPUSES right across the country, college seniors were recently asked what make of watch they preferred for graduation. In this impartial poll, Elgin was named "first choice" by a wide margin! Here are some of the outstanding colleges and universities polled:

CALIFORNIA *CORNELL*
DARTMOUTH
FORDHAM *MICHIGAN*
MOUNT HOLYOKE
MISSOURI *SARAH LAWRENCE*
SKIDMORE
STANFORD *TULANE*
VANDERBILT



No. 5005E. $37.50

Whitney Smith, SYRACUSE '41

"I've chosen an Elgin De Luxe as my commencement gift," says this beautiful and talented young miss. She was Queen of the Coronation Senior Ball, Editorial Director of the "Daily Orange," President of Pi Beta Phi, and Vice-President of the Syracuse Panhellenic Association. Her grandfather, also named Whitney Smith, started the Elgin tradition in her family. And it has been thriving ever since. Elgin gladly welcomes Whitney Smith as the newest member of its Hall of Fame!

ONE OF America's great commencement traditions—the gift of an Elgin from dad and mother.

The distinctive new Elgin De Luxe watches are created for young graduates like yours. For vigorous, clear-sighted boys and girls with much achievement behind them and far more ahead.

Prominent American designers have worked into these carefully adjusted timepieces a striking individuality and beauty. Elgin's fourth-generation craftsmen have added remarkable accuracy. Each watch contains the patented Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance. Both are rustproof and non-magnetic.

Unlike many others, Elgin De Luxe watches are not foreign made or assembled from foreign parts. All parts are thoroughly American—designed and created right in the Elgin factory. Elgin, as you know, produces the world's largest-selling fine watches made in America.

Give your graduate a beautiful, star-timed Elgin De Luxe. None has fewer than 17 jewels . . . all cases are gold or gold-filled. Now at your jeweler's, priced from $35.00. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Patent Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

No. 5004B. $39.75 *No. 5006A. $37.50* *No. 5007G. $37.50*

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17 JEWELS

Worthy companions to the distinguished
21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins

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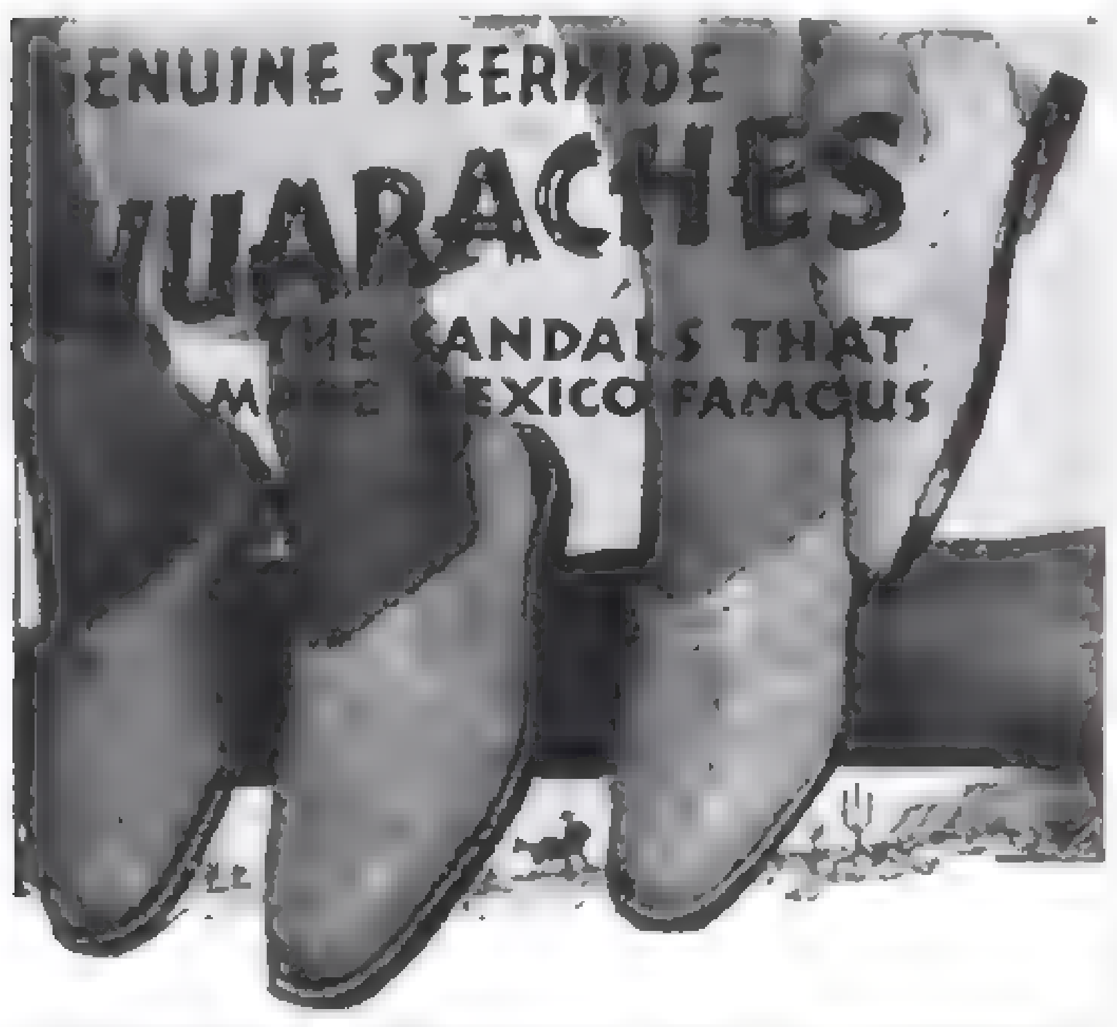

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No ordinary Huaraches are these for our Indian weavers never repeat a pattern and the soft fresh feel of the supple leather thongs they use relaxes tired feet as nothing else can.

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Custom-Knit Shoe Mittens slip on like a glove, prevent clothes soiling, shoes scuffing. Save closet space too, keep shoes dust-free. Just great for gifts! Men's style illustrated. Men's or women's size, gift box, 3 prs. assorted colors, $1. Get Shoe Mittens at shoe, dept. and luggage stores, or order by mail.

3 PAIRS $1

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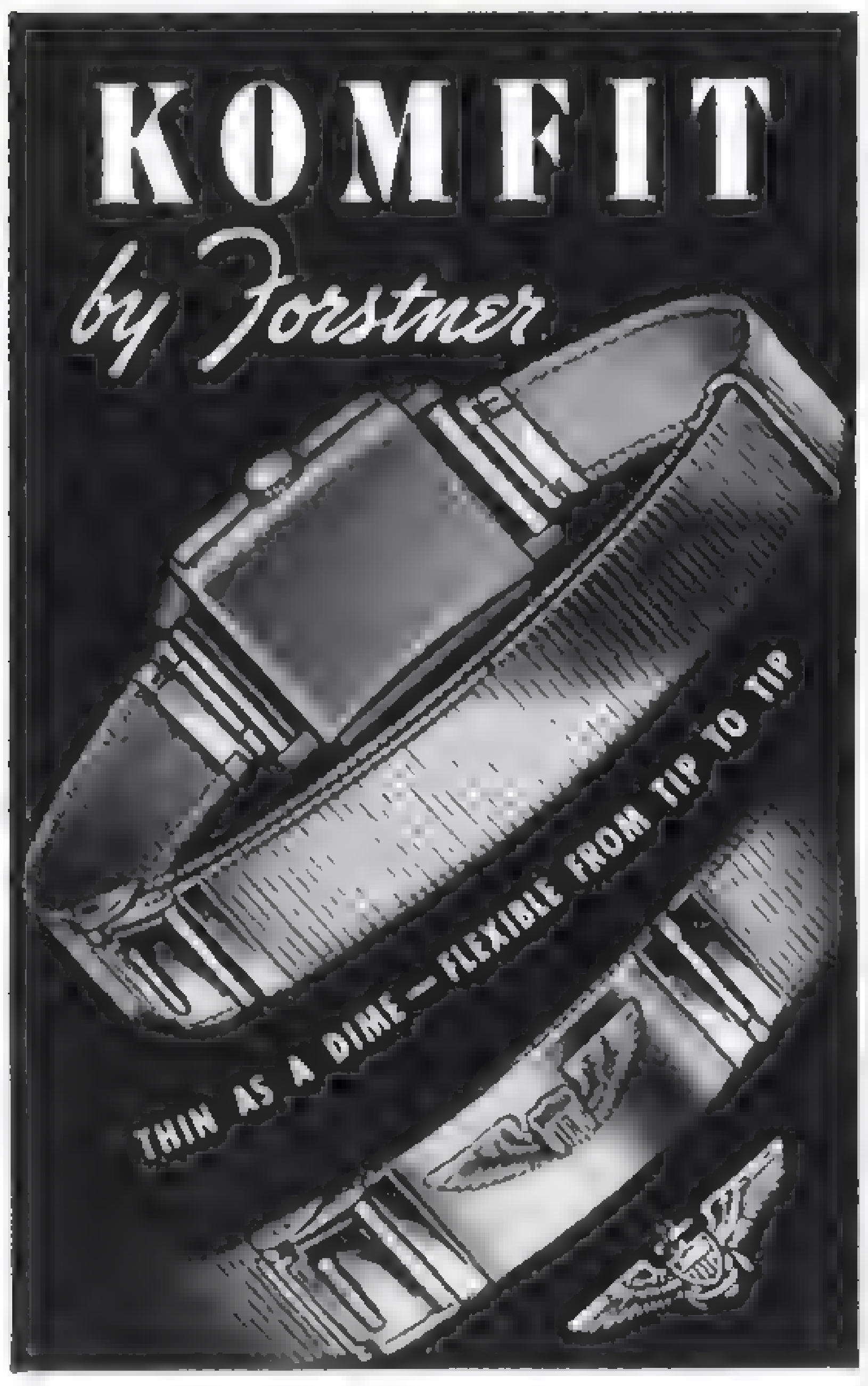

If you really want the *smartest* thing in watch bands, here it is! *Stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable*—just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner! Komfit is also available with Army Aviation or Navy Aviation insignia.

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APRON WITHOUT STRINGS. What keeps many a man out of many a kitchen, though his soul cries out for him to cook, is the flossy, befurbelowed, bestringed apron. Here's one for men only, made of natural drill with hand-blocked designs. We liked the "Dog House" one. The A No. 1 feature of the apron is its stringlessness. By means of a flexible steel spring (removable when washday rolls around), it fastens around chest or waist, whatever their girth. Especially good now that barbecue days are almost on us.

NO BUGS. No bugs? No moths, ants, roaches, flies; no bed bugs, even? A lack of all these lesser forms of life is what we've been hearing about, and it's done by means of electricity. A square metal box containing its own brand of flakes is attached with its cord to the nearest electric socket. Close the door on it, and in four hours or less, all the insects that have accumulated in closet or room will have been done to death. AC only.

THE NOSE KNOWS. There's more than meets the eye in getting the old personality across. To make the memory linger on, there's a concoction of herbs especially mixed for men, in a transparent round or oval (and inexpensive) box containing such nose-delectables as cardamon beans, citrus peel, tonga beans, sandalwood, cedar bark and other fragrant woods, star anise, and that ain't all. Toss some of this around in your bureau drawers, keep an open box in your closet, and then start counting appreciative feminine noses.

LIVING PIN. Thank the gods of feminine fashion for the lapel, for the gadgets that hang from it these days are a frequent solution to the gift problem. What have we here but a pin made like a flower pot with a living midget cactus growing out of it. The works is only about two inches high. We are assured that the cactus won't grow, thereby creating a strange agricultural problem; but it will live indefinitely with the aid of occasional drops of water. The pots come in eight colors; the price is infinitesimal.

LAUGHS IN LINEN. There was a day when the cocktail napkin was a dull affair embroidered with flowers and butterflies, but no more, brother, no more. The people who brought out the padded appliqué cocktail napkins last winter give us now three new sets, glorifying the girlish figure via expert needlework. Set One is the "necktie skirt" series. "Skirts" are attached at the top only. Set Two features the gals in lavish and various costume on one side, and in nothing whatever on the other. Set Three gives you eight stages of the strip tease; each napkin is numbered to indicate the lady's stages of progress. Each set contains eight, all different. They're made by hand, with loving care. Start off the weekend season with a batch for your host or hostess.

Ranger

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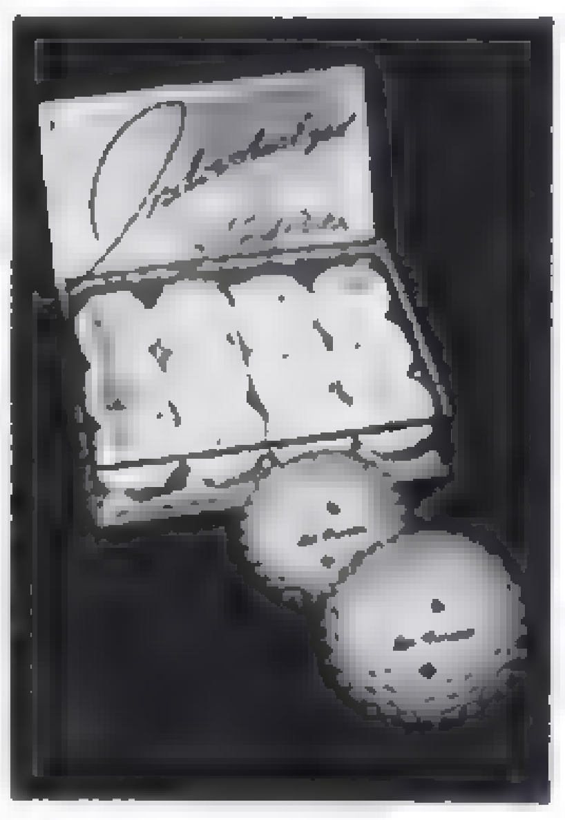

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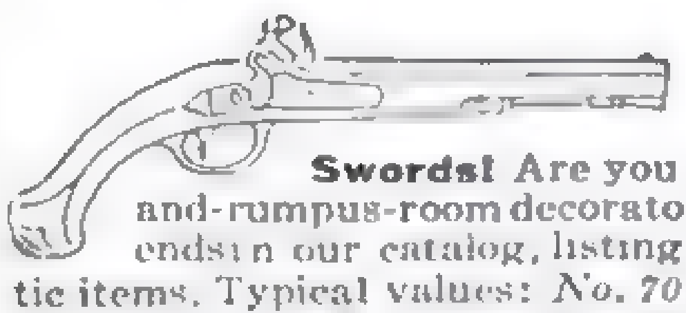

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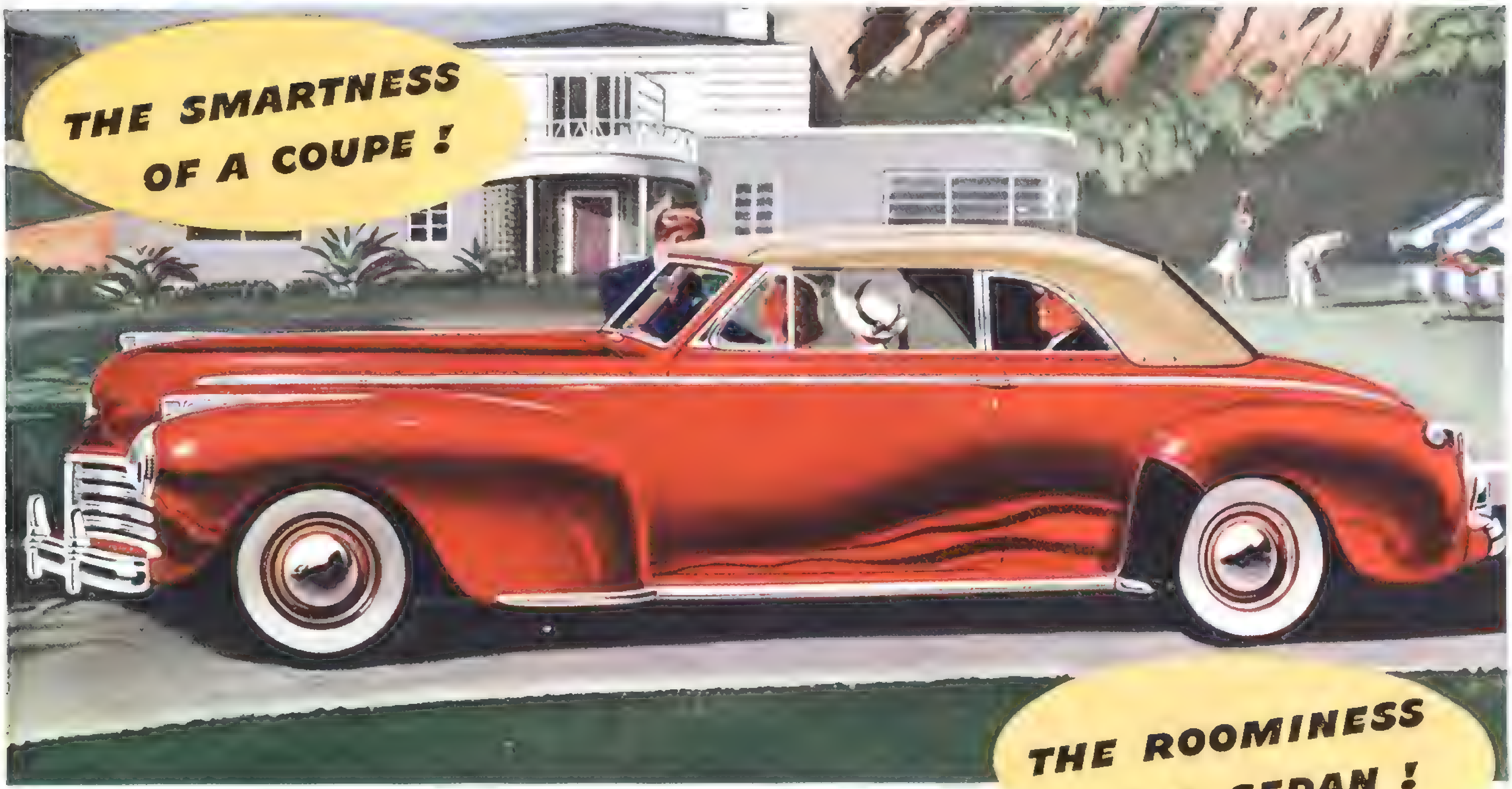
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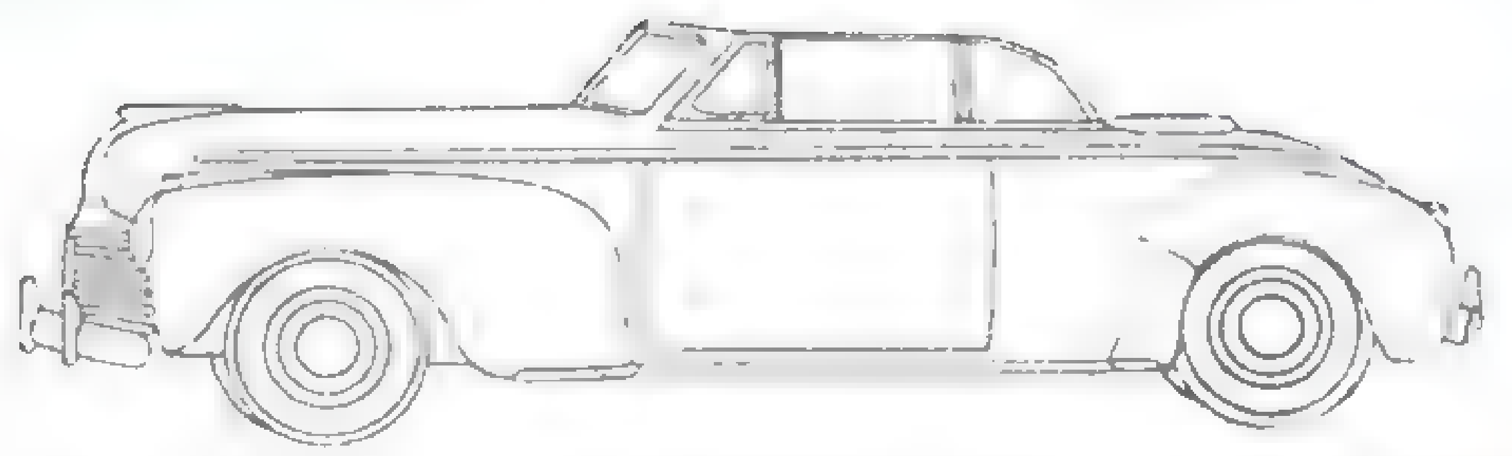
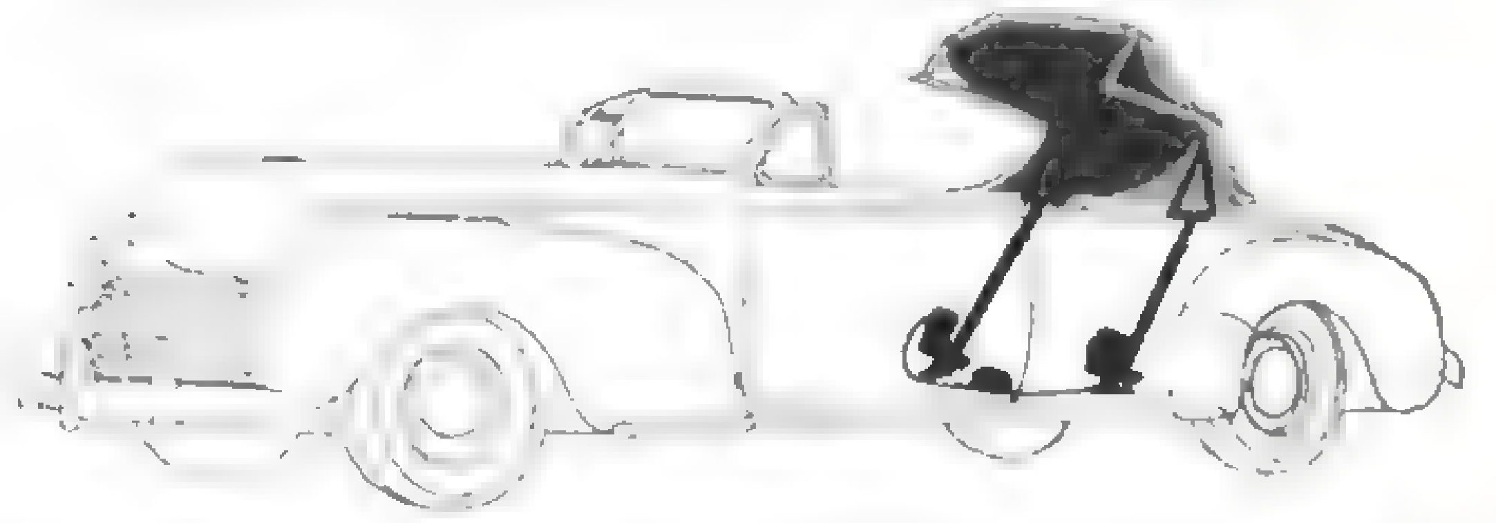
THE ROOMINESS OF A SEDAN !

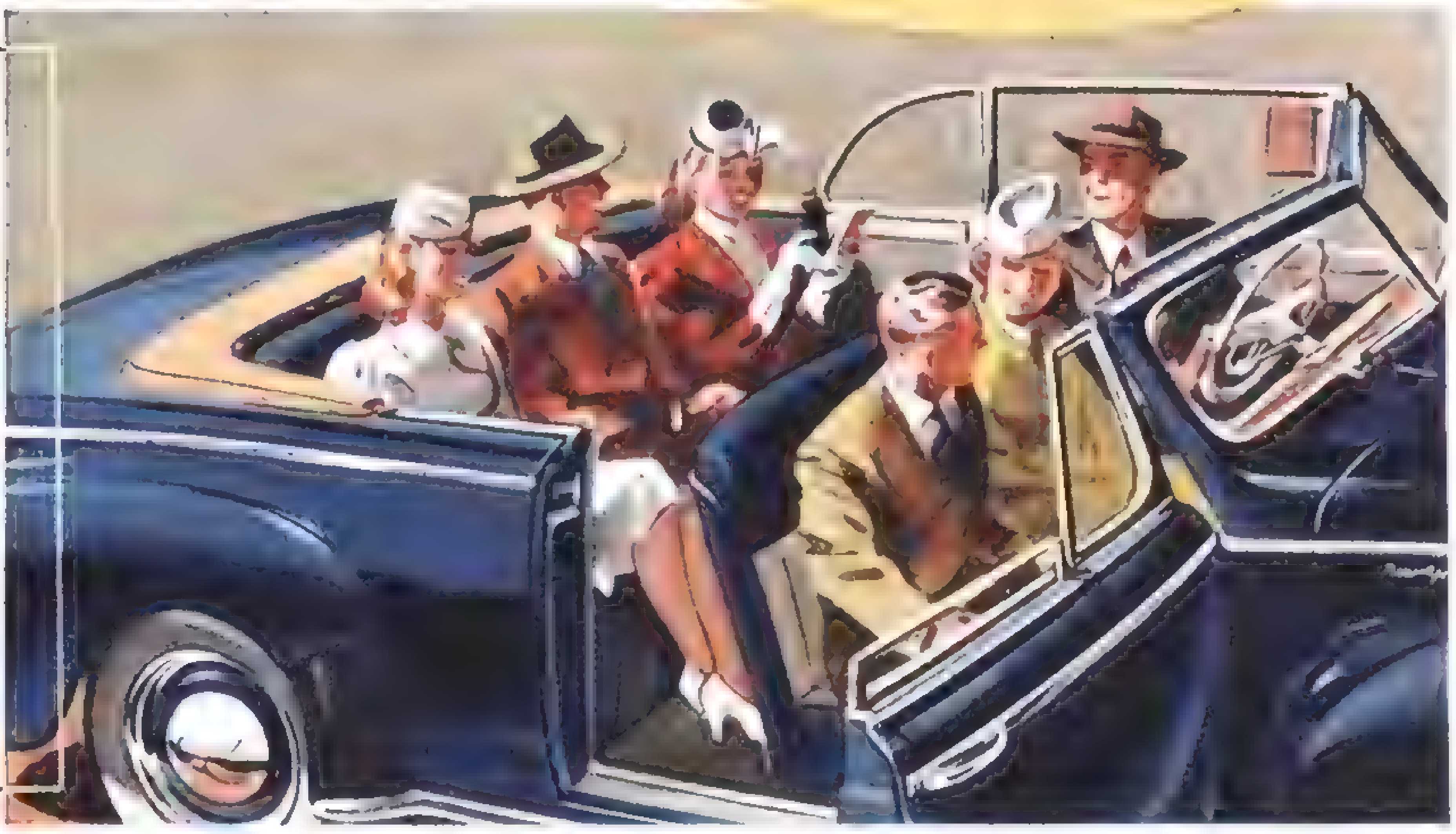
The Chrysler six-passenger Convertible Club Coupe



New . . . exclusive . . . is the extra side window in the Chrysler Convertibles. Increases vision. A perfect windscreen.



Also new and exclusive is Chrysler's electro-hydraulic automatic top. Operates independently of engine.



Plenty of room for six grown people!

CHRYSLER Convertibles have always been noted for advanced ideas. For 1941, they bring several new "firsts" . . .

With their clever new extra window on each side, they give you true vision all around, and a windscreen that protects all the passengers when the top is down.

The automatic top is electro-hydraulic—instead of vacuum operated. It's as sure and positive as Chrysler's hydraulic brakes. The feminine driver finds she can raise or lower the top as easily as turning the ignition switch.

The rear seat is a real 3-passenger divan . . . deep, soft and wide . . . providing a true 6-passenger Convertible Club Coupe.

You can tailor your Chrysler Convertible to your own individual taste. The interior can be leather and Bedford cord in a number of delightful color combinations . . . or leather and Highlander plaid.

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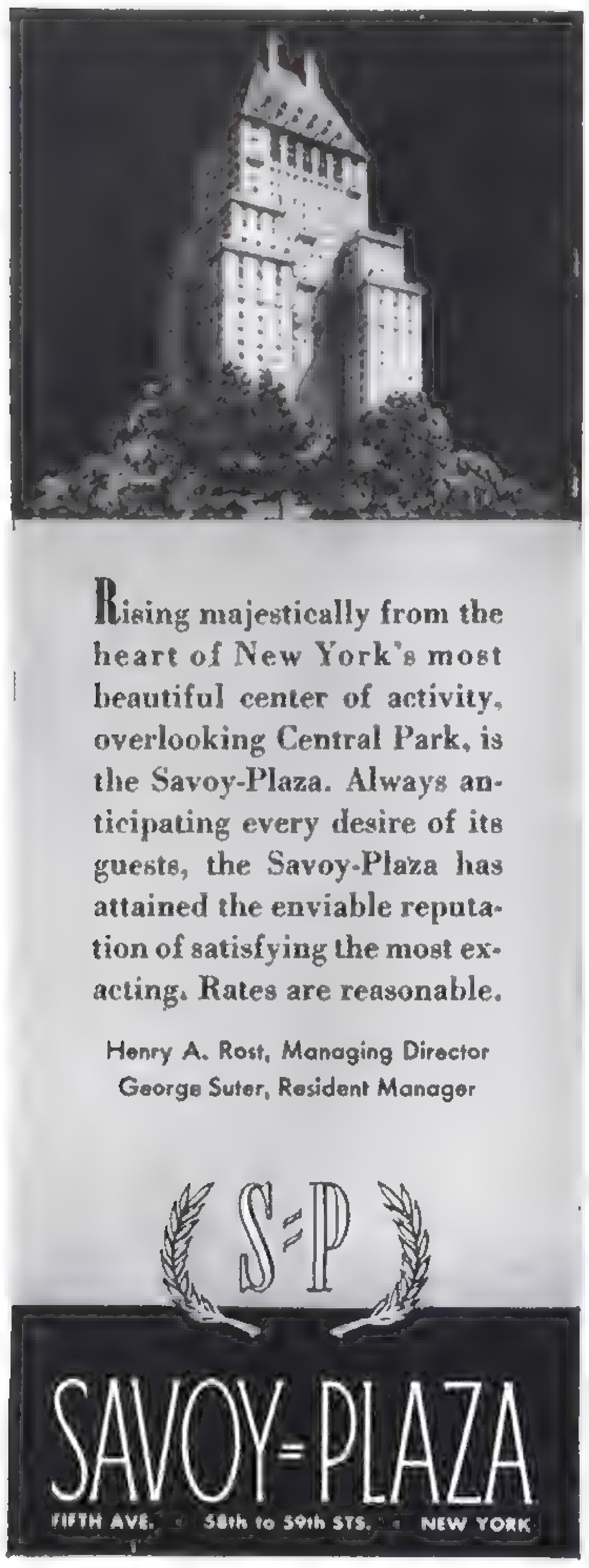
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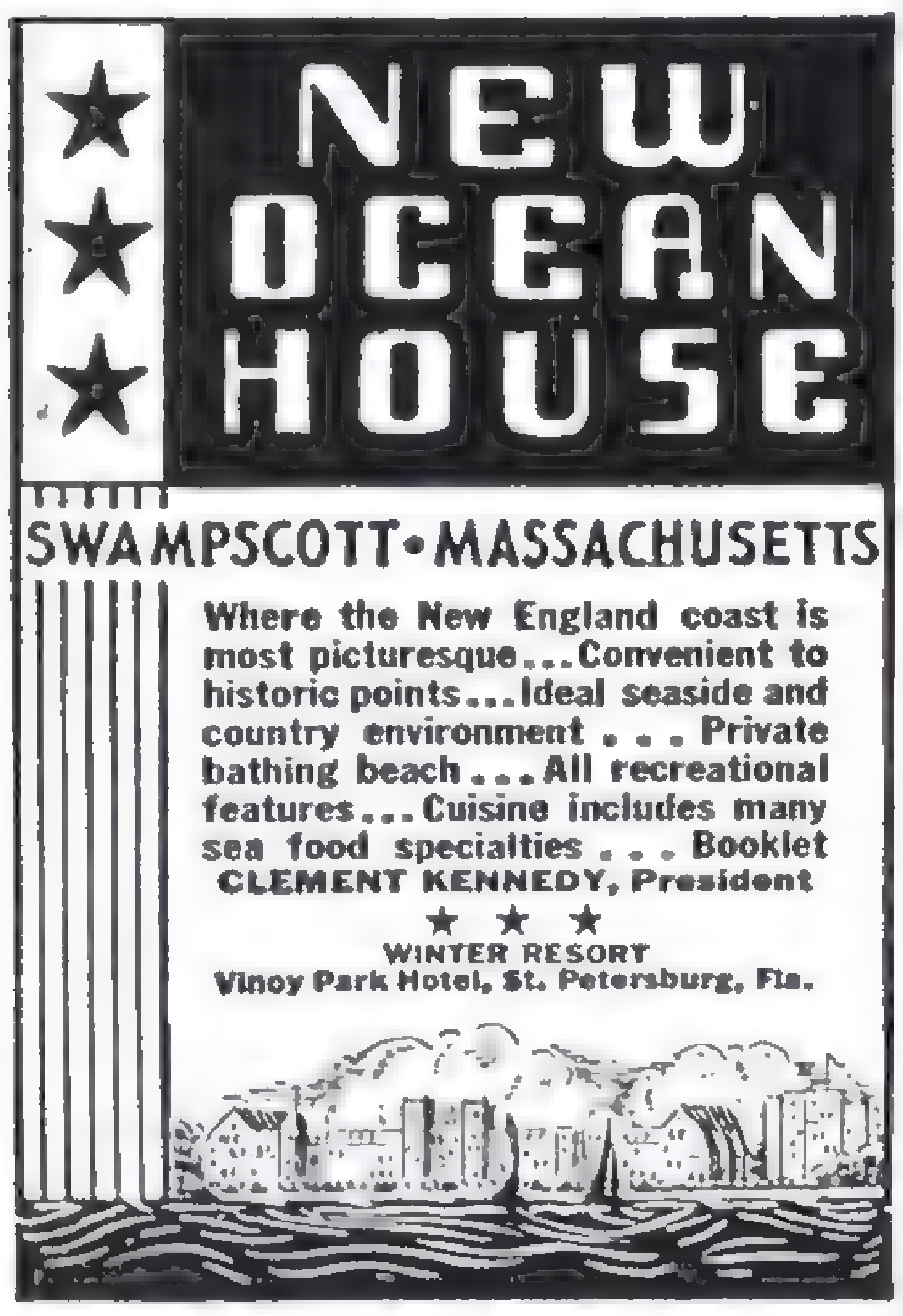
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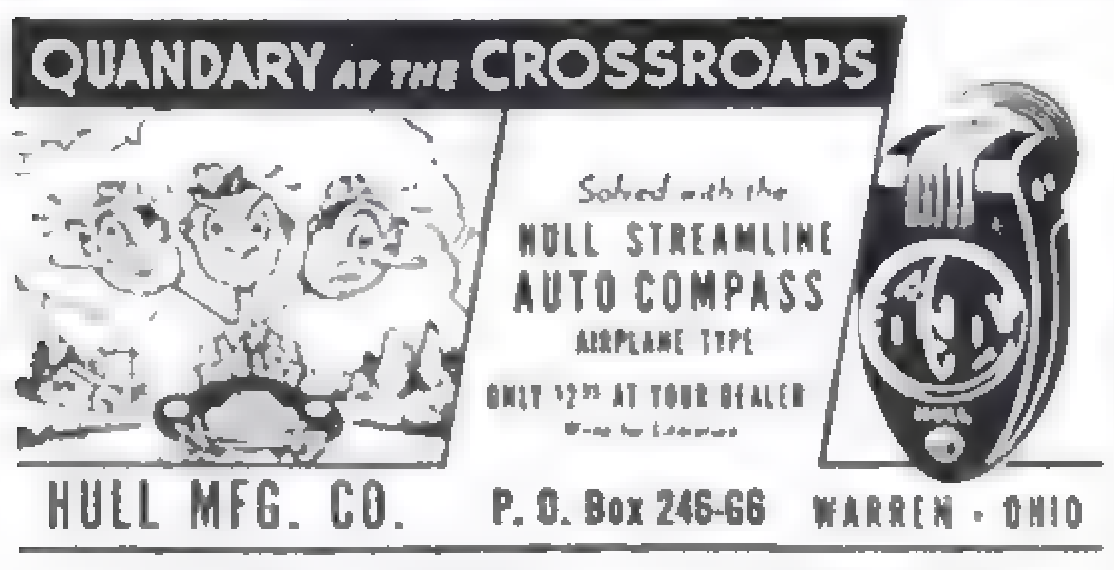
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15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

To the first batch of summer vacationers, we give New England; perhaps at its best at this time of year.

New England makes no apologies to the erstwhile European vacationer, but there's a reminiscent quality about the scenery to those accustomed to going abroad. You'll find in the six states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, mountain scenery comparable with that of Switzerland, sun-warmed beaches like those of the Riviera, rolling green countryside as seen in England, even moors similar to those in Scotland. With the accent on national consciousness today, the age and antiquity of New England's many colonial villages and houses will be as interesting to the American traveler as Europe's shrines, because America had its beginnings in New England.

New England has an atmosphere all its own, in every phase of its infinite variety—historic cities, villages sheltered by wineglass elms, rocky coasts, sandy beaches, wooded mountains, crystal lakes and streams. There's every type of accommodation from luxurious hotels equipped with swimming pools or private beaches, to tourist cabins. If you want to plan your stopping points ahead of time, The New England Council in the Statler Building, Boston, will be glad to assist you.

Maine is the sportsman's paradise. Fish and game in great variety abound in its lakes and rugged country. Mount Katahdin is a mecca for climbers and hikers. On its shoreline are world famous resort beaches.

In New Hampshire's White Mountains will be found such natural wonders as The Old Man of the Mountain, Indian Head, the Flume and Lost River. A trip on the Aerial Tramway up Cannon Mountain in Franconia Notch is an unusual experience for New England visitors. The "Tram" is the first of its kind on the North American continent. Unique also is the cog railway up Mount Washington.

Vermont is noted for its "unspoiled" quality, its excellent golf courses and its Green Mountain scenery. Nearly seven hundred miles of bridle trails lace the region. On the historical side is the Bennington Battle Monument, and this summer the Green Mountain state is celebrating the sesquicentennial of its admission to the Union and many towns are planning gala observances.

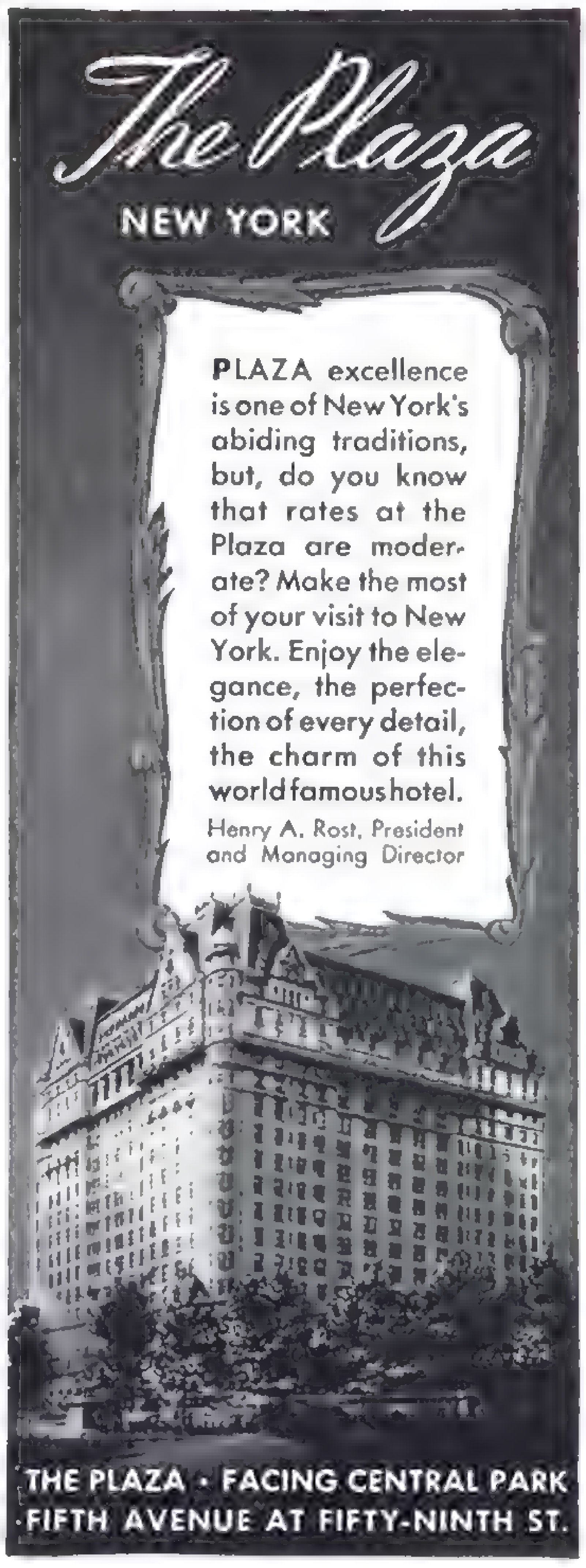
In Massachusetts, there are Plymouth Rock, Pilgrim Monument, Bunker Hill, Lexington Battlegreen, and Concord Bridge. Here are the homes of patriots like Paul Revere, John Hancock and the Quincies; homes of literary immortals such as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Louisa May Alcott, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

Swinging north from Boston through Swampscott, Salem, and Marblehead, one comes eventually to the Gloucester of both the fishermen and the artist. Rockport, still further seaward, boasts more art schools than Provincetown, while from Annisquam the salt water game fishermen work out into Ipswich Bay and each year establish a new world's record for tuna.

Cape Cod with its high sand dunes, cranberry bogs and artists' colonies and the Berkshire Hills with their Berkshire Symphonic Festival and summer theatre—these are still other ideal vacation areas in Massachusetts.

If you are a salt water addict—active or passive—you will like Rhode Island. With a coastline over four hundred miles long, opportunities for all water sports are plentiful. Rhode Island also offers excellent fresh and salt water fishing and game bird shooting.

Connecticut with its Litchfield Hills, large rivers, and Atlantic shores will provide as varied and interesting a vacation as will the other New England states. You can fish in the Sound for marlin, tuna, striped bass or blues; climb and hike in the Litchfields; enjoy summer theatres—in fact, in Connecticut you will find practically every form of vacation activity.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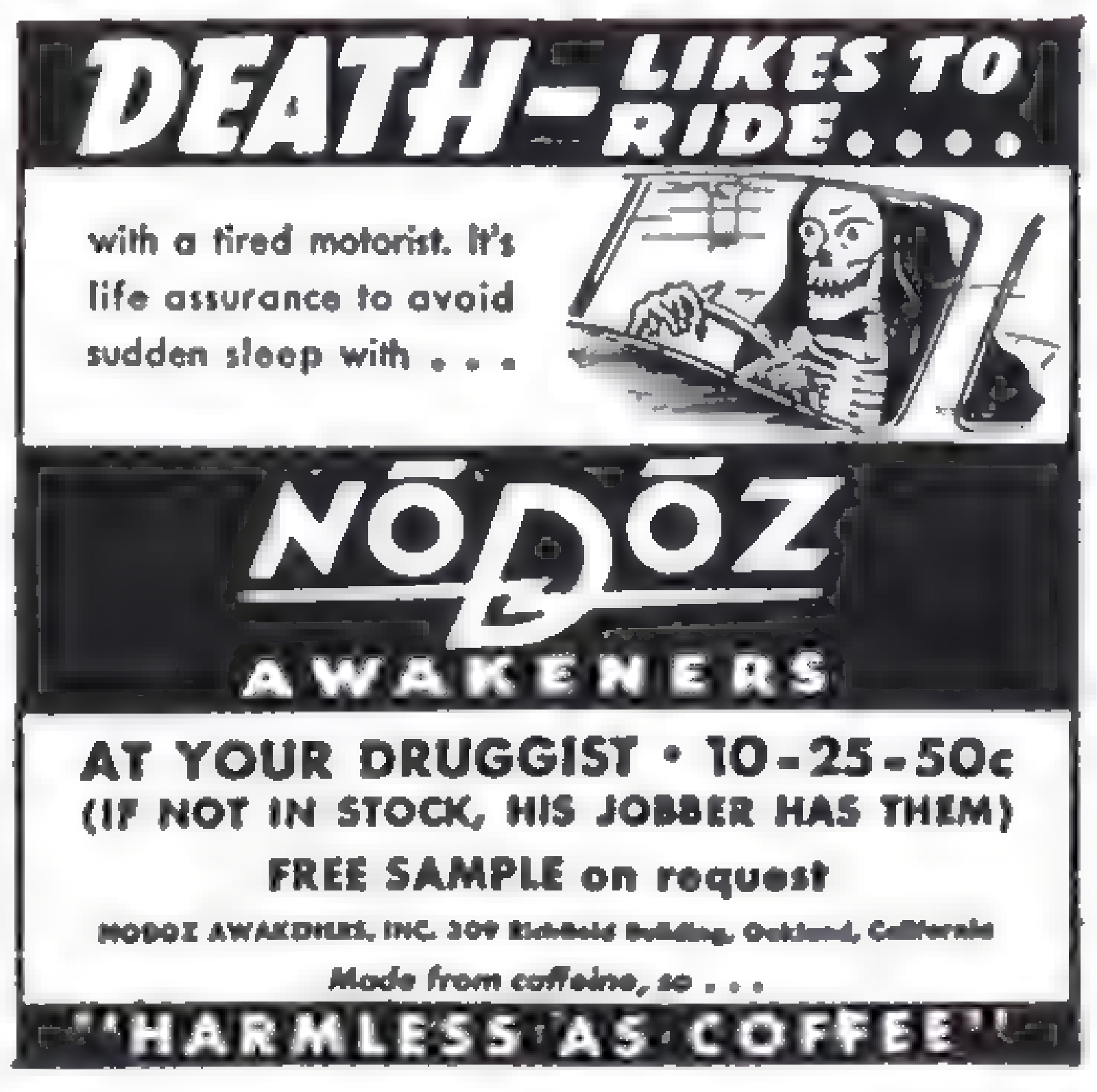
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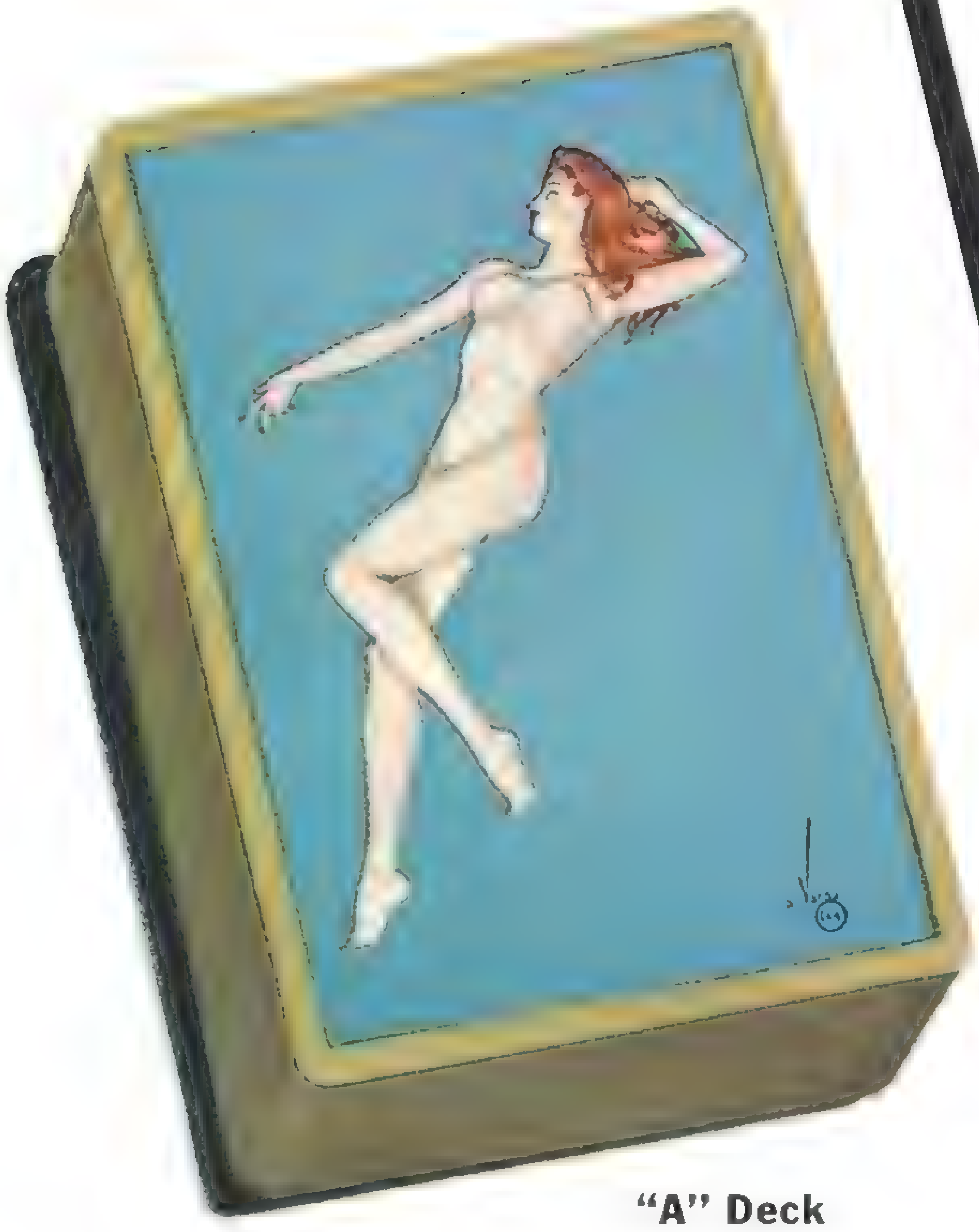
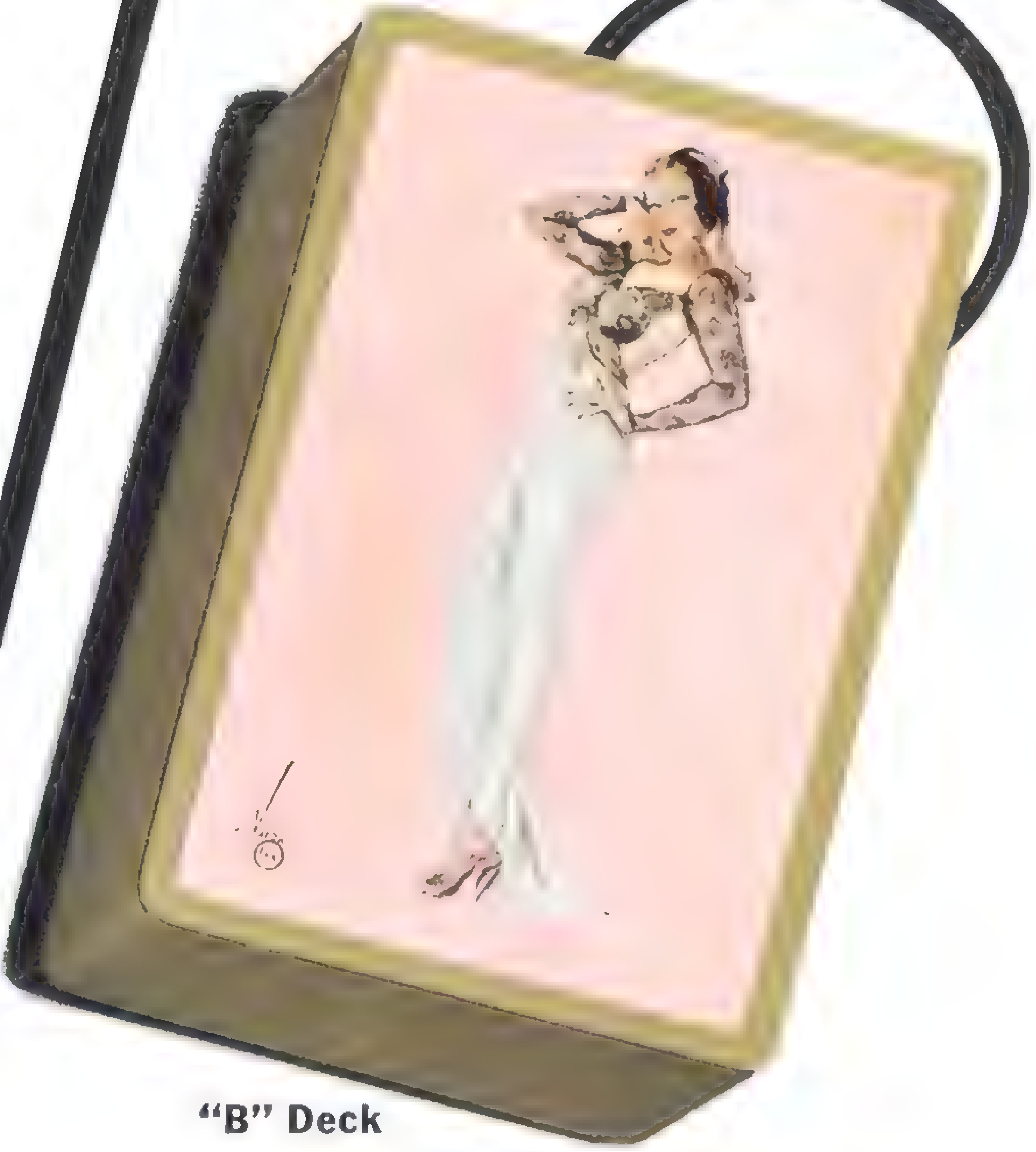


"A" Deck



"B" Deck

Gentlemen, two queens—and both will be your slaves for 95c

Once in every decade an occasion comes along that transforms workaday moments into something golden and epic. There was the case of the Queen of Sheba's unveiled visit to the court of Solomon; there was the time Cleopatra, nubile and gleaming, rolled out from the rug dropped at the feet of Caesar . . .

There was the time the monk, Paphnutius, returned to his cell, to find Thais, uncovered and undulant, on his hard bench . . .

There was the time that Manon Lescaut, with eyes hypnotic as burning coals, confronted the Chevalier—and dismembered his reason . . .

It is scarcely necessary here to pile Ossa on Pelion—even if Pelion were willing. It suffices to say that another such moment is here, where Venus, incarnated in still another body, comes to quicken men's hearts in games of dalliance—hard, fast, and with exquisite zest.

For the Varga girl is to *le fin gourmet* of today what the Cyrenian goddess was to the warriors of Greece. She brings luck, safeguards all ventures; she stirs the subtle spirit which makes men bold, and frees them from the vast Mississippi of boredom.

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Send the naked coupon below with 50c for either; or with 95c for both. Perhaps you had better have both; for then, like the fabulous Casanova, you will have a card up your sleeve—if not an ace in the whole—for and on every occasion.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILL.

Okay, Esquire, you can lay your cards on my table. Please rush me my order of Varga Girl Playing Cards as indicated below. I understand that this coupon, properly filled out and accompanied by full remittance, entitles me to the special low price of just 50c for either one of the two decks illustrated above—or only 95c for both decks. I have checked my choice below, together with the amount of remittance enclosed. (U.S. orders only.)

☐ Send me "A" Deck only (50c enclosed)
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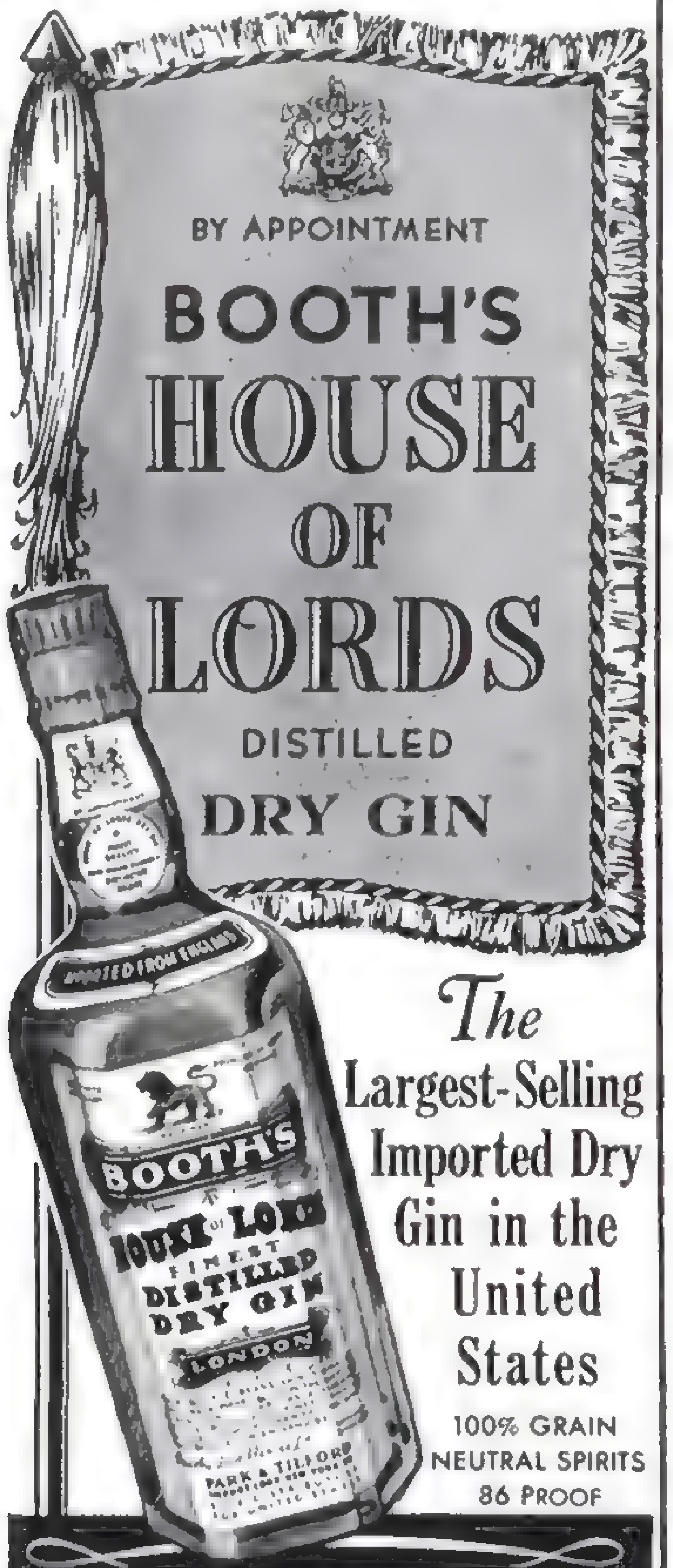

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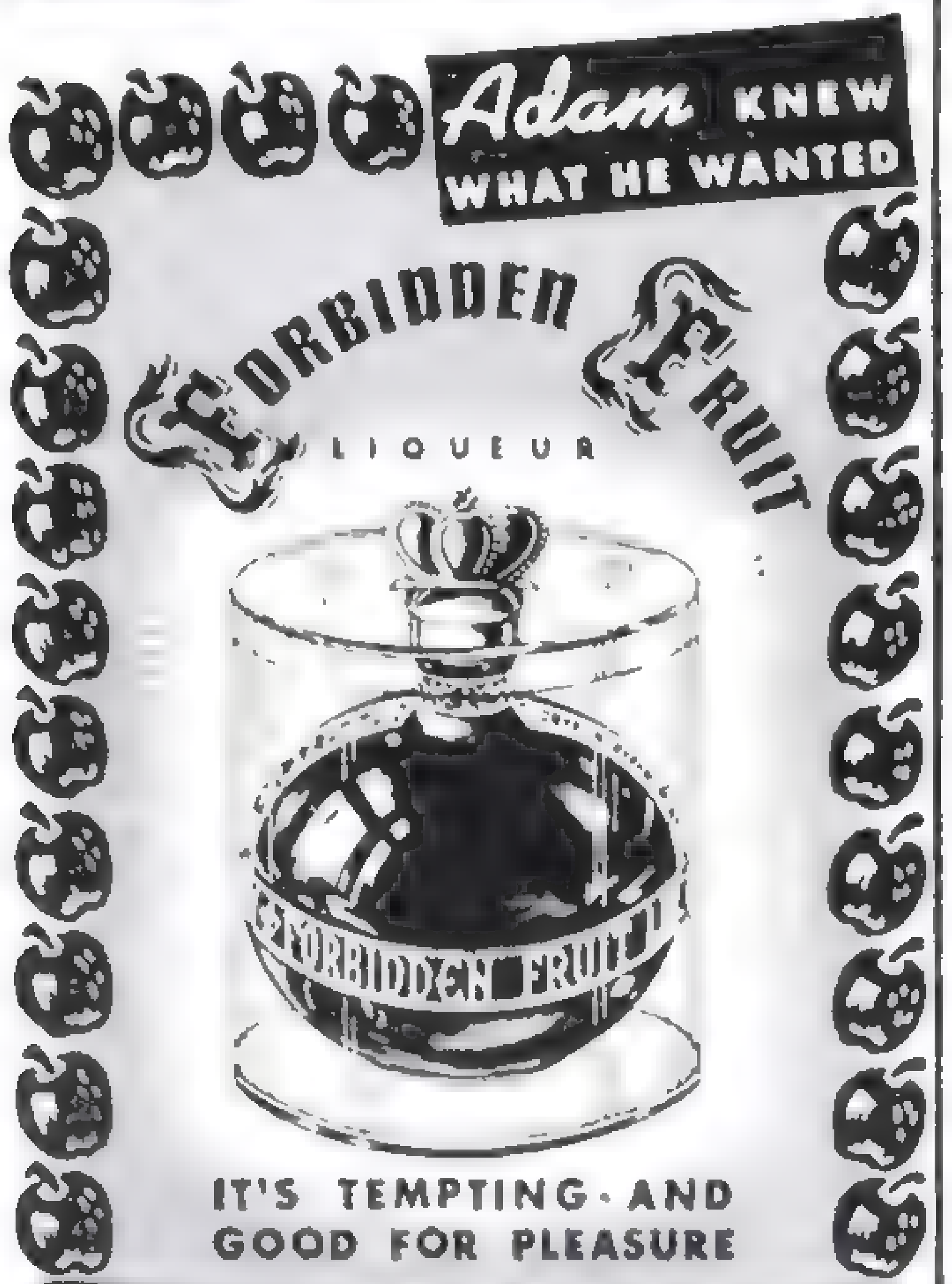

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The hell with your robins! Warmer weather on Park Avenue isn't official until the Waldorf-Astoria unbuckles its glitterous Starlight Roof, an event coincident with the arrival of this issue of Esky on the news counters. Tango-Rumba monarch Xavier Cugat lets loose the Latin in him, and then suddenly veers into waltz dreams of Old Vienna. There's no telling what musical mood that artful smoothie will bob up in next, but it's fun following him on the hoof, especially with Waldorf cuisine to sustain you.

No complaints whatever as to the way the bar at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe is decorated when John Murray Anderson drapes those gals on it, abaft it, and in front of it. "The Silver Screen" is the merry motif of this revue, developed in terms of color, cuticle and nostalgia. A sort of Pulchricade. If you haven't seen Mae Murray since Hector's puppyhood, here she is, with Georges Fontana wafting her about the floor. Also Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, Lila Lee, Charles King, and the dean of melodic gusto, Joe E. Howard. Carlyle Blackwell toastmasters; Noble Sissle rules the rhythms. You'll seldom find more than five or six hundred people sharing the room with you.

Evening rites at the absinthe fountain of the Absinthe House (50 West 52nd) are admittedly just a lot of drip, yet they have their lure, along with Sazaracs and other New Orleans slakers authentically concocted, priming the taste-buds of the tongue for a go at gumbo upstairs. We liked this establishment when it was first unveiled, and return visits only fortify our sentiments.

"Shall we skate or shall we sit this out?" is now an open question in the midst of Rockefeller Center, with the Promenade Café supplying good answers on both sides. Indeed, the very word "rink" seems to conjure up yens for its rhyme-mate, plus possibly a slab of juice-oozing steak as enhancement of the poetry.

Sure 'tis as if Hitler was hit over the head with a shillalah, the way Irish Joe King and his lads have transformed the old German-American Restaurant (3rd Avenue, just north of 17th) into a foregathery of the collegiate crowd. Such an amusing old building, harboring memories of O. Henry and New York's literary Bohemia of yore. Such noble corned beef and cabbage interspersed with sauerbrauten, pancakes, and best wursts. Beer glasses range from a gallon down.

With its Café de la Paix sidewalked on the Park, the St. Moritz has tossed the moth balls out of its Sky Gardens and is serving dinner, supper, and dancing up among the zephyrs, with likeable maître Nino supervising from melon to Turkish coffee.

The new summer ice show at the Hotel New Yorker is now in full glide. The admirably-air-conditioned Ice Terrace, which houses it, sports a complete ré-décor, patriotically honoring the Army, Navy, Marine, and Air Services.

"LOST. A package of ladies' things between the school and the bridge. Please do not open the package" is one of the signs which greet you as you enter the bouncingly bucolic Village Barn (52 West 8th), an institution which has been going its unique way these eleven years. Simple country fare includes sizzling filet mignon with fresh mushrooms, Southern fried chicken with corn fritters, cherry meringue pie—all mighty good and well served. To restore your waistline there are rural Olympics of the snatch-the-spud, musical chair-shortage sort, and a special rocking-horse steeplechase for the ladies, not to mention square dance romps. The excellent professional floor show is so much plush.

The Hotel Pennsylvania's huge, handsome swing-powered Café Rouge, is so beset with popularity, Manager James H. McCabe doesn't see how he's going to be able to close it up and go fishing.

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International Chanteuse
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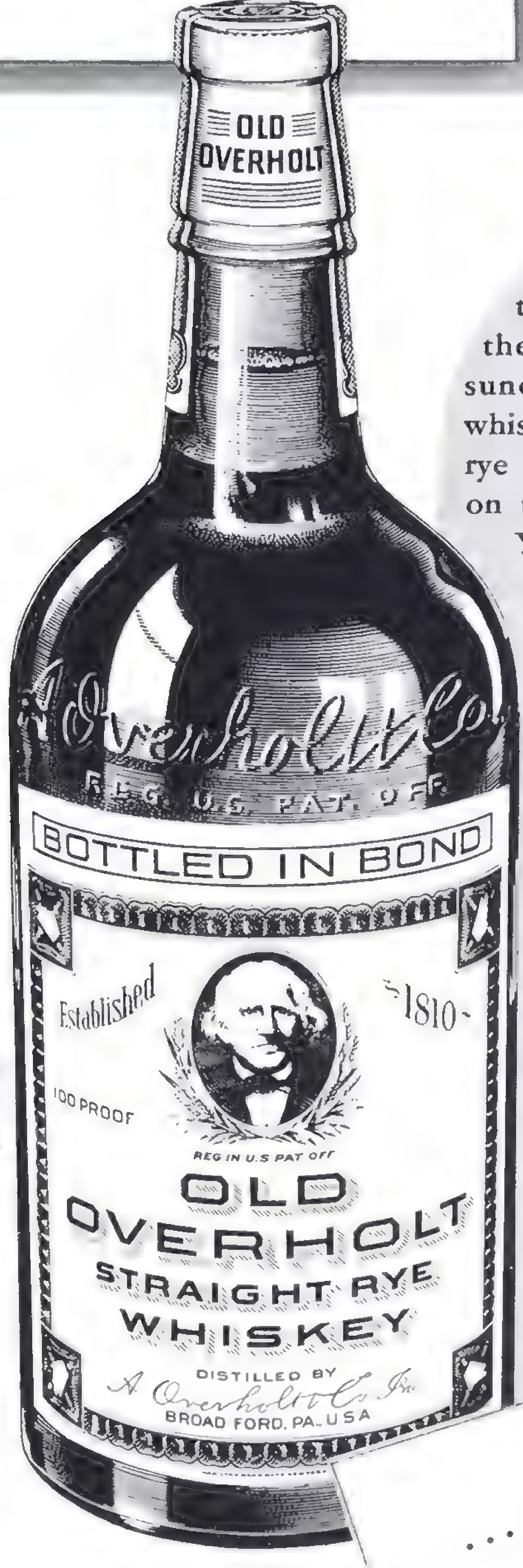
Taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE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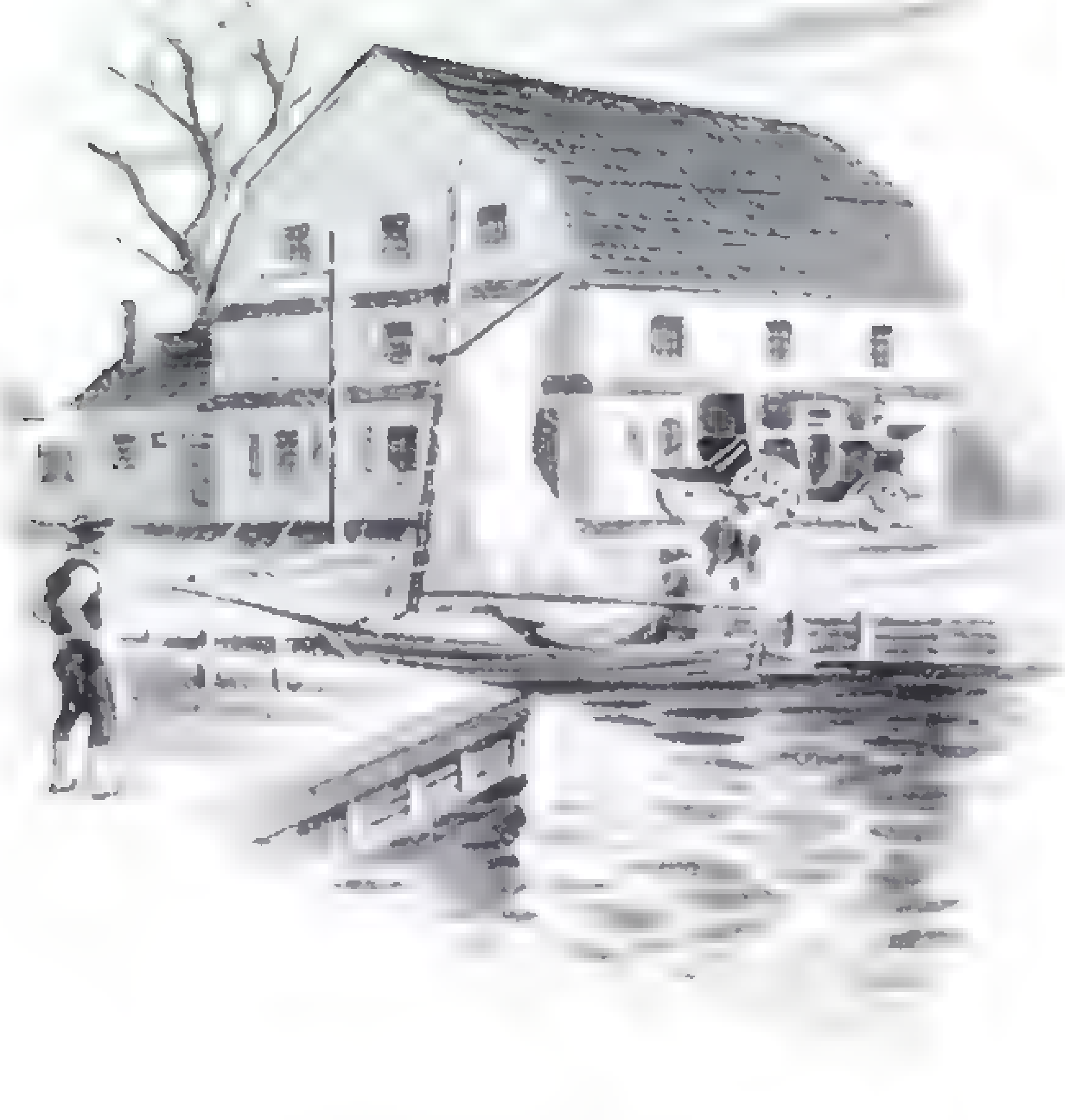
In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until



THE PENNY POT TAVERN

was built in 1701, and here a little more than a century later, Old Overholt was proudly served just as it was in other historic Pennsylvania inns.

. . . . IT IS TODAY AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

Taste tells! 1941

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

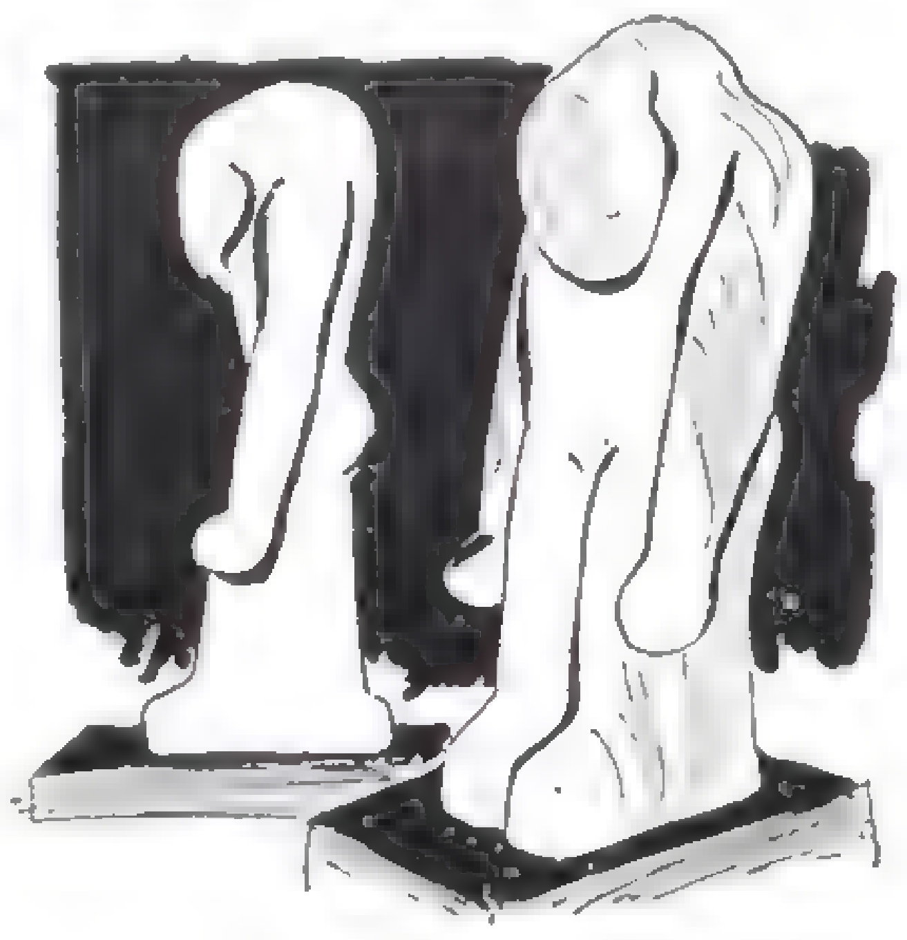
YOUNG MAN WITH A CHISEL

Earle Runner is a young man from West Virginia who is writing a book about other young people. Runner is better known, however, as a whittler of slightly mad wooden figures with such zany titles as *Dejection*, *Philanderer*, *Inhibition*, *Schizophrenia*, and *Beauty Lust.* To a gallery-goer confused by a lively geometrical pattern termed *Woman Thinking It Over*, Runner's titles are delectably apt. *Schizophrenia* is a head, half of which has features, the other half of which has none, merely a solid plane of wood. *Dejection* is so unmistakably dejection that you could name it yourself after only a moment's thought.

Dejection is Runner's favorite. It began as a doodle in the days when he was editor of his college magazine at Duke University. A cheerful, undejected soul himself, he is sort of attached to *Dejection* because, he says, "He's so unhappy and hung over and sad—all weighted down with woes."

An effective economy of line characterizes all Runner's work, and puts his caricature of human foibles and emotions into many a well-decorated home. As well as being excellent satire, as artistic ballast they leave little to be desired.

It's inevitable for Freud to be brought up in any discussion of Runner's sculpture. But he says bosh to any idea that there's more to his work than meets the eye. Merely what meets the eye is sufficient. Earle Runner has no bone to pick with his fellow man. But a little sassing now and then is welcomed by almost everyone who has come across his witty woodwork.



He tries to toss off one figure a week (they're most of them less than two feet high) in his studio at Shepherdstown, West Virginia (pop. 973), between chapters of his book—"sort of the American novel." He starts with a quick drawing to illustrate his idea. Then he goes to work with the wood he has brought down with him from New York's East Side lumber yards. The figure is finished up with wood rasps and much sanding, and then lacquered to a degree that best suits the piece.

Runner probably knows as much about rare woods as anyone. A list of the woods he uses reads like John Masefield. There are amaranth (sun-dried until it's purple) and dark rosewood from the East Indies; vermilion and zebra wood from Africa, native Osage orange, goncalo-alves and greenheart from South America, and silver-gray harewood from England. Most of these, and others besides, are used in a flower mural recently completed, which Runner terms "appliquéd wood." A tricky, colorful piece of work, it's a new venture for Runner, just as his ventures into commerce was not long ago, when he started making decorative cigarette boxes, paper cutters, lapel pins, and wall plaques with the assistance of a staff of three.

About his commercial venture, he says, "Most young artists will sooner or later realize that compromise with pure art is essential." He has no illusions about starving for one's art — doesn't feel it's necessary as long as one recognizes the world he is living in and applies his talent—at least partially—in a practical way. Art for art's sake is swell, but it doesn't have to take all your time.

A rather unconventional attitude — for an artist. But — for an artist — Runner's training has been unconventional, too. He hasn't had any. The nearest he ever got to being taught was when he went to Duke University and took up with three artists who had a studio nearby. The before-mentioned doodle of *Dejection* was his only actual contribution to art, however, until one day the impulse hit him to go to work with a lump of wood and a chisel.

Now, at the age of twenty-six, Earle Runner has gathered around him quite a nice little reputation—and a wife, as of last September. She's his business manager, for which he is much obliged. He himself is very absent-minded, and can't, he says, be trusted with a checkbook—or even to recall the name of the figure he was working on the week previous.

We hope he doesn't forget to bring his latest collection of satirical sculpture to the Number 10 Gallery around the middle of June. If he doesn't forget, it's one for the books.

Ranger

IT CAN HAPPEN AT ANY BREAKFAST TABLE!...

"MY! MY! WHAT COFFEE! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT IT CAN TASTE SO TERRIBLE?"

MR. & MRS. HUGH HERBERT

Any picture in which Hugh Herbert appears is always good for some hearty laughter. This great screen comedian will be appearing soon in a picture at your local theatre. Don't fail to see him.

Woo-woo! Mrs. Herbert

...give Hugh a break at breakfast with MOUNTAIN-GROWN Beech-Nut!

OF COURSE MRS. HUGH HERBERT can serve utterly delicious coffee every single morning . . . just as you can . . . simply by switching to Beech-Nut.

You see, Beech-Nut isn't content to give you just a blend of choice coffee beans. Beech-Nut adds an *extra* generous helping of mountain-grown beans from South America's Mellow Flavor Zone.

Try Beech-Nut Coffee today! It's *such* a luxury for so little!

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EXTRA FLAVOR . . .
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The luxury coffee . . . at a moderate price

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DRIP GRIND
Beech-Nut Coffee

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PM AFTER A YEAR

We left Manhattan for Brooklyn not long ago to pay an anniversary visit to PM. Still New York's newest newspaper, it's got a birthday coming up soon, but it seems Mr. Ingersoll has been so busy that he plumb forgot about it.

Last year at this time there was no PM; now it's probably the most contentious little blighter in journalism. Perhaps as many hackles rise at its very mention as there are disciple's eyes flashing fire. Which suits PM fine. Lacking a strict editorial policy that carries them from one year's end to another, theirs is rather a day-by-day attitude, and a good, strong, squaring-off one it is, too. They've gone in there slugging on issues they dug up themselves, from rickety tenement houses to the used car racket, from the fifth column to appeasers. They've got to have exercise, so give PM plenty of room or you'll get your pretty, placid puss punched.

Contention being the breath of life to PM, it's reassuring to get into the depths of Brooklyn and through PM's front door without being run through a linotype machine just on general principles. But controversy grinds small as well as large, and Ralph Ingersoll is busiest right now getting PM's shopping pages straightened out. Covering the advertising of other papers didn't turn out so well, so they've gone into the more generally specific subject of a woman's fashion a day, comparative shopping, and news reporting on shops.

Ingersoll's window sill is decorated with a hastily daubed sign reading, "Quiet—Genius at Work." He gets a kick out of hashing over the comparatively peaceful problem of steering Mrs. Jones into the right place with her market basket. In fact, it's a little difficult to recall some of his pronouncements of the past, like the time he said that the American planes intended for Great Britain didn't belong in the same air with a Messerschmidt. But every department of PM is a vital subject to him. In spite of numerous changes in the departments, appearance, and personnel of PM, its basic plans and policies remain the same, and Ingersoll hasn't lost track of them. Still for labor and all-out aid to Britain, still against fascism and political connections, PM has strung many a journalistic battle up on these four points.

Now printed in one edition as against its previous three, PM, says Ingersoll, will eventually be a twenty-four-hour newspaper. He's planning for it, anyway. Right now, getting out PM takes sixteen hours. The day shift works from four until twelve, the night shift comes on at ten and works until six. That makes two hours, from ten to twelve, when both shifts are working. During those two hours, reporters and editors have a news conference, going over the paper, making plans and suggestions, occasionally getting tips from each other. "This is probably the most distinctive working feature of the paper," says Ingersoll.

His own position at the daily conference, however, is an arbitrative one, and it is only in a supervisory capacity that he works, along with the managing editors, on the four news departments of the paper. There are four—national, foreign, local, and labor. "Each one is really a newspaper in itself," Ingersoll explains. "Each has its own staff, its rewrite men, reporters, and correspondents. They decide what they are going to print and make up all the pages. There is no conflict between departments."

One department or another, depending on the big story of the day, gets headline benefits. Since the total space of the paper is always the same, when three or four major stories break at once, a department—usually the movie guide—may have to be eliminated entirely. It happened once when the bus strike was at its height, another foreign crisis was brewing, and Roosevelt made a speech.

Usually, however, there are two or three lead stories, covering, according to Ingersoll, almost as complete news as other papers, and a number of words on a major story equal to that of any large morning paper.

We asked him if he planned to include comic strips in PM, but so far it's just a germ at the back of his head. He wants to develop new type of comic strip, pending which his own favorite is *Blondie*. There is no business page at present (the Business Department was absorbed into the rest of the paper) because a survey indicated that too small a percentage of PM's readers read business pages. "We went into that with fear and trembling," Ingersoll said, "and it has been absolutely successful. I suppose we put nothing in PM that does not appeal to at least half the audience."

The half of the audience that is not appealed to evidently boils, and PM, just touching its first birthday on June 18th, is delighted. Mr. Ingersoll told us, "All our bigger problems are licked," but he feels that PM will have even more to say for itself after its second birthday, when time, if all goes well, will have proved the point of controversy.

Ranger

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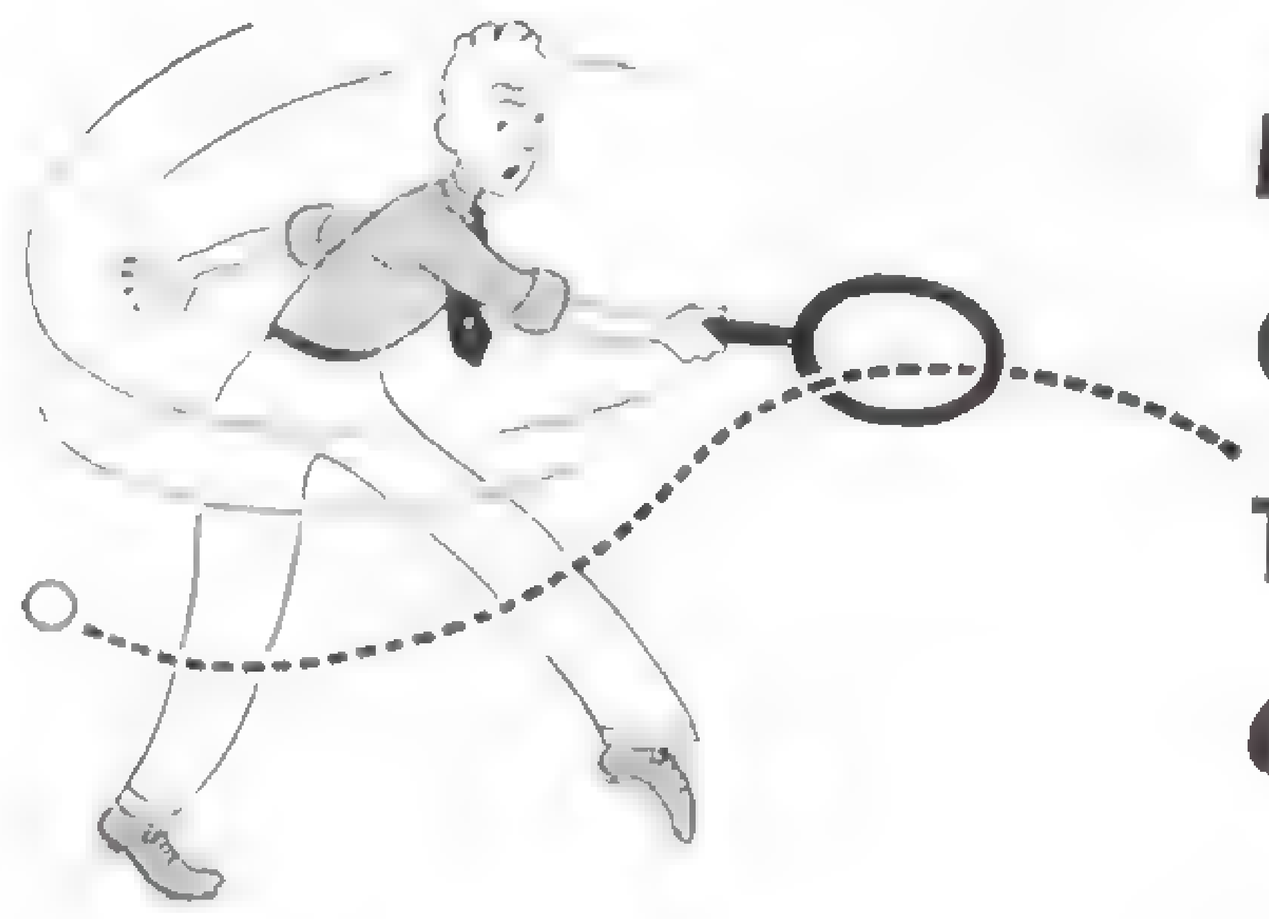

A Manhattan without Angostura Bitters is no more a finished product than a tennis racket with nothing but thin air where the strings should be! Angostura is perhaps the most important ingredient in a well-made Manhattan because it lends the flavor and zest which discriminating people demand. Ask any professional bar man!

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⅔ Rye Whiskey
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
3 dashes Angostura Bitters
Stir with cracked ice
Strain and serve

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FREDERICK JAGEL
THE BOY FROM BROOKLYN

There are probably lots of Brooklynites who have hit the high rungs of the success ladder in a big way, but top honors go to Frederick Jagel, the only Brooklyn resident who won his way into the singer's paradise—the Metropolitan Opera Company—thirteen years ago, and is still going strong.

Mr. Jagel says that as a boy he was just like a regular school lad who broke a window or two on the block, same as the other kids. But when he was just a youngster of ten or so, his father saw to it that he got in the church choir. It wasn't long before his voice rose above the others in the group and attracted special attention. Yet it wasn't till he was twenty years old, actually, that he began to study music seriously. Although both the elder Mr. Jagel and his wife were musically inclined, Frederick planned to carve a career in business for himself. In fact, he did enjoy a measure of success in his work as an actuary of a metropolitan insurance company.

Fate, however, caught up with him. One Sunday, when the young tenor was singing in a Brooklyn church, a wealthy silk merchant and his wife heard him. They became interested in him and insisted that he go abroad immediately to study singing.

After studying in Italy, he made his debut in Rome in *I Pagliacci*. The Scotch lassie who sang opposite him on that momentous occasion soon after became Mrs. Jagel, and settled down to family life, allowing her husband to do all the singing in the family.

Perhaps it was his business training that gave Frederick Jagel the cool and collected head he has. When the famous Gatti-Casazza heard the tenor and told him that he was going to sign him for the Metropolitan, Jagel refused. He just didn't think he was ready. However, a year later, he did accept the offer. For a whole year before, while Frederick Jagel was preparing for his New York debut, no one knew of his forthcoming big day. Gatti-Casazza, a sentimentalist at heart, sent Jagel's mother a wire on Mother's Day telling her the news. In November, 1927, Jagel sang his first role in the Metropolitan Opera House. In the audience, probably as much thrilled as his own parents, sat his friends, the silk merchant and his wife.

One of his favorite operas is *Cavalleria Rusticana*. He has sung it more than fifty times. His repertoire includes more than sixty complete operas. He has never missed a performance of his own, and has traveled as far as seven hundred miles with only a half hour's notice to take over a role which a colleague had to forsake at the last minute.

Besides spending hours in vocalizing and practicing at home, Mr. Jagel says that he must spend several hours a week in a gymnasium to keep in trim for his work. "An opera singer's life is not just a singing one," he says. "We have to learn to keep agile. It would not do for me to be stiff for some of the 'business' I have to do in several of the operas." In one of his roles, Mr. Jagel has to walk across the stage on his knees, in another he must crawl out of a barrel, and in another, come from out of a chimney.

The tenor is probably better known in South America than any other American artist. He has sung more times down in Brazil and Argentine than any other person from the States. This July he will go down again for a three-months' stay of concert and opera appearances. He is really the "good-will musical ambassador" between North and South America. It is his belief that we should give a South American opera up here in the States as a gesture of Pan-American friendliness.

During the last year or so, Mr. Jagel has widened his music-loving audience by entering radio. He has been heard on some of the leading musical broadcasts. Not long ago, he did a broadcast for Harry Salter on *Song of Your Life*. On it he described how he met his wife. Mr. Salter made three special recordings of the broadcast and gave them to Mr. Jagel. On the backs of each record, the two small Jagel boys sent a recorded greeting to their grandparents. The discs were sent one at a time on various boats to Scotland, where Mrs. Jagel's parents live. It was the first time that they had been able to communicate with the family since shortly after the outbreak of World War II.

Mr. Jagel is far from looking the part of a grand opera singer. He looks like a successful executive. He spends a great deal of time with his two young sons and visits the circus and baseball games with them. His golf game is better than average, he rides well, and his fishing prowess has almost lifted him out of the amateur ranks. He is a member of the Salt Water Anglers of America, and just recently was made an honorary captain of a Grand Banks fishing schooner by Edward Johnson, executive of the Fishery Council.

So, all Mr. Jagel's high C's are not in the Met—proving that opera singers can be regular guys, too.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

DESIGNING MAN

Michael Mordkin, Jr., son of the Mikhail Mordkin who once tripped the light fantastic throughout the world with Pavlova, is on his toes—but in a different way. Mordkin, Jr., at the age of twenty-eight, is responsible for streamlining more labels and packages for everything from shoes to smocks than any other individual industrial designer in the country, and his work has earned him the soubriquet of "Bel Geddes of the label industry."

Now, although you may label the label industry as of no particular interest to Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, the fact is that labels are one of the most widespread forms of reading matter in the land of the free. Particularly among women, who scan labels *en masse* for everything from a canned six-course dinner to a pair of stockings.

Mordkin has probably done more than any of his confreres to make life easier for the woman shopper. He has streamlined, simplified, and standardized labels in order to make them both informative and attractive. When father was a lad and mother a girl, labels were large, rococo, and practically indecipherable. They were replete with curls, whorls, and intricate designs that caught the eye, but were of no particular help to the alert shopper in making a good buy. Some of these antique labels—of which young Mordkin, incidentally, has an extensive collection similar to that of a stamp enthusiast—were as colorful and jampacked with action as the cover of a Frank Merriwell or Tom Swift opus. One of them, labeled "Stockade," is of large folio format, running over with rainbow hues, and depicts an Indian raid upon a Western settlement. The fact that this label happened to sell sheets was merely a coincidence.

Mordkin has simplified and modernized these labels without sacrificing their aesthetic content. He finds that hard-headed women shoppers have been instrumental in training manufacturers to make their packaging and labeling utilitarian as well as soothing to the eye.

In a good average year, Mordkin turns out more than a hundred million labels, and lesser quantities of other forms of packaging. The streamlined phase of labeling is a product of the last three years, and today the patriotic motif has permeated the field. In men's products, such military themes as flags, bugles, and eagles, are popular, with the chevron leading the field. In women's products, the patriotic colors—red, white, and blue—are eye-catchers.

Mordkin has never had a hankering for the ballet, proving thereby that all offspring are not necessarily chips off the old block. And his father seems quite satisfied with his son's career.

THE OLD PERSONALITY

We wish we were back in the good old days when exhibitionism was confined to potato races at the Fourth of July picnic. Or being coaxed to recite *A Message to Garcia*, after wails and protests, at a conclave of visiting relatives. Squarely at the door of radio do we lay the trend that shows no sign of letting up, even though Major Bowes, who started it, is old hat even to the most loyal dial twister.

It's getting to the point where even a member of the studio audience isn't safe merely to sit there quietly and only go so far as to applaud when the man on the stage tells him he may. No, sir; under the surface of your drab little life lie all kinds of amusing potentialities. Actually, you're a scream.

By the strange hypnosis of a portable microphone and the persuasive voice of an announcer who probably beats little children when he gets home—if he has one—you will find yourself willing, able, and ready, to wash an elephant, make a date with a stranger, or try to sell Manhattan to a full-blooded Indian—right out there in front of everybody. The program, of course, is *Truth or Consequences;* and under the strange impetus for exhibitionism that comes, probably, just before the revolution, it is just about the most popular show on the air. They keep score and can prove it. People swarm to this peripatetic radio show, which may broadcast one week from San Francisco and the next from the home plate in New York. A few more trips cross country and *Truth or Consequences* will have done away with any trace of national reticence to perform in public.

It's O.K. by us if you want to hold your nose and make like a Scotch bagpipe or describe the difference between yourself and a piece of cheese over a coast-to-coast hookup. If you want to get up there on the stage of the local auditorium and pretend to be talking in your sleep about Lana Turner, swell. We're just beginning to think, somewhat ominously, that all those pep talk books about how to be a man, not a mouse, have actually gotten their insidious message across, which is what we were afraid of all the time.

Ranger

FOUNDED P&T IN 1840

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America's First-Quality Whiskey

RYE OR BOURBON—92 PROOF
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P&T
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Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
92 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York, N.Y.

This Drink **STARTS** where mere Tomato Juice **STOPS!**

THE FIRST SIP TELLS YOU HOW deliciously different College Inn Tomato Juice COCKTAIL is from ordinary tomato juice. You'll go for its bracing flavor day after day. The children will too—and it's good for them!

PEP UP with delicious College Inn Tomato Juice COCKTAIL. It's a richer, zestier drink with more body. College Inn blends rare flavors with the juice of sun-ripened tomatoes to create it—then ages it for weeks to tangy goodness. Simply chill it in the shaker-shaped re-usable glass jar and serve.

COLLEGE INN
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Far More
THAN MERE TOMATO JUICE

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COLLEGE INN
THE Original
TOMATO JUICE
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If SHE is a "bit embarrassed" because you're just her height (or even shorter)...

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TALLER
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Women admire tall men . . . men they can look UP to! Now *you* can be taller than *she* is! Simply by changing your shoes! It's as simple as that. Adler ELEVATORS make you impressively taller and improve your posture . . . "confidentially" . . . the *instant* you put them on! And, *outwardly*, they look like any other fine quality shoe. It's not magic . . . but it might be called a miracle of shoe construction that makes you *stand* better, *look* better, *feel* better!

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

DEPARTMENT STORE OF DRAMA

If a play fails to jell on Broadway, all is not necessarily lost. It may be a perfectly good play, but just too folksy for the local trade; perhaps an unfavorable advance report from the try-out sticks has put the kibosh on it. But the playwright, if he has his wits about him, doesn't line himself up against a wall and give up. There might still be a gold mine of royalties in them thar three acts of drama. Samuel French ought to know.

Plays like *Night Must Fall* and *Family Portrait,* while not exactly flops on Broadway, received fairly cool receptions here. Under the aegis of French, the department store of drama whose catalogue of plays covers everything from minstrel shows to *Lysistrata,* however, both are hit plays with amateur theatrical groups all over the country. High schools, college dramatic societies, little theatres, have their own way of gauging the success of a play. Instead of box office receipts, there are mail orders that come into the French offices throughout the world—as far away as Nairobi. Amateurs know what they want, and what a Broadway critic says is neither here nor there as long as the play fits the description in the French catalogue and looks as if it might do for the annual senior class performance.

Our Town, another example of a not too phenomenally successful Broadway play, is the joy of the amateurs'—and French's—lives. It's their biggest hit in ten years, and a deadly rival to *The Goose Hangs High* in popularity. Although listed in the catalogue as having "17 Males, 7 Females" (women predominate in amateur dramatic societies) it is the kind of production that can be played by almost every kind of amateur group. It strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the "ourtowners" who act in it. And, of course, there's no scenery problem.

The complex business of doing their bit to make the current crop of graduation plays, and amateur productions throughout the year, a happy event for both participants and audience, is managed here in New York by Frank J. Sheil. A drama-lover of long standing (he saw his first play sixty years ago), he has been with Samuel French since 1897. Incidentally, it's a noteworthy, if divergent fact, that all the employees at French's New York office are men, down to the last stenographer. This, according to Mr. Sheil, doesn't signify a grudge against the fair sex. It's purely traditional. Women didn't work in offices when the firm of Samuel French was established.

The background of Samuel French goes back as far as the rare collection of Lacy's and French's Acting Editions on the shelves of Mr. Sheil's office. He's up on his folklore, and reports that Samuel French was a Down Easterner who came to New York and established himself in the printing business. He printed plays for Standard Melodrama, which was the Samuel French of its day, and actually did sell out to French. English plays were imported from Thomas Hale Lacy, who had started, in 1830, to publish plays in London.

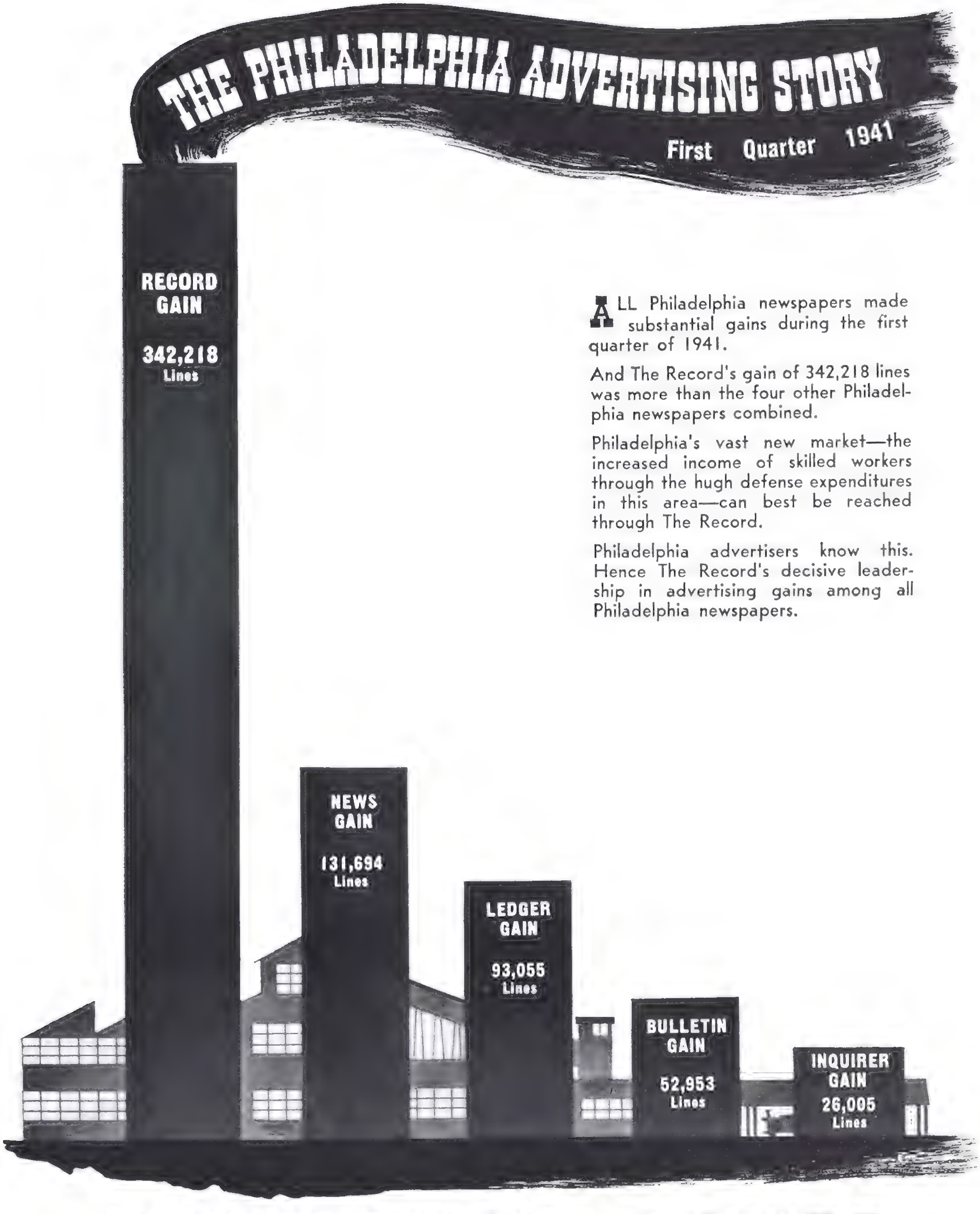
If Samuel French hadn't had asthma, the company would probably not be on the scale that it is today. But Sam went to London in 1871 and found the climate so good for his asthma that he stayed there. And he bought the Lacy business.

Samuel French's son, T. Henry French, was the first of the three managers the firm has had since, culminating in Mr. Sheil. T. Henry is credited with being the first manager, also, of Madison Square Garden. That was before it moved further uptown. A pioneer in fashion, as well, he brought the first hansom cab to New York.

There was a good deal of play-acting going on in those days, and a good many of them are available to theatrical groups even now. French never completely discards a play. The plates are kept in storage to fill an occasional request for an old-timer. There was *Fashion,* for example, written about the middle of the nineteenth century by one Anna Cora Mowatt, which the Cherry Lane Theatre had heard about and was anxious to present. It hadn't been done in years, but because of the interest its revival created, it's back in the catalogue now.

French is loyal to the days when, for the purposes of the play, Virtue triumphed and Villainy was overthrown. They think there's a lot to be gotten out of them if they're played straight, and the catalogue is

Continued on page H



ALL Philadelphia newspapers made substantial gains during the first quarter of 1941.

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Your best defense economy is to simplify your living problem in a 2 or 3 room suite in this distinguished apartment hotel—on the convenient side of Central Park. Large and comfortable rooms, complete kitchens with 4-burner stove and refrigeration and maid service — at one all-inclusive moderate price.

Unfurnished, or freshly decorated and furnished, as you desire—by the year. Lease now for immediate or fall occupancy.

OSCAR WINTRAB, *Managing Director*

ESSEX HOUSE
On-the-park
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page F

gentle as to their burlesque possibilities. About *The Drunkard,* or, *The Fallen Saved,* the catalogue says, "While it has amusing possibilities as a sort of burlesque on the type of play it represents, it has nevertheless a very genuine and moving appeal."

The French catalogue is always looked to by student groups for little-known, long-forgotten plays. These days, the trend for revivals is even stronger. The bringing back of *Outward Bound* to Broadway started a series of re-presentations that included *Blind Alley, Kind Lady,* and, of course, *Charley's Aunt.*

Mr. Sheil has always felt that the purpose of the theatre was the pure and simple one of entertainment. "You ought to be able to have a good time at the theatre," he says, and he cites *Charley's Aunt* as an illustrious example of theatrical enjoyment. Particularly today is there a necessity for the kind of drama that entertains—not the kind that confronts a headline-weary audience with an unsolvable problem.

WORLD'S FAIR—1941

When Harvey Gibson, Grover Whalen & Company gave Robert Moses the go-ahead sign last fall to start digging up the World's Fair, there were few protests from the populace. Two years was a long enough run for any show, and besides it was getting cold outside. But with the coming of spring, the World's Fair fever returned; New Yorkers discovered that it was a chronic disease which, once contracted, is apt to linger on for years.

So Manhattan and its sister boroughs are to have a World's Fair of 1941—not in Flushing Meadows, but in the middle of Coney Island. You are going to have the odd sensation of seeing the Parachute Jump at Steeplechase Park, and your last look at the world before you start on the way to terra firma will be twenty miles of ocean, which was not so before. The "Wheat Poles," 150-foot-high steel tubes that graced the Fair of '40, will grace the front of Steeplechase, right off the Surf Avenue entrance.

At Luna Park, four young men, who bill themselves as "William Miller, in association with the Messrs. Edward J. and Harry Lee Danziger, and Milton Sheen," have taken over the forty acres of Luna Park and are filling it with nine million dollars' worth of exhibitions, rides, and shows, from last year's Fair. Concessionaires from as far away as New Zealand have taken space in Luna Park, and there will be new amusements that fit better into the scheme of 1941.

Neither Steeplechase nor Luna Park, however, have leaned over backwards to recreate the Flushing Follies. Coney is still Coney, bless its heart, but you can't blame the powers that be for enterprise. And many a feature of the World's Fair was too good to go to waste. All by itself, however, Steeplechase thought up its new Rocket Ships. They are streamlined cars of stainless steel that are suspended from a tower by steel cables and fly through the air in a giant circle. You won't see much aluminum and stainless steel at Coney this summer, because the government defense projects have bought most of it for airplane construction.

Bill Miller, one of the four young men at Luna, admits that he has dropped all the educational features to concentrate strictly on entertainment. Probably the only quiet bit of entertainment will be Dr. Cooney's incubator baby show. The doctor has been exhibiting his tiny babies at Luna Park for thirty-seven years, and this year there's an offer of employment to any thirty-seven-year-old man or woman who was on exhibit at that first incubator show.

Dr. Cooney's exhibit won't be the only holdover from previous years. Miller has been making plans for a giant aquacade performance to be housed in an auditorium seating three thousand persons. In looking through past history of the amusement park, he discovered that Luna had the first water revue in America in a giant pool known as the Aquadrome. Luna will have a circus this year, the only permanent circus in New York. That's because it's the only park in the city to have a permit to exhibit elephants. Back in 1903, this Coney Island park had a troop of thirty elephants on view at all times.

Continued on page I

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page 11

Miller has had the *Streets of Paris* show on the road ever since the production closed at the World's Fair last year. He's made so much money on the show that he is convinced show business must play an important part in the World's Fair of 1941. There will be a fully-equipped theatre featuring musical revues and summer theatre plays. There will be three night clubs—one with a South American motif, one reminiscent of San Francisco's Barbary Coast, and one with a Gay Nineties atmosphere. There will be lady wrestlers, shark fighters, old-time movies, and a show boat with dancing and entertainment that will plow its way from the Battery to Luna Park.

This is not the first year that Luna Park has been connected with New York fairs. As a matter of fact, it came into existence as the result of a successful exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901. Frederic Williams Thompson had conceived a novel trick of perspective from which he built his exciting exhibit, *The Trip to the Moon.* It cost $52,000 to build, but the profit for the season was $140,000.

When the exposition closed, Thompson was sure he could still make money with *The Trip to the Moon*, but he didn't know where to put it. He talked it over with Elmer (Skip) Dundy, the Coney Island concessionaire, and together they got the idea for building Luna Park to house the exhibit. Borrowing all the money they could get, Thompson and Dundy spent $2,400,000 to construct Luna Park, and on opening day they had exactly twenty-two dollars left. They gave that to the cashiers so that they could make change for the customers. Dundy was so happy with the opening day parade that he let two elephants into the candy store so that they could eat their fill. The elephants cleaned the store out.

Luna Park, so named because of its main show, *The Trip to the Moon*, grossed five million dollars during its first four months and paid off all its debts before the summer was over. This was in 1903, and the success of Luna led to the rejuvenation of all Coney Island. During the 1904 season, 4,880,000 persons visited Luna Park, with receipts so staggering that Thompson and Dundy decided to build the Hippodrome Theatre in Manhattan. This venture cost only a mere $1,500,000, but it caused the Thompson and Dundy split two years later. A matter of selling tickets through speculators caused the breakup.

The team of Thompson and Dundy had been unbeatable, but alone they failed miserably. Skip Dundy died in 1909. Thompson, who married actress Mabel Taliaferro, splurged too heavily on Luna Park—he had always needed Dundy's business sense to back him up. In 1911, he released the park to the Sea Beach Land Company. He lost his temper, then his wife, the Hippodrome, his yacht, the *Shamrock* (the mast is still standing in Luna)—everything. He went to Los Angeles to raise money to build a California amusement park, but was unsuccessful. Finally, he returned east to accept a job as draughtsman and engineer at—of all places—Luna Park! He died in 1917.

We got this story from John Guelfi, who worked on the construction of Luna Park way back in 1902 and has been employed there ever since. Today he is foreman of the construction gang which is modernizing the amusement area into the World's Fair of 1941. John has a brother who is also named John and nicknamed by Dundy "John #2." John #2 went to work at Luna in 1903, and today, seventy-five years old, his favorite sport is climbing the 145-foot-tall central tower like a spider. He does it twice each year—on Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday—to hang the American flag. There was a third Guelfi brother who worked at Luna until two years ago, when he passed away; his name was "Anyhow!"

The two John Guelfis are the most enthusiastic workers on the World's Fair of 1941 job. "Mr. Thompson and Mr. Dundy would have been proud of these four boys," John #1 told us, referring to Messrs. Miller, Sheen, and the Danziger twins. "It's going to be just like the old days!"

Ranger

That gleam in his eye...

...is not for you, lady, but for your

Beech-Nut BLACK BEAN SOUP

Here's the quickest way to make your guests beam. Set this unusual new soup before them. It is rich and full-bodied, yet mellow and delicate in flavor. Try it tonight and see how good Black Bean Soup can really be.

7 OTHER BEECH-NUT SOUPS: Chicken Noodle, Chicken with Rice, Corn Chowder, Vegetable, 3 Cream Soups—Tomato, Pea and Mushroom.

AN OPEN LETTER

To Young Men Losing Their Hair!

Falling hair, receding hairline, dandruff and itchy scalp are signs of approaching baldness. These conditions can be arrested quickly, effectively, and inexpensively by Terminal's Scientific Scalp Treatments—a service that has stood the test of more than thirty years. It costs only $1.50, and takes little more than half an hour at any convenient Terminal Barber Shop.

Satisfaction guaranteed—or your money back

THIS IS HOW IT WORKS

After you've asked for one of our Scientific Scalp Treatments, your barber will summon the scalp and hair expert (there's one in every shop) to make a minute examination of your condition. Each condition requires a different treatment. If you need medical advice, he'll not hesitate to tell you so. But common conditions such as falling hair, receding hairline, dandruff, and itchy scalp respond to the special formulas and manipulations we administer. There is no mystery or magic about these Scientific Scalp Treatments, for they have been developed in Terminal's own experimental laboratory by one of the world's greatest dermatologists.

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Oceans of tonic will never grow a single hair—nor will any Terminal Master Barber claim that ability. It is this honest relationship between barber and customer that has made Terminal Barber Shops the largest and most popular barber chain in the world!

Joseph B. Schusser

President

21 Convenient Terminal Barber Shops in New York

"Where the Promise is Performed"

TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS

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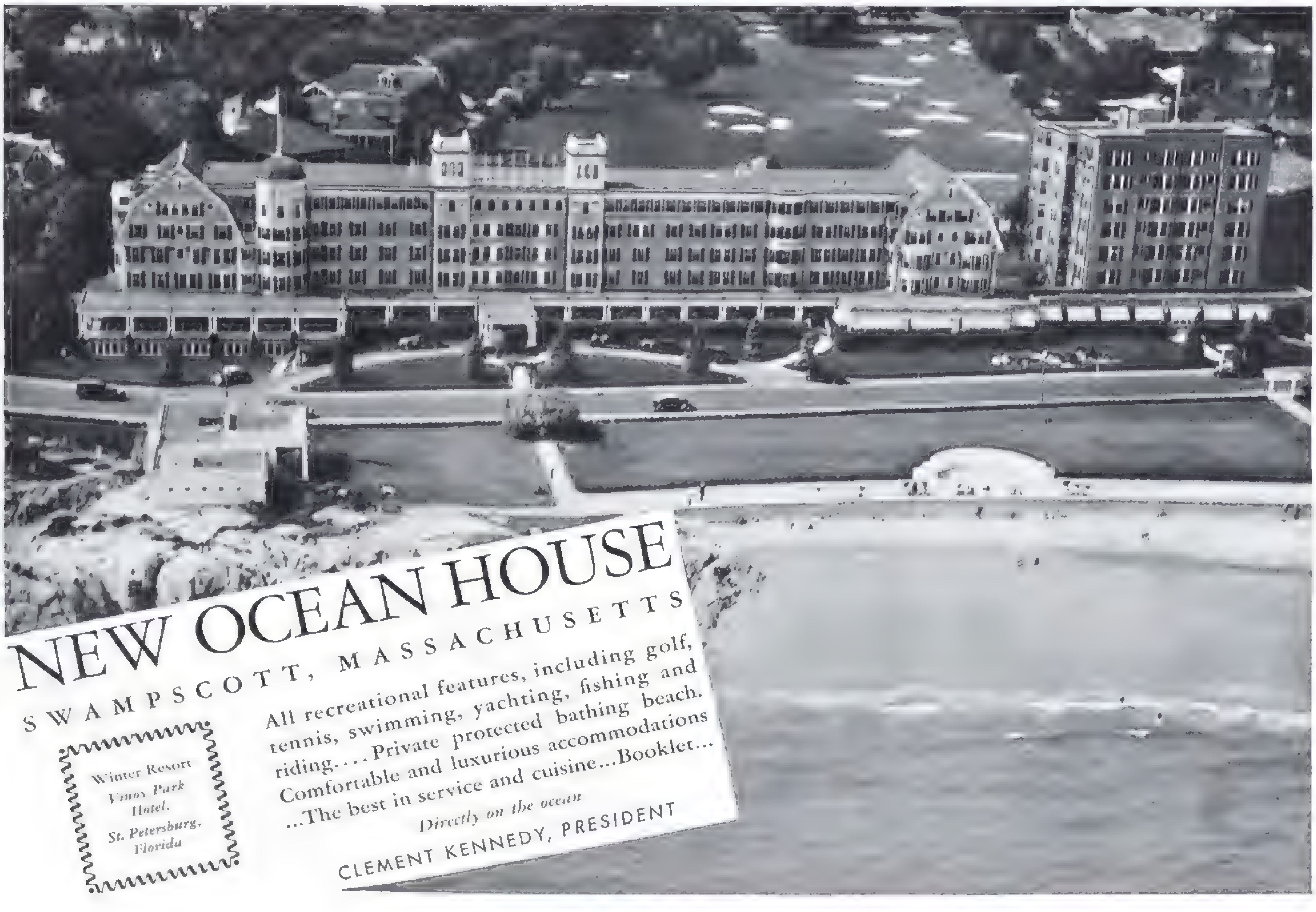
VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES



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A Casual Column Supporting THE SATURDAY SUN

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It has the literate reporting and wide range of contents that make The Sun a great metropolitan daily *plus* 35 special pages and features. You'll find it a guide in many guises, versatile, intensely readable. Hobbies, arts, fashions, homes, sports are just a few of the interests that come into its ken. Highlights:

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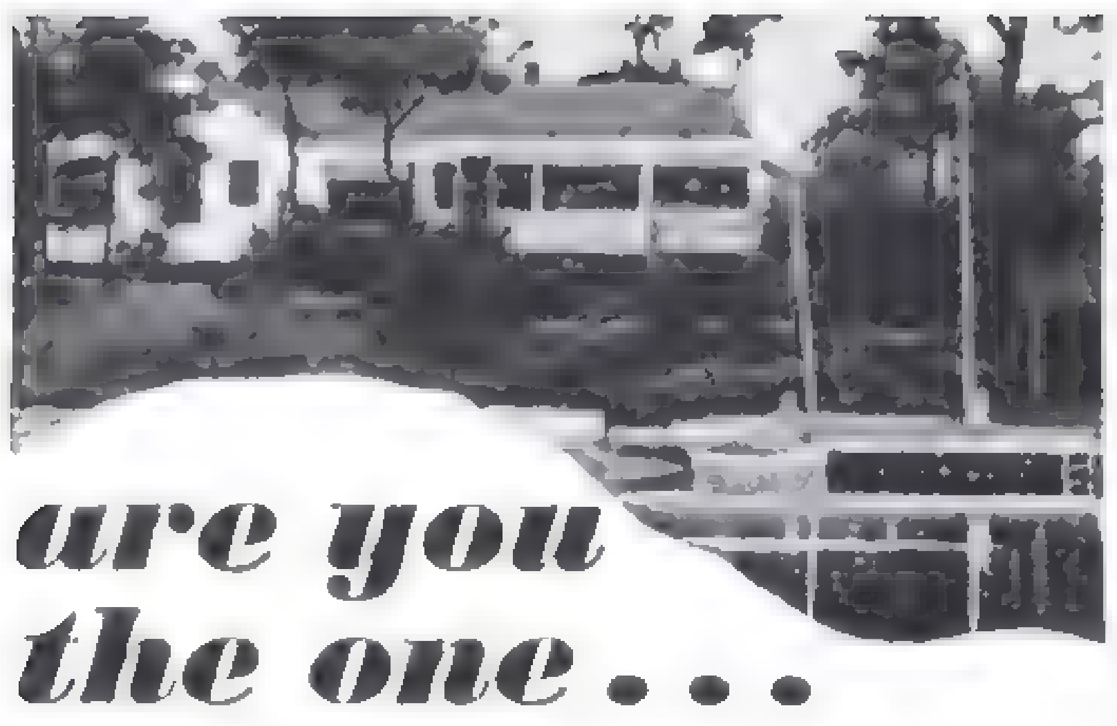
This balanced readership is an open sesame to profitable volume because The Sun's active families are the core of New York's buying power. There are over 300,000 of them, always able and ready to buy—and The Sun is their shopping guide!

The Sun
NEW YORK



are you the one . . .

who will enjoy this summer at this sportsman's waterfront home? It's on the North-West tip of Long Island, on Gardiner's Bay—a completely furnished luxurious bungalow—but what a bungalow! There's a 21-foot living room (with fireplace), 4 bed rooms, 2 baths, kitchen, dining room, 2-car built-in garage, and last but not least, a bar, complete even to built-in beer-cooler. Your private dock (you've got 140 feet of waterfront and beach to call your own) leads to swimming, and an anchorage that holds a 50-foot yacht with ease. Near at hand are clubs, offering tennis, golf, dances, etc. And, when business calls, you can drive to New York, over new highways, in less than three hours.

Rental for the summer season: $750. Are you the one? For more information, or a tour of inspection, write to

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EAST MARION, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

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Beautiful Sandy Beach
SPORTY GOLF—TENNIS—SAILING
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100 Rooms. Elevator Service.
Complete Sprinkler System.
Delicious Food. Selected Clientele.
$35 to $49 weekly, American Plan
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5TH YEAR!
RAY KINNEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE ALOHA MAIDS
Hotel Lexington
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LEXINGTON AVE. AT 48TH ST., NEW YORK

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Breast of Chicken Brésilienne
DINNER $1.50
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AIR CONDITIONED
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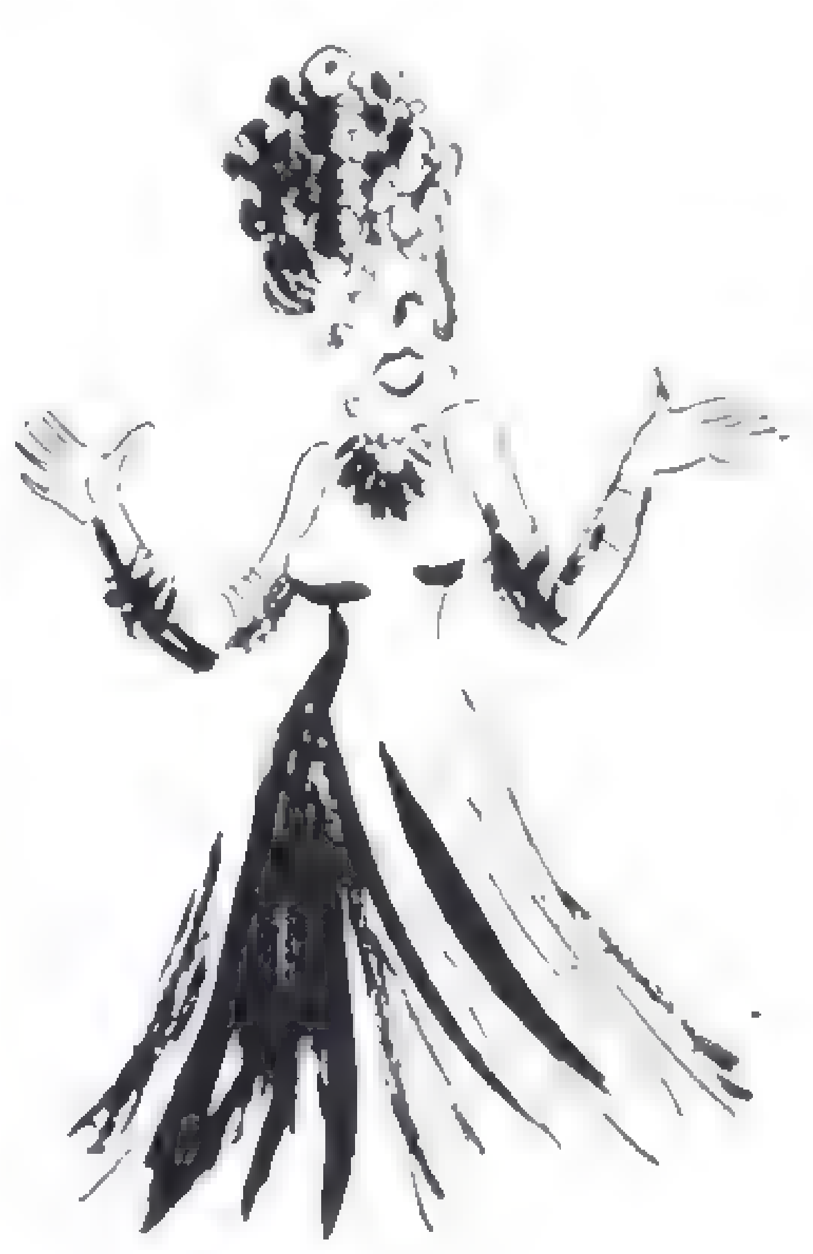
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

LATIN FROM MANHATTAN

Josephine Del Mar, whose flashy congyrating at La Conga made customers resolve to go to South America to see if there were any more at home like her, isn't from South America. She's a product of that section of New York on the West Side from 110th to 120th Streets, where they've been practising Pan-American unity for years before Franklin D. Roosevelt thought up the Good Neighbor Policy.



Josephine Del Mar was born Josephine Smallwood, and comes by her Spanish blood by inheritance rather than birth. She was born on West 79th Street, and on her maternal side is descended from a long line of Castilians. Her father was a Scotsman.

Miss Josephine Of-the-Sea was groomed for a show-business career when she was old enough to walk. Her mother had been a grand opera singer, Luna Lopez, who toured South America dozens of times, singing leading roles with the Mancini Opera Company. And Mrs. Smallwood not only taught her precocious daughter how to speak perfectly in the rolling cadences of Castilian Spanish, but also schooled her in the rudiments of acting, singing, and dancing.

When she was twelve, Josephine caught the eye of America Durecut, one of the grandest ladies in the Latin-American life of New York. Miss Durecut, who makes her living as a Spanish interpreter in St. Vincent's Hospital and in some of our courts, is loved and respected by every Spanish-speaking person in New York for her good works of charity and kindness. Among her activities is a sort of Spanish "little theatre," *El Gruppo Artistico*, which produces classical and modern Spanish dramas for charitable benefits.

In the next few years, Josephine was busy attending Wadleigh High School, and in the evenings rehearsing with *El Gruppo*. After graduation, Josephine got a job as head translator in the export division of Du Pont's.

During one week, *El Gruppo Artistico* gave a performance of Martinez-Sierra's *Cradle Song* at the Teatro Hispano, near 116th Street. The Teatro usually shows Spanish or Mexican films interlarded with a vaudeville bill. But this week it offered a full-length play instead of the vaudeville. Between acts, Miss Del Mar went onstage and entertained the customers during the intermission by some impromptu singing and dancing.

In the audience one evening was Teddy Rodriguez, the rhumba teacher, who, at the time, was forming a conga-rhumba troupe of six dancers. She accepted, with misgivings. It seemed foolish to give up a good job with Du Pont on spec. So she compromised, stuck to her translating, and danced in the evening. That was in 1939, and for six months she appeared at Versailles and Ben Marden's until 3 A. M., got five hours sleep, and then turned up at the Du Pont office, bright and pert, at 9 A. M.

Finally, the strain began to tell, and Josephine resigned from her office job. She joined forces with Ralph Villa, and played most of the snazzy hotel supper rooms all over the place. For a while, she was the star of Carlos Molinas' vaudeville unit, "Conga Fiesta."

It was in Chicago that the Hollywood Theater Alliance, that cooperative band of rebels responsible for the sprightly musical, *Meet the People*, caught Josephine's act in a night club and hired her for the big production number in *Meet the People* called *Chi-Chi-Castenango*.

Josephine has a warm, exuberant voice, and although born in New York, she is dead set against singing Latin songs in English. A former translator herself, Miss Del Mar feels that most of the translations into English of Spanish and Cuban songs are nothing short of silly. *Para Vigo Me Voy*, for example, a song dealing with an intrigue between two lovers, became *Say Si, Si* in translation and told how different countries have different ways of saying "yes, yes."

The same goes for the translations of such current hits as *Frenesi*, *Amapola*, and *Perfidia*. "It is terrible," says linguist Del Mar, "what Tin Pan Alley does to the lyrics of those lovely songs. It is better that Americans should listen to them without knowing what the words mean than to hear the ridiculous and foolish translations now in use."

We think she's got something there.

Ranger

Superb Entertainment IN NEW YORK

THE GLAMOUROUS
RAINBOW ROOM
One of New York's smartest dinner and supper rooms. Always featuring a famous orchestra, complete show of brilliant stars and superb cuisine.
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A very popular dinner and supper room. A well known orchestra, a complete show and an excellent cuisine are featured the year 'round.
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FULL COURSE DINNER $1.50
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famous for its SMORGASBORD
announces the
Reopening of its Beautiful
OUTDOOR TERRACE
(the only one of its kind in N.Y.) and its
NEW VIKING ROOM & BAR
LUNCHEON from 60c
DINNER from $1.25
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Afternoon and after theatre
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SAVE THEM!
Millions of civilian
WAR VICTIMS
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AMERICAN RED CROSS
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THREE OF A KIND!
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THE NEW PALM BEACH SUITS

HERE IS A NEW PALM BEACH...Softer, lighter, and cooler than it ever was before. Goodall, the exclusive makers, have tailored this suit superbly. You'll admire the lasting fit at the collar—the smooth, pucker-free seams and edges—the streamline silhouette. And no other suit as light as this has its talent for throwing off wrinkles and holding its shapely style.

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Shown in such new shades as—Channel Blue, Cuban Brown and Jute Tan—and slip into your size in the smart new White.

Here's the Washable Summer suit that lets your body breathe, and the value is so outstanding that you can well afford a complete and colorful Palm Beach wardrobe.

Slacks $5.50 • *Sport Coats* $13.50
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GOODALL COMPANY • CINCINNATI, OHIO

$3250 IN PRIZES
Enter the Palm Beach contest. First prize, $1000. Second prize, $500. 235 other cash awards. See your clothier for full details.

TAILORED BY GOODALL
Palm Beach
FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH
ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

NEW DISCOVERIES
See the tropical worsted discoveries of 1941: Goodall Tropic Weight at $25. Tropic Weight De Luxe at $32.50. At your clothier's—today.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Even if its address, 65 East 56th, weren't so easy to remember, the Coq Rouge would be a pet haunt of the Younger Set and their elder brothers and uncles. Long before it's dusk outside, you will find arrays of wall-benchers making sociable with clink and tinkle in the friendly dimth of the Skyline Bar, which is photomuraled with Manhattan's silhouetted magic. When hunger overtakes them, they progress to the chipper dining and dancing department beyond, where tall Gigi divines your palate's desires. Frank Bonacchini is Chesterfieldian host and friend.

Espaliered fruit trees in bloom line the garden wall of the Dorothy Draper imagined Little House, choice cherry of that vast architectural cocktail, the Hampshire House, Central Park South. In winter this maisonette is reserved for private parties, but now that the less formal months are upon us, its enchantment is open to the casual luncher or diner, with exemplary maître Noël supervising the suavities and skillet virtuoso Robert working his spells.

The Rainbow Room, where Matty Malneck's crew of musical originals have been performing for dancing, with the sistren Valero juggling the rumbas, will imminently (May 21) have its podium taken over by Grill graduate Barry Winton. Billy de Wolfe, rollicking impressionist, will be the spotlit entertainer. What some people aren't on to is the fact that viands prepared in the Rainbow kitchen are also to be had in the westerly Grill, where prices are more modest without being actually prudish. Grill atmosphere is less sumptuous and chummier. Instead of bank presidents and chairmen of boards tossing parties of ten and twenty, it's fond young couples flinging hoofs to the rhythms of Russ Smith (dance team: The Ashburns) and taking looksees at the sunset out on the terrace, which has the whole Hudson for its gutter. Subsequent moon and stars seem to bring out man's protective instinct wonderfully.

It grieves ex-dance star Dario to turn people away from his glamorous door at 57 West 57th where his Martinique, redecorated this year, offers its tropical enticement. But what can he do, when even a large room like this has only so many sit-places, not to speak of hip-spaces on the dance floor? And wacky, super-mobile-mapped Danny Kaye, find of the year, has got 'em coming and howling.

Clams "R" in season at Billy the Oysterman's, 10 West 47th and 7 East 20th . . . Ditto planked steaks at Toots Shor's, 51 West 51st . . . Ah, those soft-shelled crustaceans at the Baroque, 14 East 53rd . . . Such curry of chick at the Versailles, with big name divertissement de luxe . . . And that casseroled turkey with Virginia ham, at the Caviar, 18 East 49th . . . If the flesh of a mere English mutton chop can intrigue you, *Keen's* (72 West 36th) historic British cutlet chateau has 'em galore and gorgeous, with ale quaffing and clay pipe puffing on the side.

Zucca's (116 West 49th), a modernized old-timer dear to the hearts of gourmets, is a place we gravitate towards out of instinctive habit, and never are our expectations maltreated. Among the not-to-be-misseds are Stracciatella soup, chicken cutlet Milanaise, green noodles, veal cutlet Parmigiana (adroitly cooked with Italian style ham and cheese). Of the three rooms, the Bar is our favorite nook. But wherever you sit, you are served the exact drinks you ask for. Louis Zucca is that kind of restaurateur.

Up 4 miles north of Danbury, Conn., on Route 7, the much historic White Turkey Inn has had to be enlarged again and now seats 175, plus standees at the bar in the new Pine Room. Perennial favorites are roast turk, chicken Maryland, chicken pie, "stickies" and hot rolls. On the moist side there are the South African Sundowner, the Frozen Daiquiri, the Julep of Kentucky, etc. Overnighters accommodated in canopied 4-posters.

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"Now my smoking is a pleasure, not merely habit"

"Certainly, I smoke cigarettes from habit, but now I actually enjoy *every* smoke, because my Tobacco-Yello holder takes out the impurities that used to tire my taste."

IMPURITIES IN SMOKE INTERCEPTED HERE

The bitter, irritating impurities (predominantly tars) in tobacco are intercepted by the exclusive (patented) "Tobacco-Yello" attachment, precipitated out of the smoke stream before they reach the mouth. *Every* smoke is cooler, sweeter, more enjoyable.

$1.00

20 STYLES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
ALSO CIGAR HOLDERS

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ALL NEW SUMMER
ICE SHOW
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REVUE 8:45-11:45-2
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Projectile Top
The Modern Adjunct, Furnished with Three Gold and Black Transfers
Good Luck { Soldier / Marine / Sailor
By Mail 25c
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For a Warm weather Treat—
. . . MAKE "YOURS" A GENUINE PLANTERS' PUNCH

Not until you have tasted a Planters' Punch, or Rum Collins, made with Myers's, the dark, full-bodied Rum of Jamaica, will you know how *enticing* these popular summer coolers can be! For a superb wealth of flavor—

The Rum must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" BRAND
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
—97 PROOF

PLANTERS' PUNCH —*the Authentic Recipe*
As served at the famous Planters' Punch Inn, on the "Sugar Wharf," Kingston, Jamaica.

ONE OF SOUR
(One part fresh Lime Juice)
TWO OF SWEET
(Two parts sugar)
THREE OF STRONG
(Three parts Myers's Fine Jamaica Rum)
FOUR OF WEAK
(Four parts ice and water)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a cherry.

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After eating TOO MUCH
or drinking TOO MANY

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PICK...ME...UP

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At good restaurants, hotels, bars, drug and grocery stores

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Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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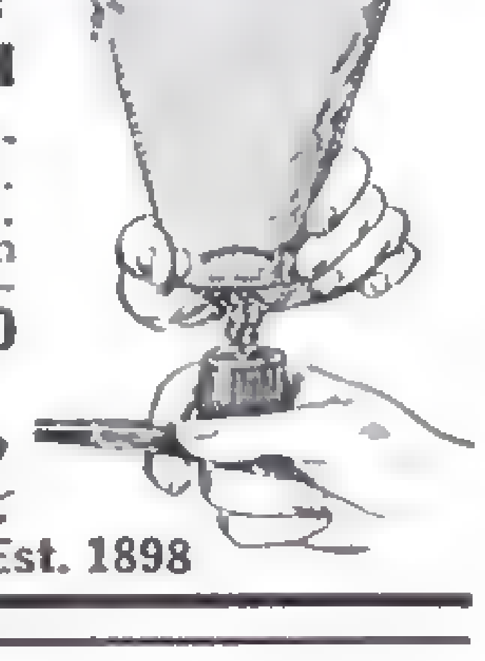
No More "Messy" Pipe Filling

WITH FILLS-EASY TOBACCO POUCH

Prevents spilling and waste. Simply squeeze opening at bottom. Clean, convenient, practical. Smart, genuine black or brown morocco grain leather; oil silk lining; zipper fastener. Gift wrapped. Sent postage prepaid. C.O.D. 15c extra. $1.00



Iwan Ries & Co.
73 W. Monroe St., Chicago Est. 1898

It's a great country that grows 'em like this . . .

Only yesterday, wasn't it, Ted wore his first rompers, his first knickers, his first long pants. Today he's marching into the future with the class of '41.

DAD has a little trouble with his Adam's apple now and then when he remembers this was the year Ted was coming to work in the store. Mother counted his handkerchiefs last night, and if a tear fell on one of them, there was no one there to see.

But they've got their chins up! For Ted's a great boy. They're a great family. It's a great country that grows 'em like this. And a great American custom, for important occasions . . . that little white box that just came out of Dad's right-hand coat pocket.

What's in it? Ask *your* graduating daughter, *your* son called to the colors. Right the first time! *Every* senior, *every* soldier wants a sturdy, accurate, dependable, distinguished, *American* Hamilton Watch!

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Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures the greatest possible ACCURACY *in every size and grade. All Hamiltons are cased in precious metal (except special military watches). 17 or more jewels. $37.50 to $5,000. Write for folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 168 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.*

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The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

ARLENE. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Roman numeral-marker dial . . . . $40.

MIDAS. 19 jewels. 14K coral gold. 18K applied gold dots and markers . . . . $100.

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ENDICOTT. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Black or luminous numerals $37.50

ELLYN. 17 jewels. 14K white or natural gold. 18K applied gold numeral dial . . . . $55.

TOURAINE. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold. Two-tone dial, applied gold dots . . . . $90.

VIVIAN. 17 jewels. 14K coral and white gold. Roman numerals. 14K gold fittings. $75.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Jolly Good by Jove, that aromatic LONDON DOCK!

TRY London Dock,"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco," and see how much this skillful blend of the world's finest aromatic leaves can add to your pipe smoking enjoyment.

If, by chance, you feel that London Dock is too rich alone, mix it to suit your taste—it will add quality to any other smoking tobacco. Your favorite tobacconist has London Dock.

2 Ounce Package
40¢
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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

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● A DAY IN JUNE
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DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
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SUPERB DINNERS
DELIGHTFUL DANCING
MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
CHICAGO

EXPRESS PAID—WRITE FOR PRICES
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA • SARSAPARILLA
QUININE SODA • GINGER BEER
RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

That social pinnacle, the luscious *Viennese Roof of the St. Regis*, is maintaining its festively formal tradition; day garb wouldn't disqualify you at the door, but it would preclude your dancing to the slick music of Hal Saunders and his Argentine alternate Gus Martel. Seraphs wield the stewpots.

The Casino Russe, so located that Carnegie Hall stars can duck into it immediately upon emerging from that music temple's stage entrance on 56th Street, isn't operating its main salle now that the concert season is o'er, but its elegantly exotic Bagdad Room still functions as the haven of the faithful. Drinks are cosmopolitan, stressing the vodka note. On the food side, there's sublime Borscht, Pyrojoki (meat-centered rolls), Beef Stroganoff, Boned Chicken Cutlets, and succulent lamb hunks à la flaming torch. Bedtime just isn't in the Russian calendar.

Pan-American solidarity is no innovation at tall Ben Collada's snug *El Chico*, 80 Grove Street. You eat Latin, drink Latin, and dance Latin, and the show's steppers, singers, and strummers are always hot off the gang-plank . . . Minute steakmen fare superbly at the *Champs-Elysées* (25 East 40th), likewise sweeties amenable to Sweetbread Under Bell, Eugénie, with Broccoli Polonaise . . . Comely Mme. Maud of *Maud Chez Elle*, 151 East 49th, now feeds and winebuckets her select flock in her petite *jardin*, backyard to us . . . *The Essex House*, majestic monolith, has gala-chintzed its *Casino-on-the-Park* in deference to the season, and for a pleasant pausing on the way to dining and dancing, there's the sidewalk paddock of tables, entitled *Essex Promenade*, to the tune of "Under the greenwood tree, who comes to sip with me?" . . . The revue damsels at Villager *Jimmy Kelly's* (181 Sullivan Street) won't have to switch to lighter attire when hot weather comes. Their wardrobes are in admirable shape.

Café Society Uptown, now firmly entrenched as East 58th Street's institute of sepian musical art, at No. 128, is wisely hanging onto its principal winnahs: pert pianiste Hazel Scott, who serves up all and sundry from Bach to De Falla, either straight or swingtimed, the Golden Gate Quartet, busy boogie-woogians Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, and John Kirby's "Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm" band. Impresario Barney Josephson is no trivial caterer.

Succulent Scandinavian forage is being flown at by contented tenters on the large al fresco after-terrace of the Castleholm (344 West 57th), with an advance guard schnapping up schnappses among the front shrubbery. You might think that internal space would be abolished by the hors d'oeuvre maneuvers but no, with the aid of beer or California wine, appetite marches on upon soup of Swedish yellow peas, roulade of beef in the Svensk manner, Kalfhjarpe (tasty mystery), hunter style schnitzel, etc., culminating with Lingonberried pancakes or Swedish Punched sherbet. The Castleholm Norsemen play for dancing, including the colorfully costumed folk sort.

"Eddie's lyrics may be a little soiled, but *I'm* kept pure," sighed a ringside table at Leon & Eddie's as the waiter garbed it with its eighth cloth of the evening. Furniture in that dizzy joy spot just never gets any rest, what with new shifts milling in faster than the last contingent can filter out, all adding up to quite a stream of nocturnal history by the time the personnel wilt against the walls at 4 A.M.

Terrif tidings: The Hotel Astor's great big wonderful Roof, having spent the winter gathering up the pieces of its popularity record which Slide Piper Tommy Dorsey smashed last summer, has handed the situation over to him again. Bang!

How to make the most of a Bottleneck!

Why, that's simple! When you open a soda bottle, just don't let it start to lead a "bubble life"! Clamp a Soda-Mizer on the bottle neck. That makes the bottle a s-s-s-syphon! Seals all the life and liveliness *inside* . . . tight! And from then on, every time you touch the button there's a swirl of dancing bubbles that stirs your drinks to a new brilliance and a smoother taste. It makes a good mixer . . . PERFECT!

A Soda-Mizer repays the $1 it costs in the soda and ginger ale it saves you in just a couple of week-ends. In bright red, blue or green plastics. Fits any bottle. Good drug, department, housewares, gift and novelty stores sell Soda-Mizer. If yours doesn't, mail us $1. (P. S. What a present!) Howard L. Ross Corporation, Dept. 22, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Soda-Mizer
MAKES EVERY SODA BOTTLE A S-S-SYPHON

JUST about every dining and drinking spot advertised in this issue is glad to serve you
NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.
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THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY
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Popular Feature with "old New Yorkers," and young ones, too
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THE FAMOUS
CURTAIN DINNER
from $1.75
Timed to get you there just as the curtain goes up
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET

IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA OR ON PARK AVENUE

The gracious charm and boundless enthusiasm of Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw never vary—at home or on safari. Accompanying her well known husband on numerous expeditions into Africa, she has but recently returned from a year's trek from Paris to India overland. The color motion pictures of the Thaw Asiatic expedition are treasured historical documents. Selected still pictures have been featured in Life and National Geographic.

"It's really as thrilling as flying a plane to drive my Skyway Series Studebaker," says

MRS. Lawrence Copley Thaw

Noted big game hunter and explorer

Mrs. Thaw is pictured here with Ayatou I, the Sultan of Garoua, Cameroons

MRS. THAW says there's more than a suggestion of the effortless power and sure-footed tread of a lordly jungle creature in the clean-lined symmetry of her distinctive Studebaker.

Like thousands of other critical motorists, Mrs. Thaw delights in the gliding, air-borne feeling that's characteristic of the performance of this Studebaker Skyway Series.

The good taste of Studebaker exterior design is effectively complemented by finely tailored upholstery and smart interior fittings. Brilliant engineering assures remarkable gas economy—and Studebaker's exceptionally painstaking craftsmanship keeps mechanical upkeep costs very low.

You are missing modern motoring in its finest form, if you haven't yet driven a Studebaker. Arrange to do so, now, with your local Studebaker dealer. C.I.T. terms, if desired.

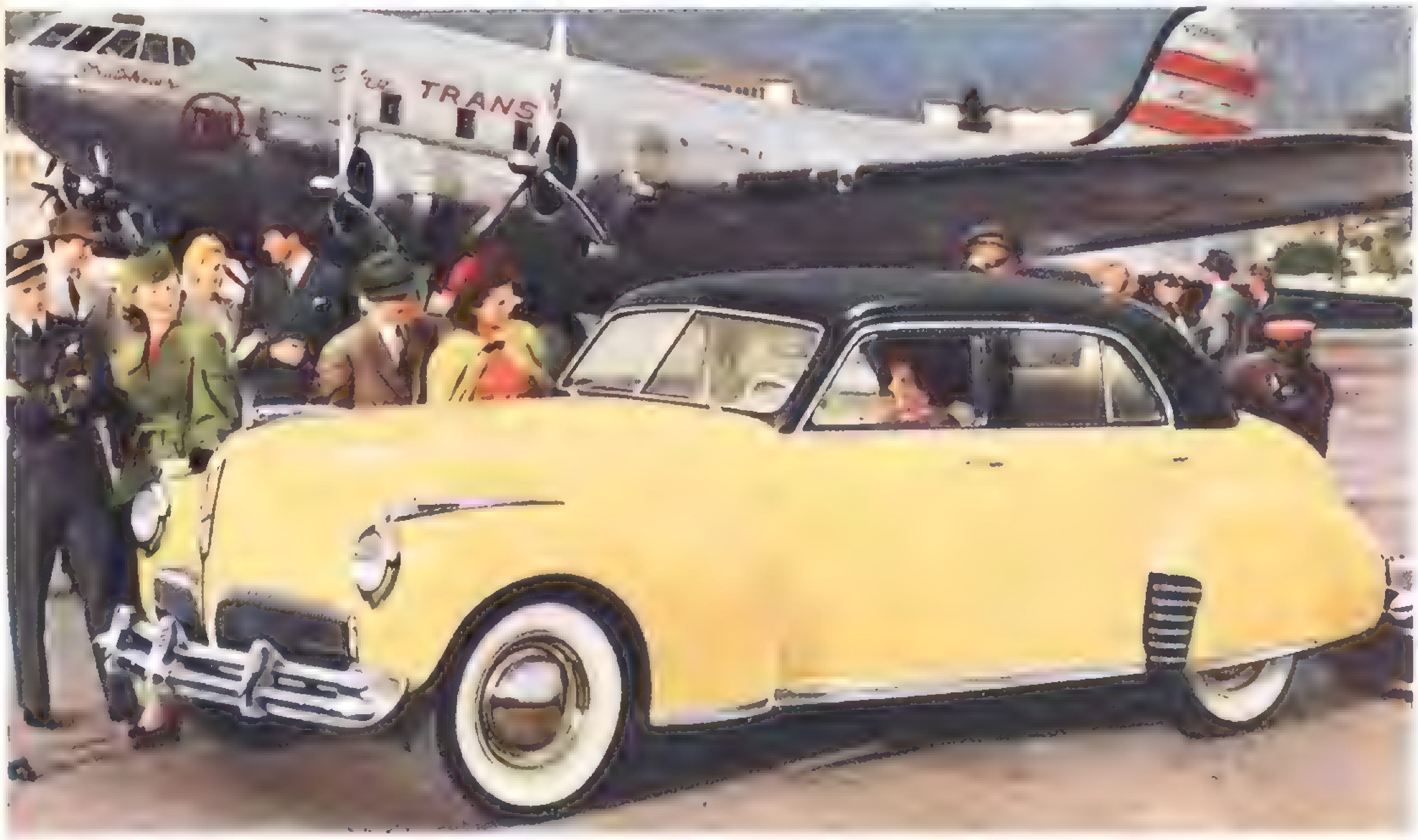
Distinctively smart new

Studebaker

PRICES BEGIN AT $695 FOR A CHAMPION COUPE

CHAMPION	$ 695 and up
COMMANDER	$ 965 and up
PRESIDENT	$1115 and up

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of April 1, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included.



Illustrated: Skyway Series President Eight Land Cruiser, $1235 delivered at factory

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Wilmon Menard

Wilmon Menard (*The Faraway Atoll*, page 46) appeared in these pages just a year ago, with a story called *Frantic Fishing in Tuamotu*—describing his underwater jousts with tiger sharks, octopuses, etc. He has been twice around the world, and has visited the archipelagoes of the South Seas seven times, living in the Dangerous Isles, Tahiti, Pitcairn, Easter Island, the Hawaiian Isles—and says Savaii in British Samoa is his idea of a real South Sea paradise. He wouldn't change his U. S. citizenship for any in the world, though, and is currently a member of Hollywood's movie colony. He has written for many magazines in this country, and has done syndicate work for English, German and French newspapers. His first job was on a Shanghai newspaper—writing obituaries for a penny a line. He sold his first story to College Humor in a prize contest. He says: "I like octopus hunting because it's real sporting. He has eight arms to your two, so the odds are not horribly over-balanced."

•

Since 1923, Eddie Loos has been "pro" instructor at the Lake Shore Country Club, in Glencoe, Illinois. He started as a caddie at the age of thirteen and began to play with discarded clubs given him by friends. He was one of the first professionals to give class lessons and has devoted the major portion of his time to this work instead of tournament play. However, he picked up $2,200 in prize money during 1930, and (going back) won the Eastern Open at Shawnee, Pennsylvania in 1917 while on leave from the Navy, won the California Open in 1920, the Illinois Open in 1921 and 1923, the Missouri Open in 1925. He paired with Leo Diegel to defeat Harry Vardon and Ted Ray at Lake Shore in 1920. And in 1926 he paired with Cyril Walker at Winter Haven, Florida to defeat Arnaud Massy and Archie Compston. During recent years he has played only in Pacific Coast tournaments. He has held instructor's jobs at Riverton, New Jersey; Pocono Manor, Pennsylvania; Charlotte, North Carolina; the Philadelphia Cricket Club in Lakeland, Florida; The Rancho Golf Club in Los Angeles and the Pasadena Golf Club, in that city.

Eddie Loos

General L. R. Gignilliat

Leigh Robinson Gignilliat is Brigadier General in the U. S. Auxiliary Reserve. After graduation from Virginia Military Institute he started life as a civil engineer on the boundary line location of Yellowstone Park. At 21 he became Commandant of Cadets at Culver Military Academy, and grew up with that famous school. He was made its Superintendent in 1911, and in 1939, President of its Board of Directors. He served in the World War as a member of the General Staff, A.E.F., also as American Representative, Interallied Military Mission in the Rhineland Army of Occupation. He was awarded the D.S.M. and various foreign decorations, attended many FIDAC (Interallied Veterans Association) Congresses in European capitals. It was in Rome when he was Vice President of FIDAC that he met De Bosis, the subject of his article on page 32. The story was tailored into its present pattern by his son, Henry Culver Gignilliat. General Gignilliat is also the author of *Arms and the Boy*, which was published by Bobbs Merrill back in 1916.

•

In 1936 Esquire published a series of articles on the glands of internal secretion and certain manifestations of personality and sex by George Antheil. In these articles the name of Dr. Louis Berman, a New York endocrinologist was mentioned and referred to a number of times. Dr. Berman protested at once to the editors and publishers concerning the use of his name in connection with these articles and statements. It was not our intention to attribute authorship or collaboration in the preparation of these articles to Dr. Berman. Although five years have elapsed since their publication, we take pleasure in acknowledging at this time that Dr. Louis Berman was in no way responsible for the publication of said articles and we are sure that such acknowledgement will be of interest to our readers.

Felix Mendelsohn, Jr.

Felix Mendelsohn, Jr., who is thirty-four years old and a fourth-generation Chicagoan, claims to be one of the city's most ineligible bachelors. Since attending Hyde Park High and the University of Chicago he has done wisely but not too well, he says, as an ad writer and ghost writer. He is the inventor of Target, a card game intended to supersede Contract Bridge. But he admits that some misguided die-hards still play contract. He is fond of rare beef, softball, his mother, the theatre, strong coffee, good deeds and the sound of his own voice.

•

Ted Leitzell was born in Pennsylvania, reared in southwestern Wisconsin, graduated from St. John's Military Academy and served four years at Wabash College. After a year in the Weather Bureau, he settled down to copywriting at Montgomery Ward. Six years of that threw him into free lancing where, except for a brief spell editing the magazine, *Real America*, he's been ever since. He says, "That occupation has taken me up many queer alleys, including a jaunt to Alaska for dope on Dr. Cook and Mt. McKinley, and the first real bit of debunking about the fantastic Matanuska Valley Resettlement Project. Hope to be back in Alaska by the time this is printed; there are still some unsettled questions about Mt. McKinley."

Ted Leitzell

•

Wesley Dennis has been painting horses for nine years. He studied the bone and skull structure of the horse at a ranch in New Mexico, pursued his equine research at the leading tracks of the East and spent a year in the Paris studio of the great L. D. Luard. He would rather hang around horses than eat and he thinks the most fascinating combination of time and place in the world is a race track in the earliest hours of the morning. He is the author and illustrator of the best-selling children's book, *Flip*, the story of a colt. He swings a mean polo mallet. He was born and brought up in Falmouth, Massachusetts, and speaks in the purest of Cape Cod accents. He is the younger brother of Morgan Dennis, the dog painter. His series of paintings of famous horses began in the last issue, the second of the series, *Sensation*, is on page 94.

Wesley Dennis

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First American Watchmaker

Presents virtually a regiment of modern watch styles from which to select the most impressive of gifts for graduations, weddings, anniversaries or for those entering the military service.

You can be style-right, thrifty and patriotic by giving a Waltham this year.

For almost five generations Waltham has maintained a leadership that makes the product a standard of value in its field.

Here are correct watch fashions for all occasions on parade for your inspection.

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"Fine Watchmakers to Ladies and Gentlemen since 1849"

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17 Jewels. 14K gold. $75

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21 Jewels. 14K red gold very thin case. 13 rubies set in gold on dial. Red calfskin strap. Also in yellow gold with 13 sapphires. $100

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17 Jewels. 10K gold-filled case. New spherical dial. Very thin. $39.75

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17 Jewels. 14K red or yellow gold case. New spherical dial. Thinnest American watch! $55

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17 Jewels. Rolled gold plate case. Spherical dial. $29.75

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17 Jewels. 10K gold-filled case. $37.50

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21 Jewels. 14K gold case, mirror-lapped for beauty. Arched crystal. $60

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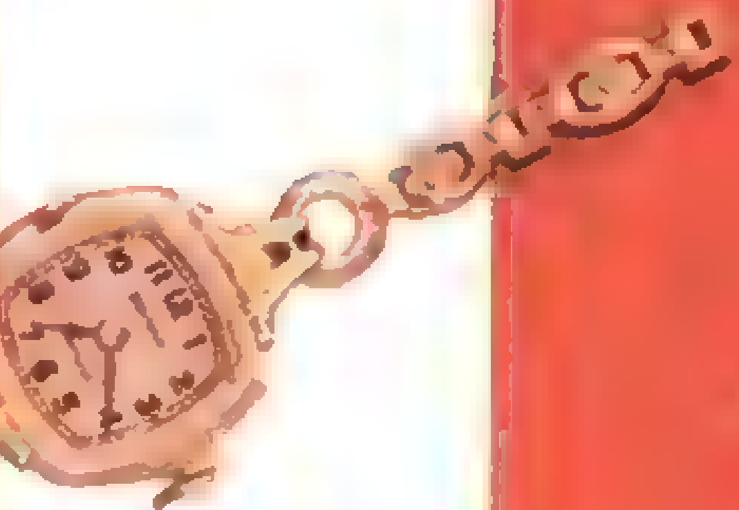
17 Jewels. 14K yellow or white gold case. $42.50



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15 Jewels. Red or yellow rolled gold plate case, non-corrosive back. Bracelet. $29.75

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10 Jewels. Rolled gold plate case, non-corrosive back. Modern sweep second. $24.75

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17 Jewels. 10K red or yellow gold-filled case. $32.50

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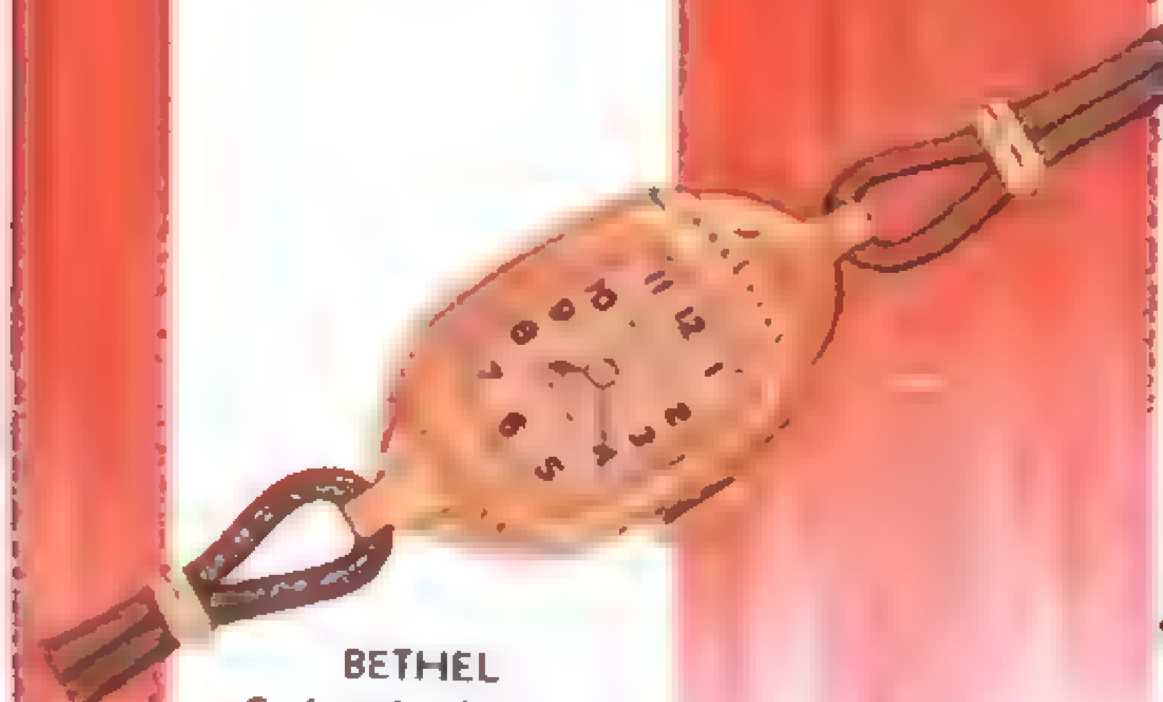
15 Jewels. Yellow or red rolled gold plate case, non-corrosive back. $24.75



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9 Jewels. Red or yellow rolled gold plate case, non-corrosive back. $19.75

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18 Jewels. 10K gold-filled case. Modern sweep second. $29.75

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17 Jewels. 10K gold-filled case. New spherical dial. Very thin. Black suede strap. $37.50

BENNINGTON

17 Jewels. Colonial thin, 10K red or yellow gold-filled case. $35

Your 256* taste buds

will blossom and bloom

Bottled in Bond
FIRST 1 IN QUALITY
BOTTLED IN BOND
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The Higher Escapism

Granted that our world is now a sorry place, turning Mr. Huxley's back on it constitutes no cure

by C. E. M. JOAD

• ARTICLE •

When a civilization begins to break up, sensitive and enlightened men have in all ages shown a disposition to seek ways of escape. Thus when the Roman Empire, whose writ had run throughout the civilized world for half a millennium, collapsed, men sought refuge from the flood of violence and brutality by which the world was engulfed by founding the monasteries. Their aim was twofold: first, to find an escape from the horrors of this world in the contemplation of the next, and a cure for the wickedness of man in the service of God; secondly, to establish asylums or refuges in which what was of value in the culture and learning of the past could be stored and preserved, both in the material form of books and pamphlets and also in the minds of men, against a possible return of civilization.

More than a thousand years later, a similar impulse can be detected in the writings of the great French physicist and mathematician Pascal. Writing at the end of the Thirty Years' War, when central Europe was laid waste and its population decimated by a brutal soldiery, he came to the conclusion that man was wholly evil, a being possessed of an unquiet devil—all man's troubles, he wrote, "derive from his being unable to sit quietly alone in a room"—and that any attempt to improve society by social, political or economic means must, therefore, necessarily fail. For if man being, as he maintained, born in sin is evil, then he is incapable without God's help of bringing forth any good thing. No purpose, therefore, is to be served by revolting against bad conditions or by introducing changes into society in the hope of improving them. Seeing that, Pascal enjoins us therefore, to accept the existing political and social order, not because it is good or because it makes men happy, but because no other man-made order will be any better, and of all human evils the evil of civil war or revolution, such as would probably be involved by the attempt at change, seemed to him the worst.

And therefore? Therefore we should cease to look for Utopia upon the earth and should turn our eyes towards heaven; in other words, we should give man up as incorrigible, and seek God.

Again the civilization of Western Europe seems to be on the verge of collapse; again the minds of sensitive and enlightened men are appalled by the spectacle of human wickedness; again there is perceptible a movement of withdrawal and escape. Inspired by the writings of Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard, small groups of people are already forming, to preserve something of the spirit and learning of a civilization that is dying, while preparing a refuge for the spirit against the time of its complete collapse. Comparatively unimportant at the moment, this impulse of withdrawal and escape is likely to grow as the stresses of our times increase, and may well provide focal points round which, in the future that lies before us, whatever remains of the old culture may gather.

I have spoken of our civilization as dying. Are things, it might be asked, really as serious as all that? Perhaps, perhaps not. But consider for a moment the theme of Spengler's *Decline of the West*. Spengler's thesis is that the process which we know as human history is the life story of what he calls a culture.

In the life of a culture there is, first, a young and vigorous phase. The culture passes through an age of lively religious faith; the universe is thought to have purpose and plan; the life of the individual is found to be supremely worth living. It is an age of strong government and military expansion; the arts are rude, but they are robust. In due course the civilization grows up and comes to its maturity; there is a Golden Age of art and letters; belief in God is vivid, but has shed the crude anthropomorphism of the earlier phase; the universe is still conceived to have a purpose and life a meaning. There is respect for government which is strong enough to dare to be tolerant; the upper strata of the community achieve a high level of urbane and dignified living. This is the age of fifth-century Athens, of Augustan Rome, of eighteenth-century France. Then, imperceptibly, a process of decay sets in. In art and letters the flowing river of inspiration runs thinly and presently dries up, and the Golden Age is succeeded by a Silver, in which erudition and cleverness take the place of creative ability. The government, which is now an extreme democracy, spoon-feeds the people, and can only maintain its power by offering them bribes in the shape of bread and circuses, of which the equivalents in modern England are football pools and the dole; the sense of God has been lost, the universe appears to be without meaning or purpose, and the sole object of living is to snatch the greatest amount of pleasure from the moments as they pass. Presently, at the first assault of some external foe or through its inherent rottenness, the civilization falls to pieces.

This, or something like it, is, according to Spengler, the general pattern, the underlying ground plan, of every culture which grows into a civilization. Such, with unimportant variations, has been the life history of Babylon and Assyria, of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and Renaissance Italy. It is also, he suggests, the life history of the modern culture of the West.

I do not wish to suggest that we must

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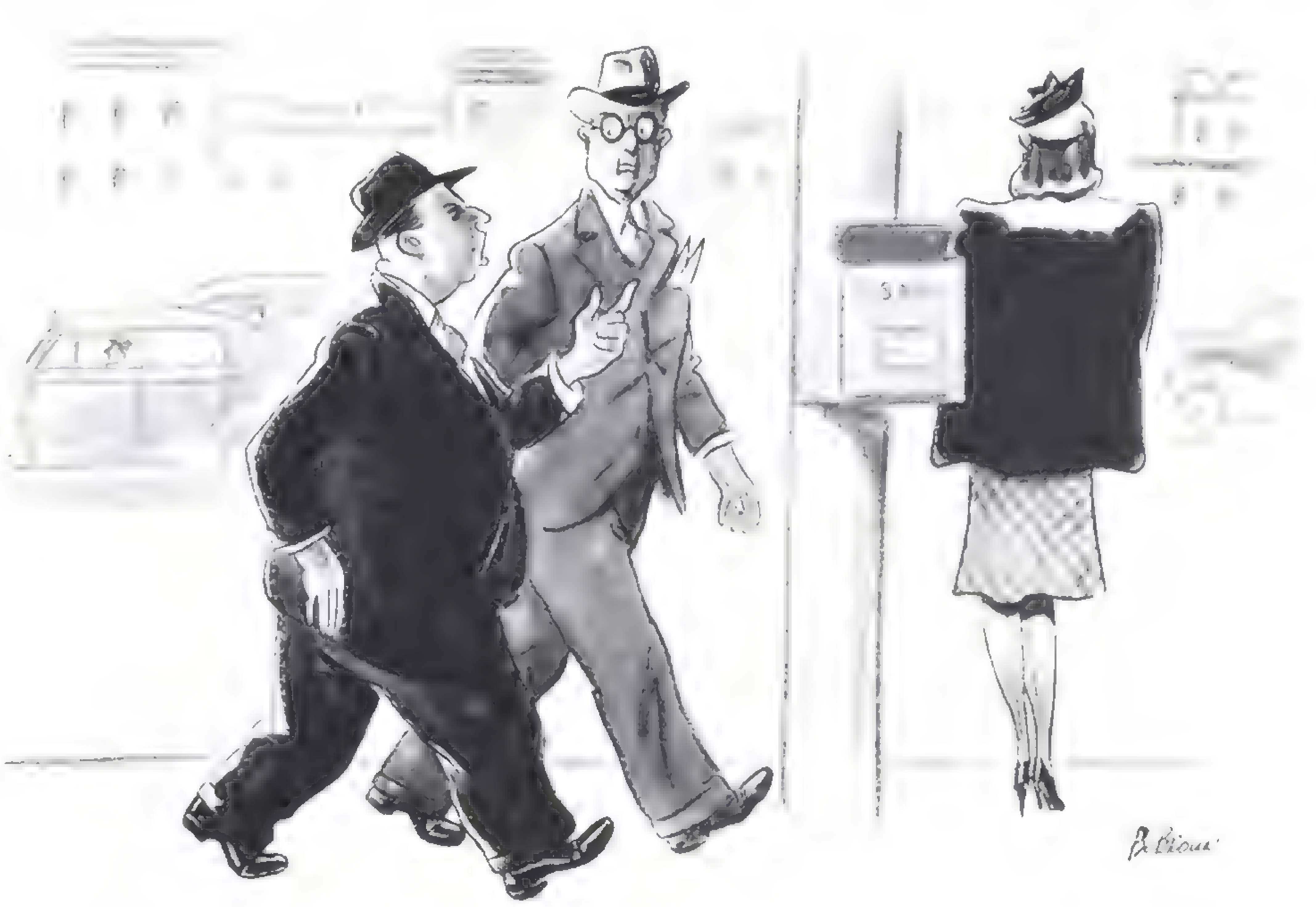
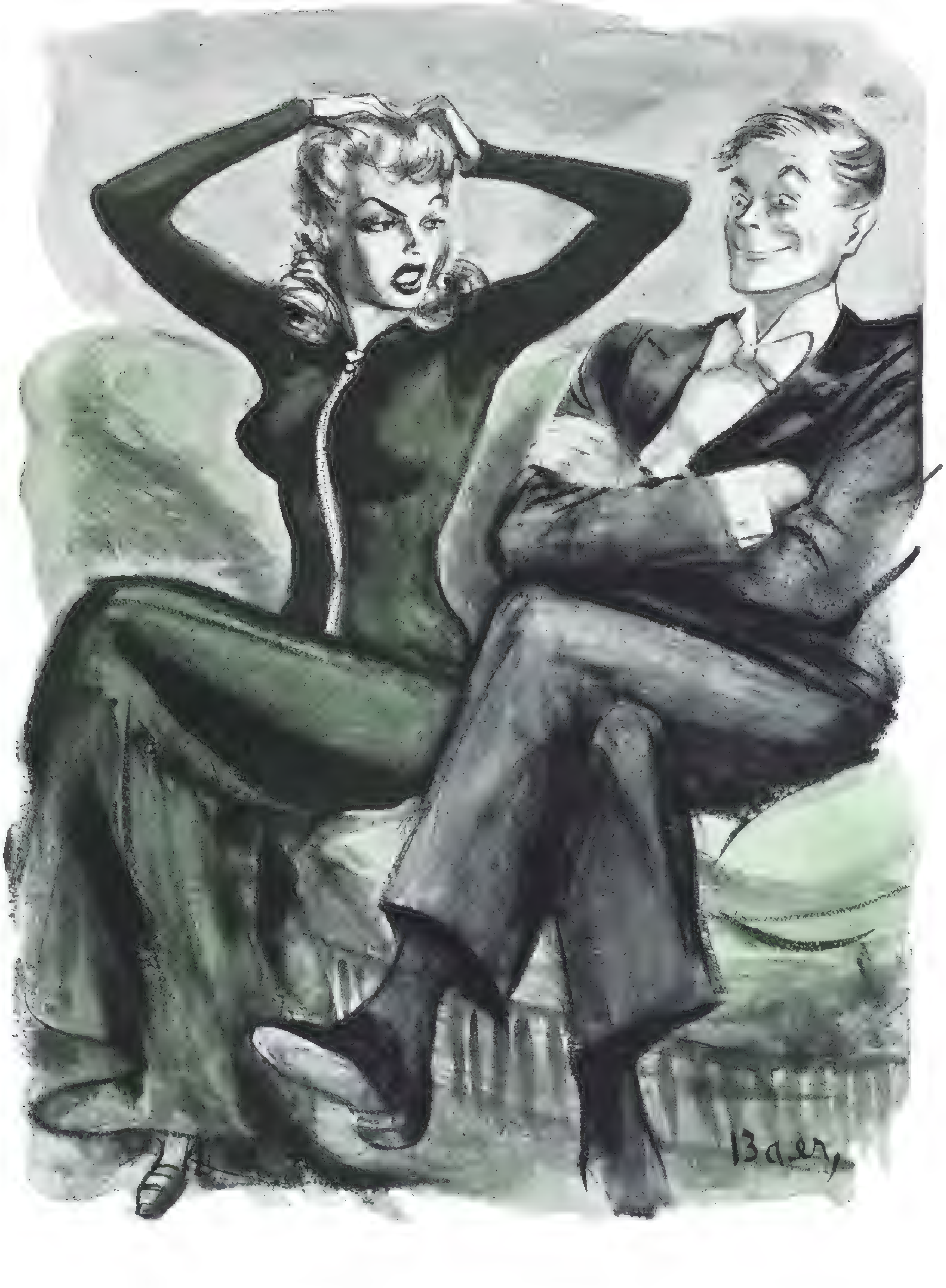


"—and I say help the British! If it wasn't for them, we'd be talking some language we couldn't understand"



"Don't you ever pull that again!"

The Woman from Twenty-One

It had been a perfect holiday in New York till they collided with Mrs. Richbitch at the play

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

Ah, what a day for Raymond Torrence! Once you knew that your roots were safely planted outside megalopolitanism what fun it was to come back—every five years. He and Elizabeth woke up to the frozen music of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and first thing went down to his publishers on Fifth Avenue. Elizabeth, who was half Javanese and had never been in America before, liked it best of all there because her husband's book was on multiple display in the window. She liked it in the store where she squeezed Ray's hand tensely when people asked for it, and again when they bought it.

They lunched at the Stork Club with Hat Milbank, a pal of Ray's at college and in the war. Of course no one there recognized Ray after these years but a man came in with the Book in his hands, crumpling up the jacket. Afterwards Hat asked them down to old Westbury to see the polo in which he still performed, but they went to the hotel and rested as they did in Java. Otherwise it would all be a little too much. Elizabeth wrote a letter to the children in Suva and told them "everyone in New York" was reading father's book and admired the photograph which Janice had taken of a girl sick with yaws.

They went alone to a play by William Saroyan. After the curtain had been up five minutes the woman from Twenty-one came in.

She was in the mid-thirties, dark and pretty. As she took her seat beside Ray Torrence she continued her conversation in a voice that was for outside and Elizabeth was a little sorry for her because obviously she did not know she was making herself a nuisance. They were a quartet—two in front. The girl's escort was a tall and good-looking man. The woman leaning forward in her seat and talking to her friend in front, distracted Ray a little, but not overwhelmingly until she said in a conversational voice that must have reached the actors on the stage:

"Let's all go back to Twenty-one."

Her escort replied in a whisper and there was quiet for a moment. Then the woman drew a long, long sigh, culminating in an exhausted groan in which could be distinguished the words "Oh, my God."

Her friend in front turned around so sweetly that Ray thought the woman next to him must be someone very prominent and powerful—an Astor or a Vanderbilt or a Roosevelt.

"See a little bit of it," suggested her friend.

The woman from Twenty-one flopped forward with a dynamic movement and began an audible but indecipherable conversation in which the number of the restaurant occurred again and again. When she shifted restlessly back into her chair with another groaning "My God!" this time directed toward the play, Raymond turned his head sideways and uttered a prayer to her aloud:

"Please."

If Ray had muttered a four-letter word the effect could not have been more catalytic. The woman flashed about and regarded him her eyes ablaze with the gastric hatred of many dying martinis and with something more. These were the unmistakable eyes of Mrs. Richbitch, that leftist creation as devoid of nuance as Mrs. Jiggs. As they burned with scalding arrogance—the very eyes of the Russian lady who let her coachman freeze outside while she wept at poverty in a play—at this moment Ray recognized a girl with whom he had played Run Sheep Run in Pittsburgh twenty years ago.

The woman did not after all excoriate him but this time her flop forward was so violent that it rocked the row ahead.

"Can you bel*ieve* can you im*ag*ine—"

Her voice raced along in a hoarse whisper. Presently she lunged sideways toward her escort and told him of the outrage. His eye caught Ray's in a flickering embarrassed glance. On the other side of Ray, Elizabeth became disturbed and alarmed.

Ray did not remember the last five minutes of the act—beside him smoldered fury and he knew its name and the shape of its legs. Wanting nothing less than to kill, he hoped her man would speak to him or even look at him in a certain way during the entr'acte—but when it came the party stood up quickly, and the woman said: "We'll go to Twenty-one."

On the crowded sidewalk between the acts Elizabeth talked softly to Ray. She did not seem to think it was of any great importance except for the effect on him. He agreed in theory—but when they went inside again the woman from Twenty-one was already in her place, smoking and waving a cigarette.

"I could speak to the usher," Ray muttered.

"Never mind," said Elizabeth quickly. "In France you smoke in the music halls."

"But you have some place to put the butt. She's going to crush it out in my lap!"

In the sequel she spread the butt on the carpet and kept rubbing it in. Since a lady lush moves in mutually exclusive preoccupations just as a gent does, and the woman had passed beyond her preoccupation with Ray, things were tensely quiet.

When the lights went on after the second act, a voice called to Ray from the aisle. It was Hat Milbank.

"Hello, hello there, Ray! Hello, Mrs. Torrence. Do you want to go to Twenty-one after the theatre?"

His glance fell upon the people in between.

"Hello, Jidge," he said to the woman's escort: to the other three, who called him eagerly by name, he answered with an inclusive nod. Ray and Elizabeth crawled out

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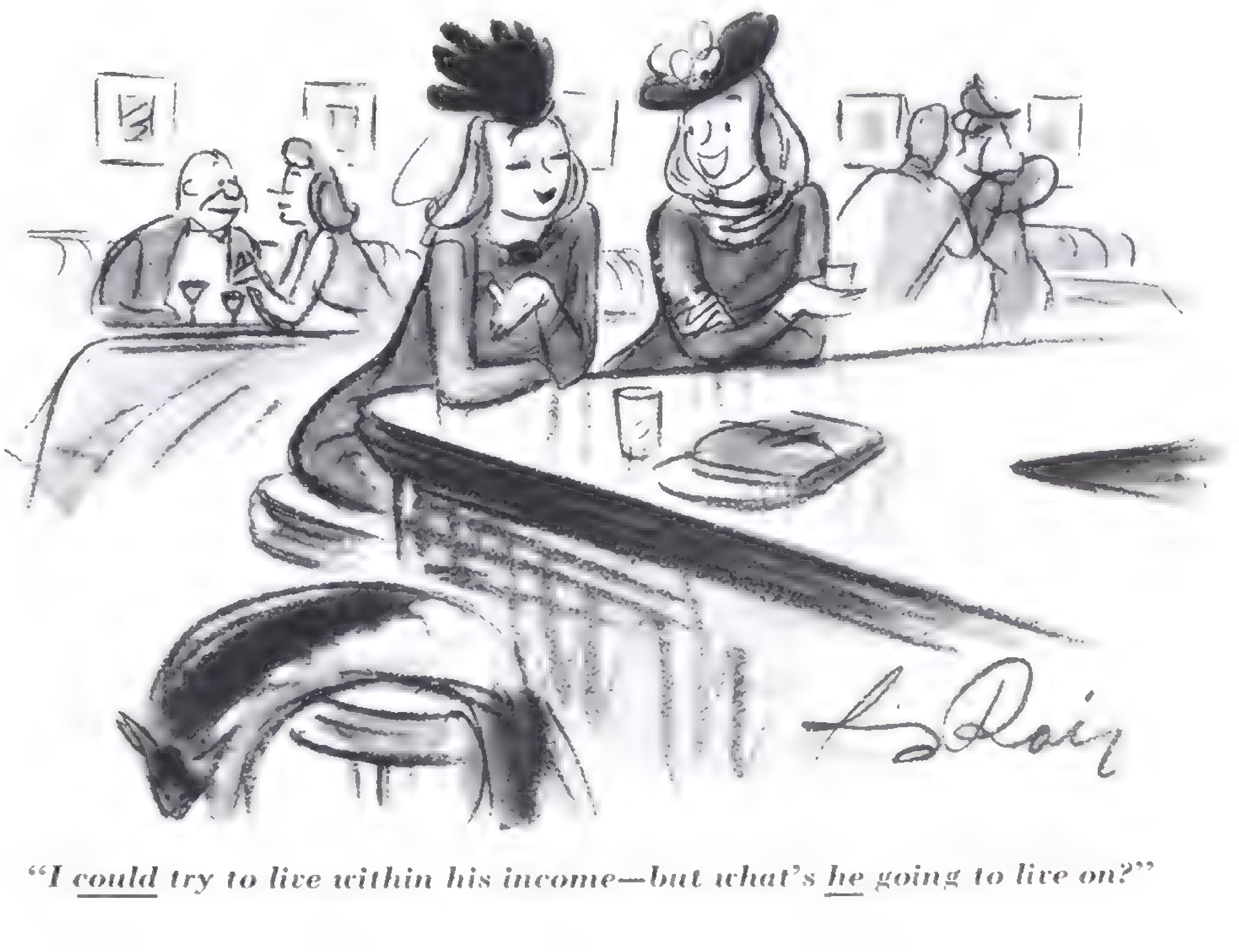

"I could try to live within his income—but what's he going to live on?"

Farewell, 9 O'Clock Town

Since the country's been dotted by night-lighted playfields you wouldn't know the farmer's gal

by HERB GRAFFIS

• ARTICLE •
℞

ONCE the carnal farmhand lingered at his milking, thoughts on a twilight tryst in the sweet-scented timothy with the passionate hired girl.

That happened in the yesteryear.

Now Bossy has her valves yanked allegro. The dishes are done quicker than you can say rural electrification. The farmhand and the hired girl, the farmer and his wife, the farmer's sons, yea, even the farmer's daughter and the traveling man are on their way to what used to be the 9 o'clock town.

But what used to be the 9 o'clock town isn't there any more!

Journey through the RFD zones now at 9 P.M. You see lights and hear yelling vaguely reminiscent of New Year's Eve at Times Square.

The ex-9 o'clock town has been WPAed until hell won't have it. "Until hell won't have it" isn't a loose use of a venerable phrase. They used to say the devil made the small town, and sociological data indicated that the small town wasn't all that was made in the small town. Now that seems to be noticeably changed. Virtue bounced up from a 9-count. This is a triumph of virtue of which the New Deal has not publicly bragged, possibly because of a legitimate doubt as to the vote-winning popularity of virtue.

Now to explain how virtue happens to be winning this one. Let me ask you how much you'd feel the itch of that old debbil Cupid if you had to go on a diet of from five to six hours' sleep nightly, and a daily schedule that started with sunrise milking, carried through plowing, and wound up with a two and a half hour ball game ten miles away from the old homestead? That's the routine the rural residents follow in the summer since the WPA has speckled the nation with night-lighted playfields.

These summer days and nights the country cousin is going at a pace that would break down the big-towner who fancies that he does a sturdy job in blending a batch of night-clubbing with his daytime business.

For the past three summers this investigator has been rolling rubber over many miles of American highway and dropping into the small town night-lighted public recreation establishments. These plants, public or private-owned, have been doing terrific business each night the weather gives them a break.

One town in the deep Midwest that wasn't even a fat black dot on the road map, threw a light into the sky that showed miles away across the flat land. The traveler expected to come to a steel mill or to Vesuvius in eruption. But, at the source of a light was a tourist camp, a 20-tee golf practice range, a softball diamond with stands' holding capacity of a couple hundred spectators, three tennis courts, a small swimming pool, and four horseshoe courts. It was a corn-country Coney Island.

A mouse-faced little redheaded fellow ran the place. Up to three years ago he was a sheet-writer; one of the roaming gentry that peddles magazine subscriptions.

"The WPA tipped me off to this, and she is a sweetheart," remarked the loving parent of the flourishing enterprise. "I used to see mobs at the ball games and the swimming pools and the golf ranges in the small towns where the WPA put 'em up lights and pools and seats. I got this spot fifteen miles from the nearest town, and look for yourself how the stuff is coming in across the lone prairie."

It looked like county fair week used to.

"You got bank night or something?" I asked.

"Nothing special. This way every night except Sunday when I let 'em play softball only in the afternoon. Keeps me standing in strong with the older folks and the preachers."

"Is the nut heavy?"

"Lights mostly. The pool cost me some stuff, and putting up the lights was a rap. The teams pay two bucks a night for the diamond. They can pass the hat in the stands if they want to—and I never seen 'em yet that didn't want to. Mostly nickels and dimes. I charge 'em nothing for the seats. I get mine out of what they eat and drink."

"Doesn't the crowd drive away the tourist camp customers?"

"I couldn't park another trailer, and haven't got a cot open. Hell, they love it! The tourists do the most complaining when I shut off the lights at midnight. A couple old guys got hostile last night because I blacked them out in the middle of a horseshoe game. They wanted to pack up and drive on."

"How about the natives? Do they stick around late?"

"Between 11 and 12. How they stand it I don't know. Milking in this country is about 4 in the morning. Some of them can't get more than three hours' sleep. I'm dead myself; this was my morning to get up and check the tourists out. Wanta have some coffee with me?"

Propped on an elbow at the lunch counter was a highway patrolman. The gendarme sheathed a toothpick between molars and addressed the owner of the play plantation.

"That kid Higgins out there for the Fireflies looks like a natural ballplayer. This softball is going to bring 'em in. Look at Joe DiMaggio; he started on it."

"A guy was through here last week saying exactly the same thing," the owner of the prairie playground remarked. "Jack, meet an old friend of mine; he writes for a living."

The copper grasped my hand with the tender clasp of a switch-engine coupler closing in on a boxcar.

"Glad t' meetcha. Fella, you got the right idea. It has it all over making your pay by jockeying one of them fanny-burning bikes a million miles a day," the highway officer said.

"Yeah; it must be a tough grind."

"You sezzir; but not as tough as it used to be."

"Why?"

"Less drunks. About everybody except the truckers is offen the roads a little after midnight now."

"How do you account for that?"

"These joints," and the policeman swept a hand toward the softball diamond and the pool. "They get enough excitement and get tired enough to want to go home. So home they go."

"What did they used to do?"

"The kids would drive down to the creek bank, turn off the lights, and . . ."

"And what?"

"Listen to the crickets. And after a while that gets monotonous, so . . ."

"And you mean to tell me this place has competed cricket-listening out of business?"

"Well, I haven't seen anybody parked at night down by the willow clumps for a month now. They must be wearing themselves out around here or they're saving up for when they get to town, thinking it may be better there. Which it ain't," concluded the law sagely, and ambled off to take a look at the Higgins kid who was stepping up to bat.

Small-town privately-owned recreation enterprises having the scope of this plant in the prairies are rare, but of public establishments presenting a comprehensive array of pastimes there is an undiscoverable number—probably close to 1,000.

Nucleus of most of these layouts that have wiped the 9 o'clock towns off the map is the small-town school. Improving the school athletic field, installing night lights, providing modern seating facilities and making the entire job look like a miniature Yale Bowl has given the small town sports show facilities the thrifty hinterlanders are not disposed to let lie idle.

Although the figures are not broken down to show populations of the cities and towns in which the projects were conducted, the WPA six-year round-up of recreation facility jobs shows this impressive result, in new construction, improvement or additions:

Stadiums, grandstand and bleachers—2,529; with seating capacity of 5,951,000
Gymnasiums—1,738
Parks—7,214; with area of 451,359 acres
Playgrounds—11,028
Athletic fields—4,862; 28,389 acres of area

Handball courts—1,586
Horseshoe courts—2,076
Tennis courts—11,035
Swimming pools—974
Ski trails—361 miles
Ski jumps—74

Rural population of the United States is somewhere in the neighborhood of 53,000,000. Due to the development of recreation plants in the ex-9 o'clock towns the small-towner and the farm resident now has rump parking space undoubtedly greater per capita than the city resident. A marvel of the condition is that the natives of the less densely populated areas always seem to be able to get the price of a seat. Prices are low, of course, but the dimes and quarters traditionally look big in the country because they don't make their dough there by looking at the paper and seeing that steel's gone up.

This matter of building sports plants for the 9 o'clock towns has not been a casual extravagance of boondoggling to keep idle hands from pitching in for Satan. Indiana's experience with small-town gyms put up for the indigenous basketball talent proved that small town sports had sound commercial basis.

When the basketball season's on in Hoosierdom the state-wide gate adds up to a figure that would make Mike Jacobs blink his eyes. Just what the total is even Bill Fox, the state's No. 1 source of cage data, refuses to estimate.

However, there are authentic cases of enthusiasts paying fifty dollars per seat for space at the ringside of the state's annual high-school basketball finals played at Butler University's field house. When this writer was a kid in Indiana his Pop was considered quite a guy because Pop knew a man who had fifty dollars spending cash. Pop was a journalist and in that profession one meets such interesting people.

During the past twenty years Indiana rural townships have voted bond issues for gyms where the basketball kids and crowds gather, and approved the issues with an absence of griping and groaning astounding to one acquainted with the innate—and necessary—thrift of the taxpayers involved.

What's accounted for the revolution among the 9 o'clockers? The automobile, radio and movies, plus, probably, the resentment of the 9 o'clocker at the high-nosing he's been getting from the city he- and she-dudes. An increase in college attendance of small-town and farm kids also has had an effect. The kids get big town notions even in the so-called cow colleges.

For another eye-opener, visit the swimming pools in the rural districts and observe the influence of Messrs. Petty and Varga. Peasant bumps are being streamlined away in some mysterious manner. A goodly number of maiden Maud Mullers have rakish contours now. They are acquiring the beautiful postures seldom seen in cities except when gazing at the dummies in swanky store windows. The 9 o'clock dolls are developing 6 o'clock carriages, and are beginning to furnish keen visual competition for their sleek cousins of the penthouse precincts.

It must be admitted that perfecting the female form divine has been a somewhat delayed detail of the WPA swimming pool projects in the hamlets. Merchants relate that the sale of female bathing suits approximating epidermis was not especially quick-starting

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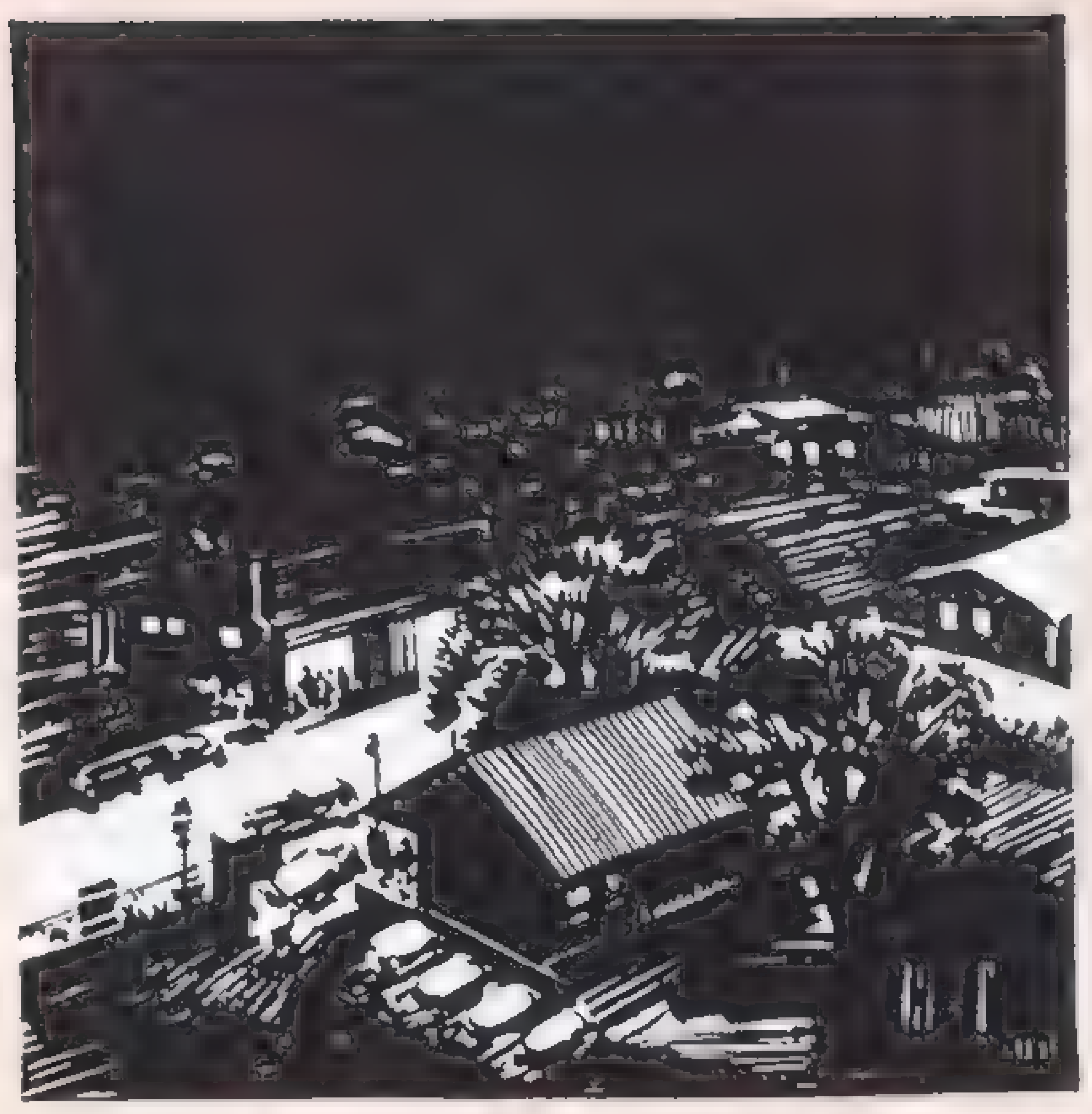
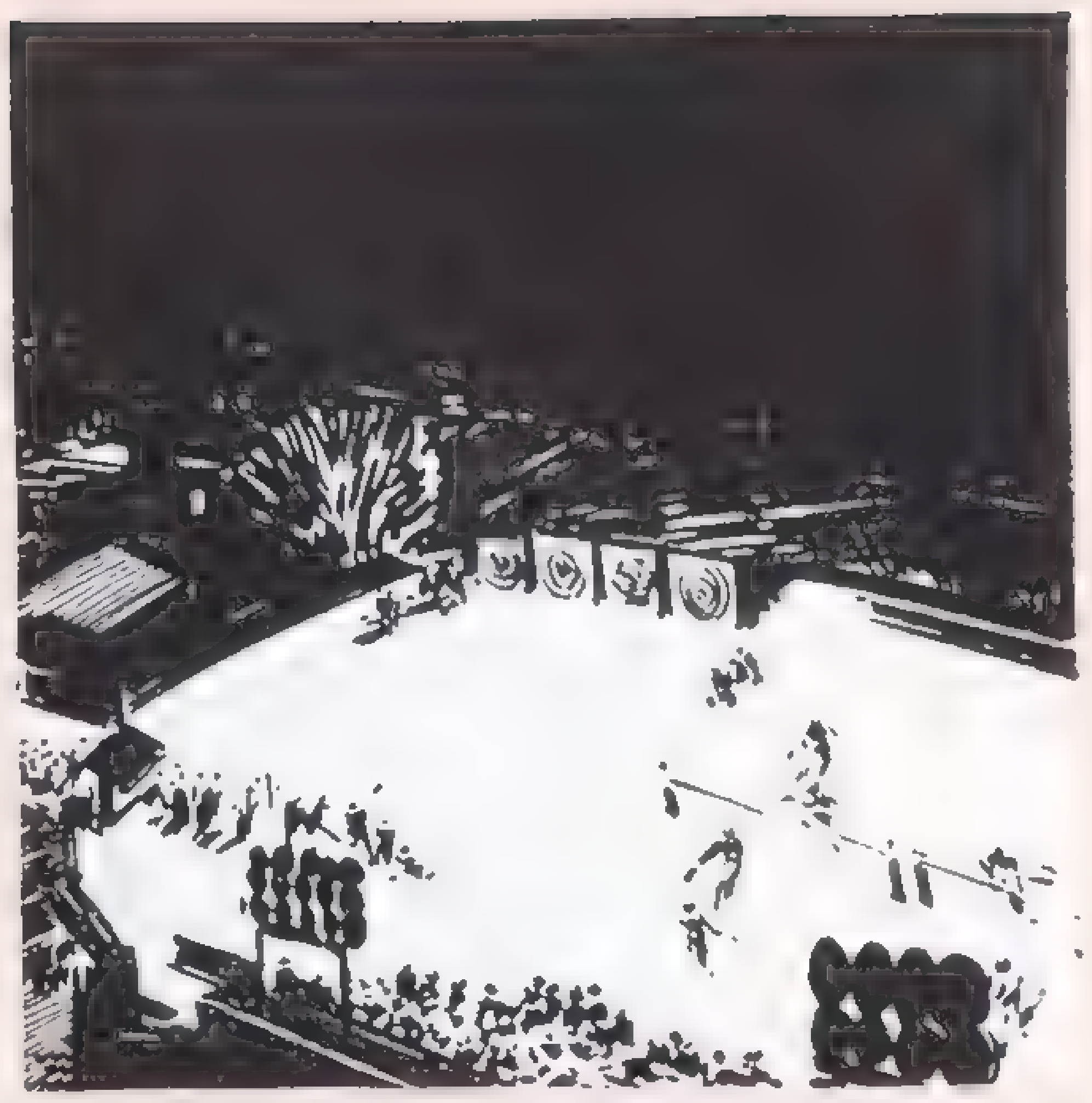
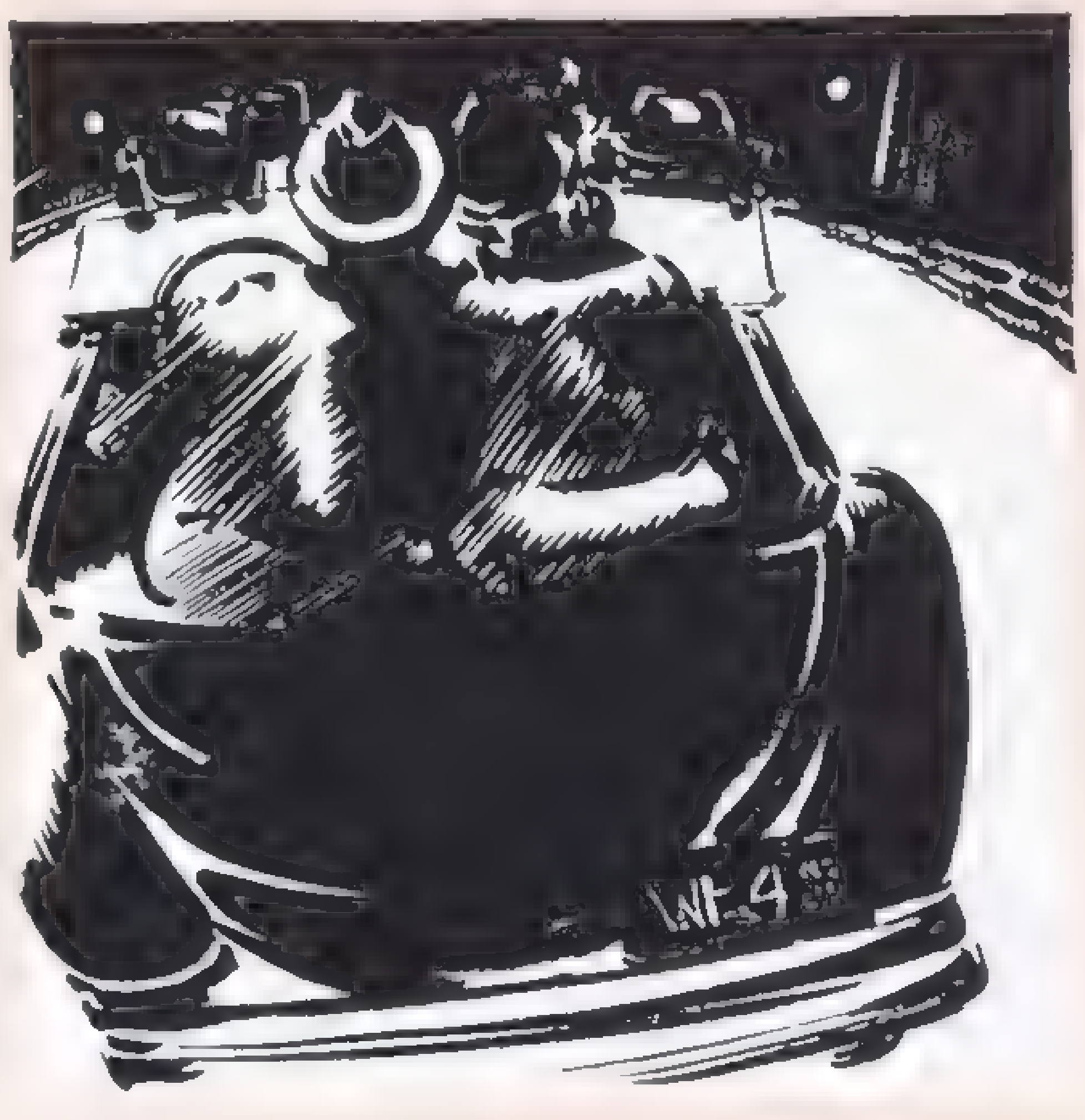


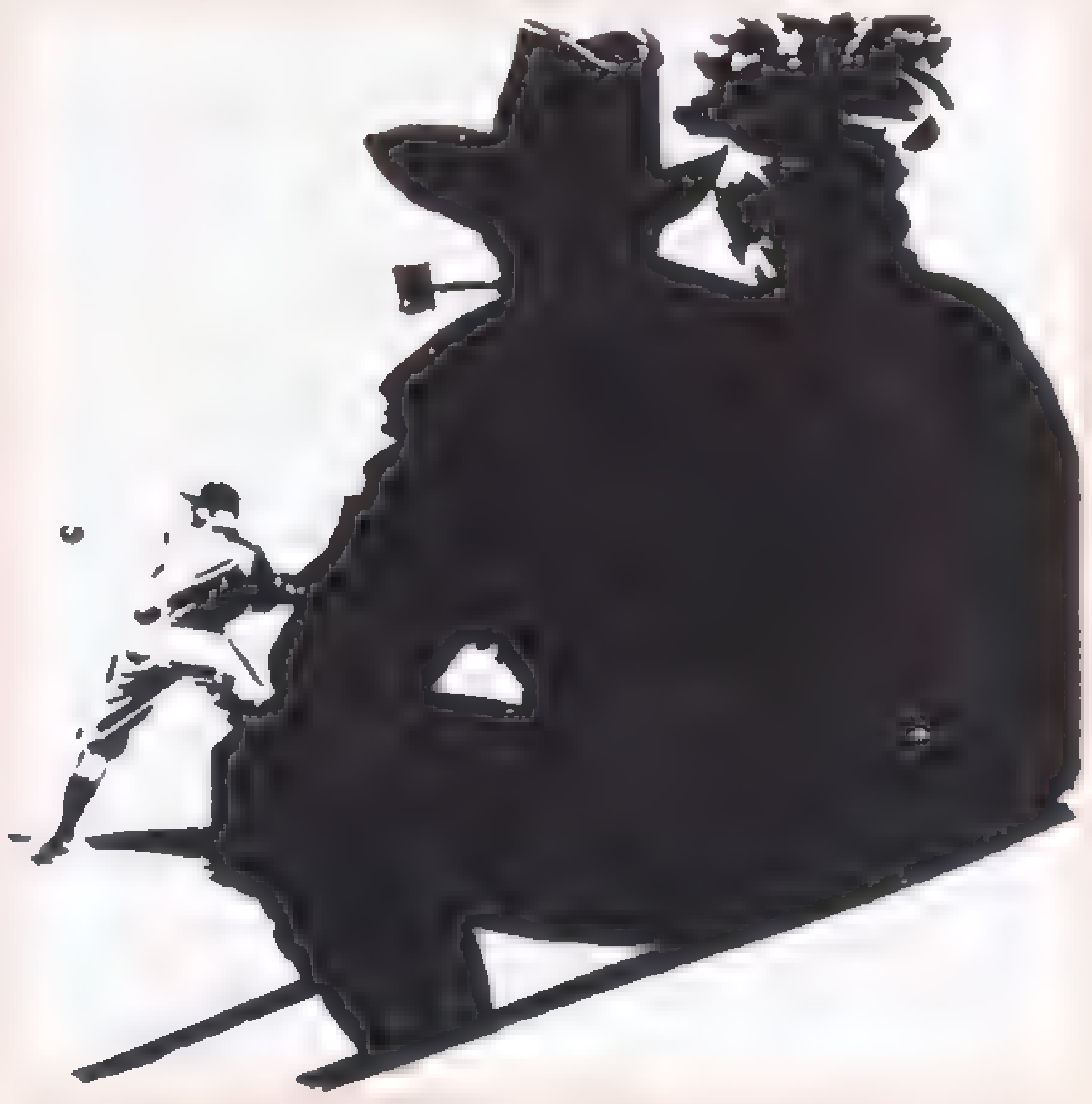
1—*The Burgs that went to bed at nine*
Are perkin' up and doin' fine!



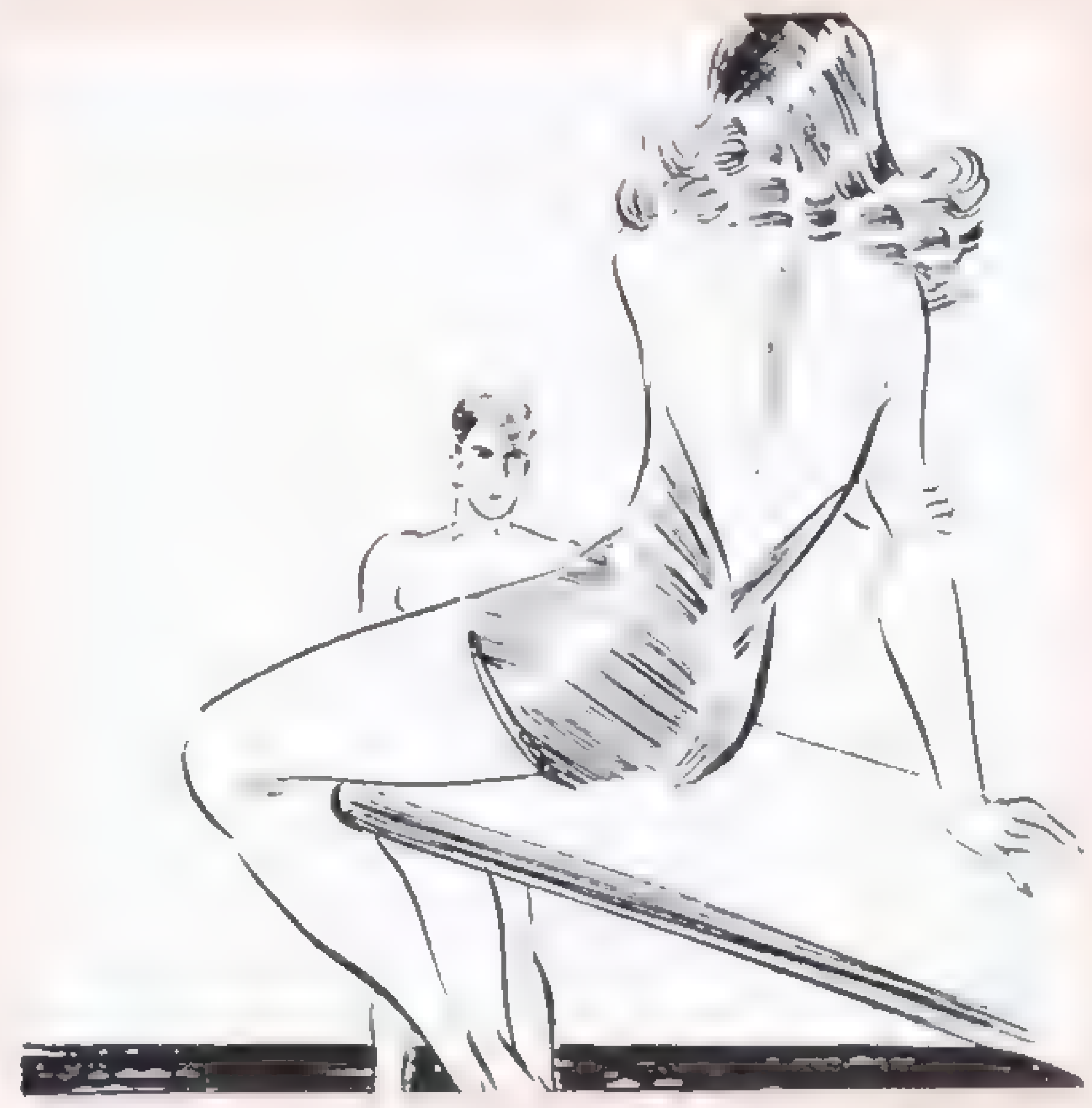
2—*For thanks to W. P. A.*
Amusement Parks have come their way!



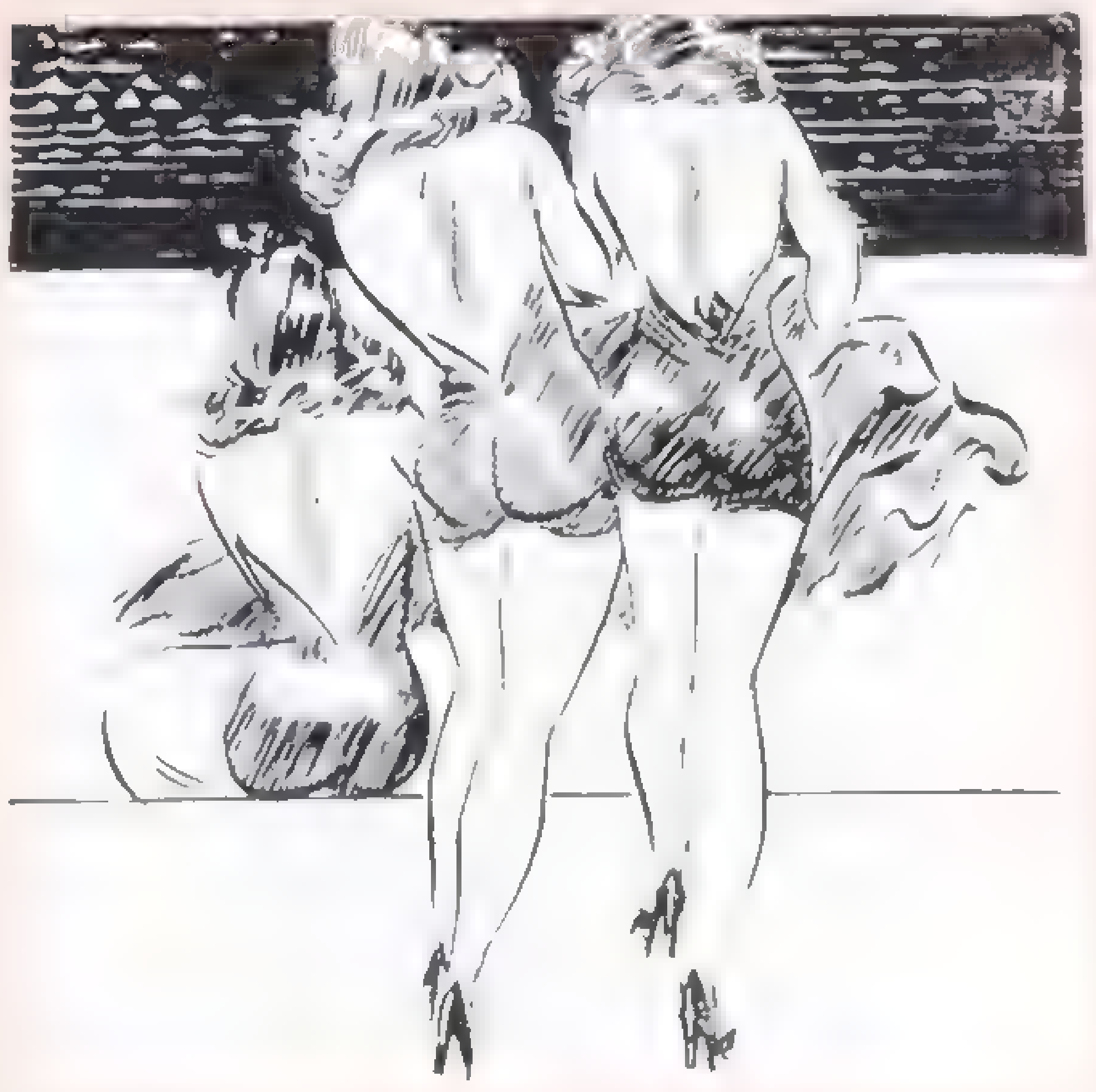
3—*No more do Hiram and Mirandy*
Just park it on the old verandy . . .



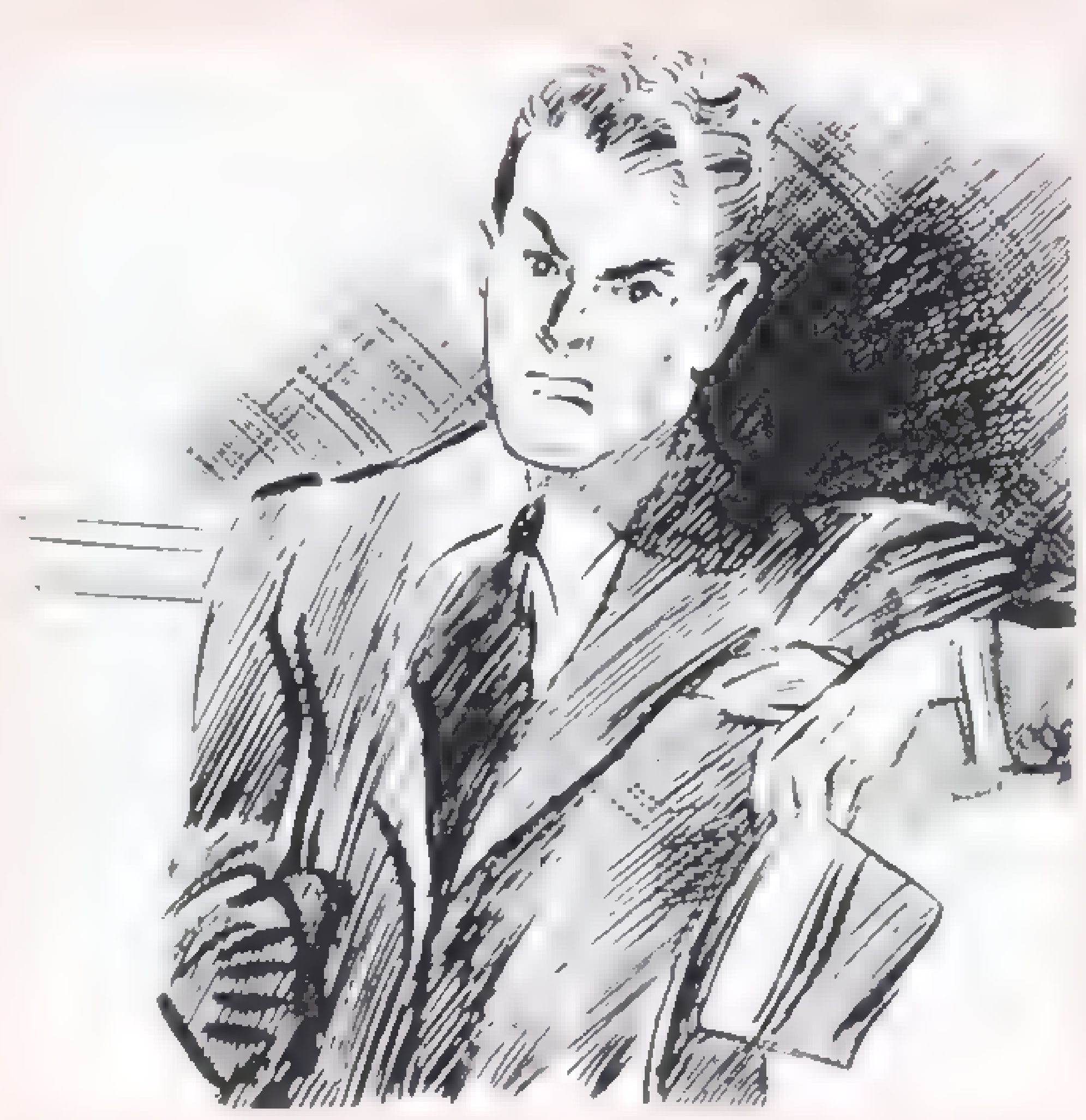
4—*You'll find them underneath the arcs*
At Governmental softball parks . . .



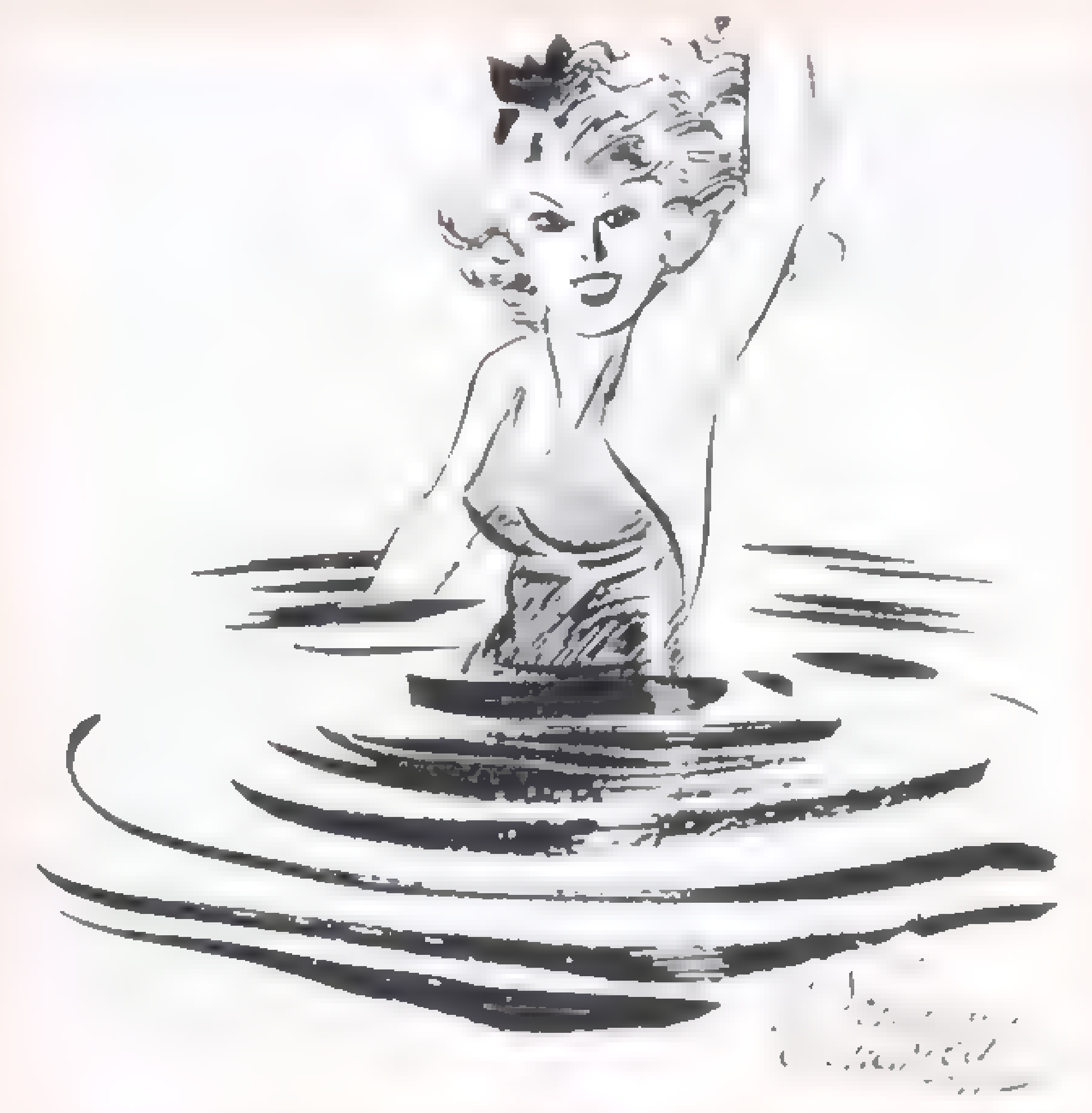
5—*While at the pool is Daughter Hetty*
Who looks like something drawn by Petty . . .



6—*And even die-hard G.O.P.'s*
Approve developments like these!



7—*But here's our Pal, the traveling man,*
Who hates the "More Abundant" plan . . .



8—*For what good is the Farmer's Daughter*
If he can't get her out of water?

PHIL STACK

De Bosis Unafraid

His dramatic gesture showed the willingness of youth to sacrifice life for a cause

by GENERAL L. R. GIGNILLIAT

• ARTICLE •

SEVERAL years ago I read in *Time* magazine of the disappearance and probable death of a young Italian named De Bosis. According to the report he had flown from Southern France over the Mediterranean, and had dropped upon Rome, as a fall of snow, thousands of pamphlets denouncing fascism. Whether on his attempted return he was lost in the Mediterranean or whether his plane had encountered Mussolini's air force was not known. All that was known was that he had not returned.

I had known De Bosis when I was in Rome and I had met his mother and his sister and his foster father. Not knowing how to reach them, for I knew that his mother who was an American woman from St. Louis, Missouri, had once been imprisoned, and yet wishing to express my sympathy to them and to pay some small tribute to this young man whom I remembered so pleasantly, I wrote my first letter to *Time* magazine in the hope that some member of his family might see it.

In that letter, as I recall it, unfortunately I have never kept a scrap book, I said in effect, that it was not America's concern whether fascism was good for Italy or not, but of significance to the whole world was the willingness of youth to die for its ideals. Then I drew a parallel between De Bosis, and a man named Sir Moses Ezekiel, who as a lad scarcely as tall as his musket had fought with the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute in their famous and heroic charge at the Battle of New Market during the American Civil War.

Rome on its seven hills and the Virginia Military Institute on its hilltop in the shadow of the Blue Ridge may seem quite remote from each other, as remote as the eras in which the two events took place. And yet the stories of these two men are oddly interwoven. Twice in Rome in the warp and woof of my experiences, I picked up a thread that came from a V.M.I. spindle.

Whether my letter to *Time* ever reached any member of De Bosis' family I do not know, but as a result of it I did receive an abundance of interesting correspondence, some of which has helped me to weave together the threads of this story.

One of the first letters that I received concerned, not De Bosis, but Sir Moses Ezekiel. It was from a gentleman in New Market, Virginia. He had enclosed a recent clipping from the local paper telling of the death of quite an old lady in the town, who, as a young girl had witnessed the battle of New Market. In the article there was reproduced a letter that she had written to a friend shortly after the battle. It was written with the vividness of an effortless recital of one who had witnessed things she would not forget, even at ninety.

She said in this letter to her friend that after the battle was over a young cadet named Moses Ezekiel had carried on his shoulder to her home a little wounded comrade from the battlefield where he had fallen.

She told how she had helped Moses Ezekiel carry him up and put him in the great feather bed in their guest room. Then she wrote quite simply that as he sank in the bed he had looked up at her gratefully, his eyelids heavy, and had said, "Sister, the bed is very soft."

Then he had died. After they had come and taken him away she had wrapped up his little blood-stained coatee with brass buttons on it, and with a note as comforting as she could write, had sent it to his mother, telling her how, without apparent pain, her boy had gone to sleep in the great feather bed in the guest room.

After his graduation from the V.M.I., Moses Ezekiel had become a famous sculptor, and had gone to live in Rome, where he was knighted for his work by the Italian Government. He did many lovely statues in his lifetime, but his masterpiece in my estimation, was the one that many years after his graduation, he had conceived as a memorial to the Battle of New Market, and had called *Virginia Mourning Her Dead.*

Into it he had put more than clay and mortar. He had put a glimpse of his youth and the memory of a comrade.

I knew Sir Moses only by reputation. My last year at the V.M.I. his statue, *Virginia Mourning Her Dead* had been brought there and dedicated. The battle is a very revered tradition there. The V.M.I. is the only school whose corps of cadets as such ever participated in an actual battle, and the only school whose regimental color is decorated with a battle streamer.

I remember when I was a cadet how each year on the anniversary of its occurrence we commemorated it and paid tribute to the cadets who had been killed. At every roll call during the day from reveille to tattoo, each company included in its list of absentees the names of the cadets from that company who had been killed in the battle. When the name of an absent cadet then in school was read there was no response, but when the name of a cadet killed in the battle was called, the ranking file closer would answer, "Died on the field of honor, sir."

It was a simple, but stirring tribute, and made a profound impression on me as a youngster.

Consequently when I made my first trip to Rome eighteen years after my graduation from the V.M.I. the one man, more than any other, that I wanted to meet was Sir Moses, the great sculptor who had commemorated in deathless bronze the gallantry of his young comrades.

I had come to Italy with the Atlantic

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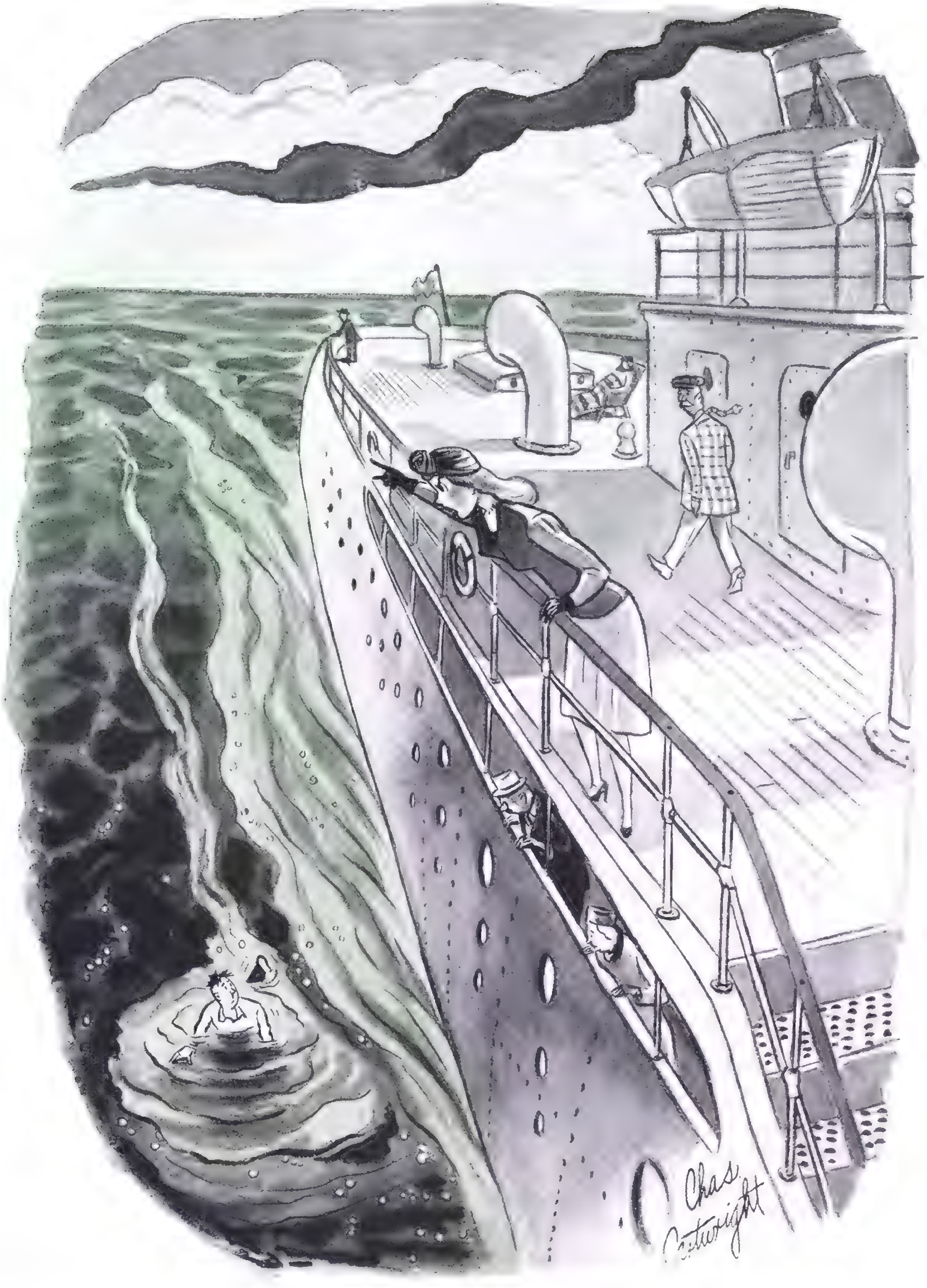
Lowell E Hopkins

"Frankly, Morrison, I'm disappointed in you!"


Chas Cartwright

"For the last time, Frank, I won't marry you—now quit being silly and go on back to New York"

Bombs, Bosoms, and Billets

Why overlook a resource, better than chocolate bars or marching songs, for pepping up the army?

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

℞

War, like the horseless carriage, seems here to stay; and it is the part of wisdom to bow to the inevitable. There are long, lonely nights ahead, gentlemen; nights on which danger or death will be a welcome relief from endless dullness, and from corporals and sergeants who have a compulsive need to bore you with the colorless details of their lives and wives back home. The time may even come, as it is often said to come in open boats, when it seems more desirable to kill your comrades than your enemies.

"Squads right, squads left, fall in, fall out, right shoulder arms, company halt." This, it is submitted, is a monotonous recitation of activities which, expanded some hundredfold, make up the drab pattern of camp life—a pattern unrelieved except by occasional infusions of Nepenthe at the village honky tonk. It is hardly the sort of thing that makes a man cleave to fighting; and cleave he must, if we are to have an overwhelming military machine.

Let's not fool ourselves: the problem today is to build a permanent, gigantic, 100-octane, supercharged fighting force; gargantuan, streamlined, efficient. And to solve this we need sound psychology and creative imagination as well as fast planes and heavy tanks. The time is past when a good army could be built up with men who are told, "Hard times are here again; grin and bear it." This is the day of dynamic armies, armies made up of men sold on the idea that the military life is the ideal life, full of high excitement. The end is enthusiasm, *esprit de corps*, and fighting efficiency.

This is not the moment to quibble over philosophy. In the light of Confucius, Socrates, Seneca, and Santayana, other ends may be more ultimate; but in the light of survival and satisfaction, in the year 1941, this is end enough.

Now it should be more than obvious that an army composed entirely of men is not only unhealthy, psychologically, but no more efficient than it is pleasant. Suppress, divert, or strain surface drives, and you unearth all the deviations, tics, hysteria, and incompetence, symptoms of our neurotic civilization, including panic, shell-shock, desertion, and tragic bungling. As a matter of fact, the role of the neuroses in warfare has never properly been investigated; but in today's so-called war of nerves, with psychological feints being made on every hand, and half the world under cortex-cracking pressures, the role of psychology can't be overstressed.

It is scarcely necessary to labor this point, or to trace war neuroses back to their childhood origins. But the moral is clear: an army made up entirely of men is as bad an investment for the public safety, as the monasticism of the setup is distasteful to the men pressed into service.

Consider, on the other hand, some of the advantages to be gained by making the Army co-educational. First, and at one fell swoop, we would make honor, duty, patriotism, and pleasure synonymous. The slogan "Uncle Sam Needs You" would be as welcome a tocsin to the soul as the muezzin's call to prayer. Every pup tent would become a kiosk of pleasure.

The Draft would become a mere formality, like a whistle at knocking-off time. Recruiting stations would be flooded with desirable ingenues, each eager to give her all in the service of the nation. Far from shunning the infantry, spindling youths will look forward to becoming buck privates in the rear ranks. Reconnaissance with Corporal Paulette Goddard would be an adventure in the arts; company favorites, like Sergeant Hedy Lamarr could make A.W.O.L.'s. as extinct as the dodo.

No man would marry, any more, to escape service; and many a married soldier would make private sacrifices for the extension of the war. Orders for advances would be taken with due enthusiasm; skirmishes, forays, bayonet practice would be undertaken with happy dispatch—and the rallying cry of the nation might well be, "Peace, it's War."

Suppose, for a moment, we look at women's biological and social equipment for modern war. It is, of course, common knowledge that American women are as good in business and professional work as they are in social pleasantries. They make excellent executives. They write first-rate books. They drive cars with remarkable skill and nerve. And they are without parallel as partners.

Let's face the facts squarely: they can often outswim us, outrun us, outdrink us; and it is sometimes said that there are other things they can perform with more devastating legerdemain. There may be argument on this last score; but women can scarcely be said to be remiss, or maladroit, in the temple of Venus—or to be shirking at their work therein.

Now it would seem that such talent in ardor is a many-edged sword (although this metaphor may seem inverted); and that this sword could be made to cut a lot of ice. Nor is this an academic point. In England, today, women are working and fighting thigh to thigh with the men. They work with the anti-aircraft gun crews, spotting the enemy planes; they work with the artillery batteries, taking ranges, reporting results; they fly planes transporting troops; they patrol the streets during bomb raids, serving as air raid wardens and fire fighters. They drive trucks, motorcycles, ambulances; man the commissaries, manufacture the munitions; rivet the airplanes; and administer physical and spiritual aid to the first line fighters.

Nevertheless, all of this, splendid as it

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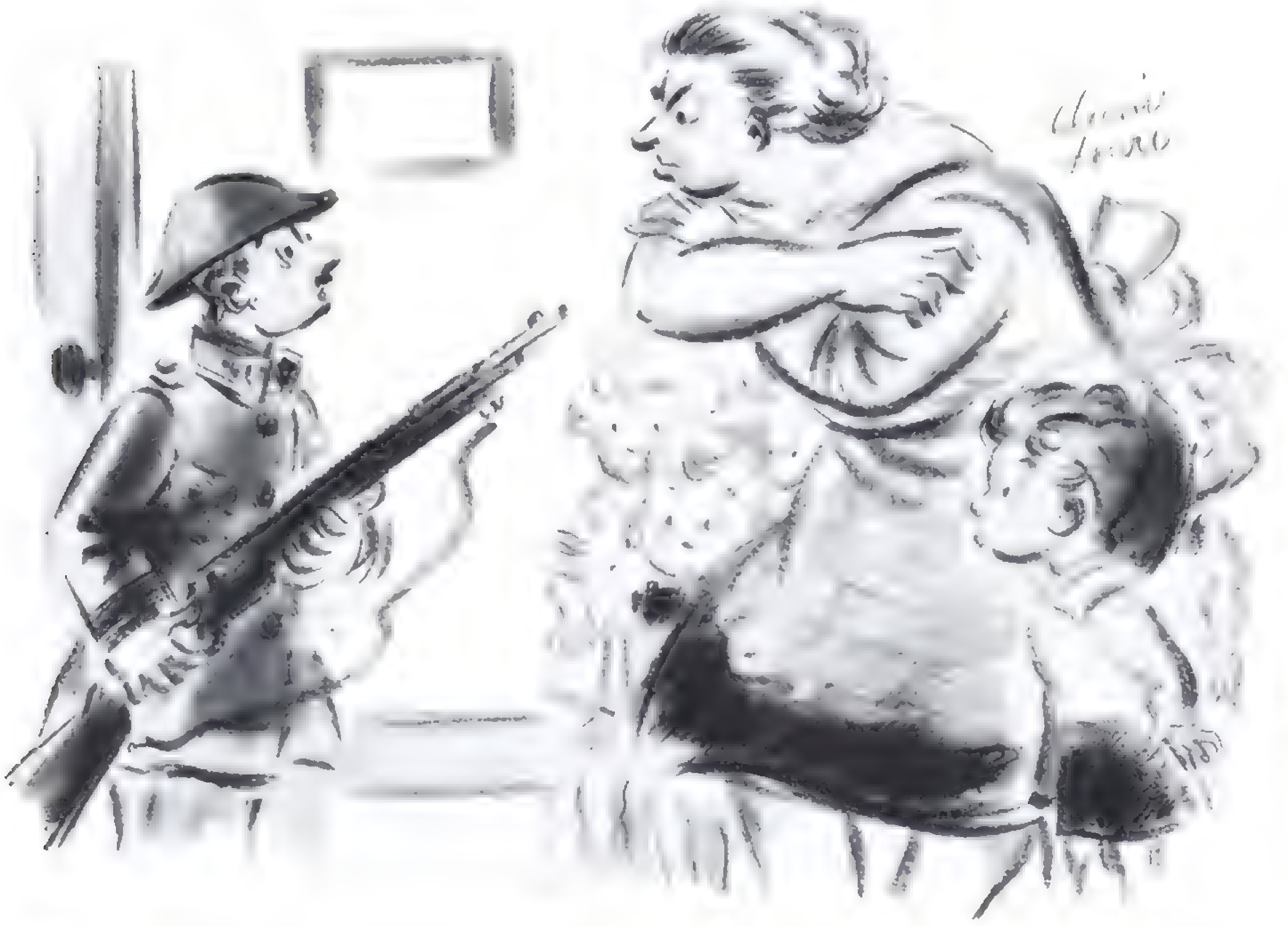
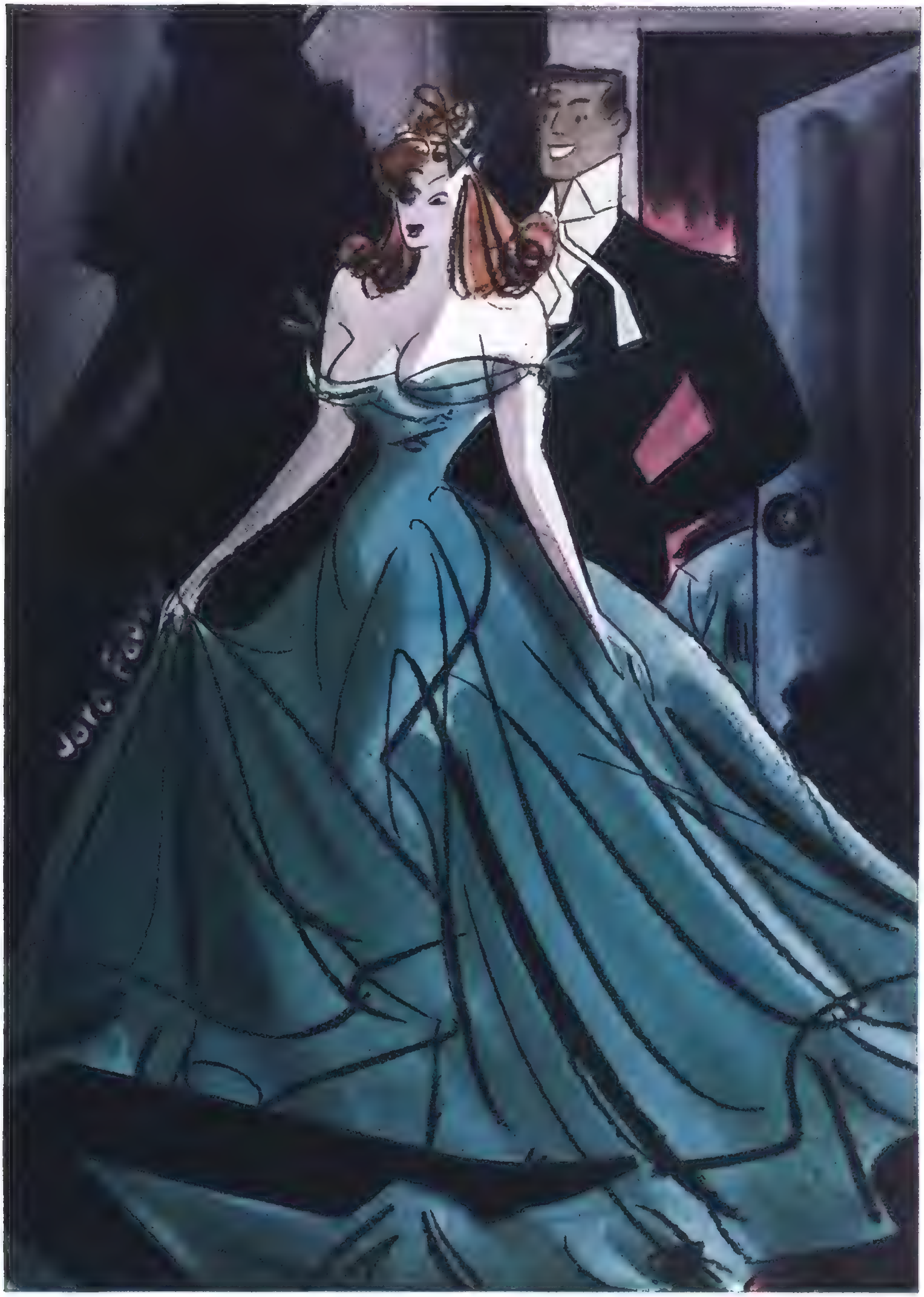
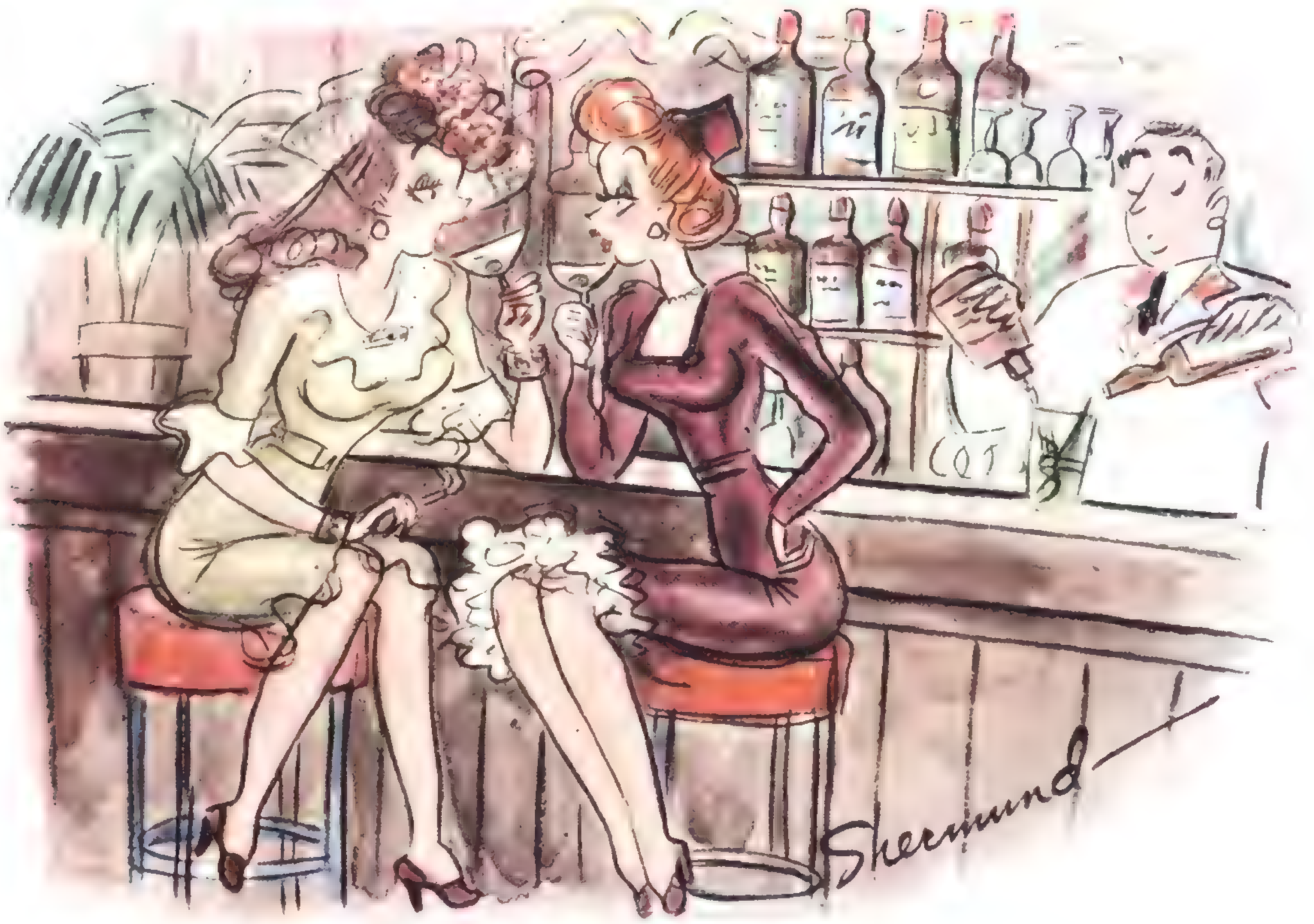


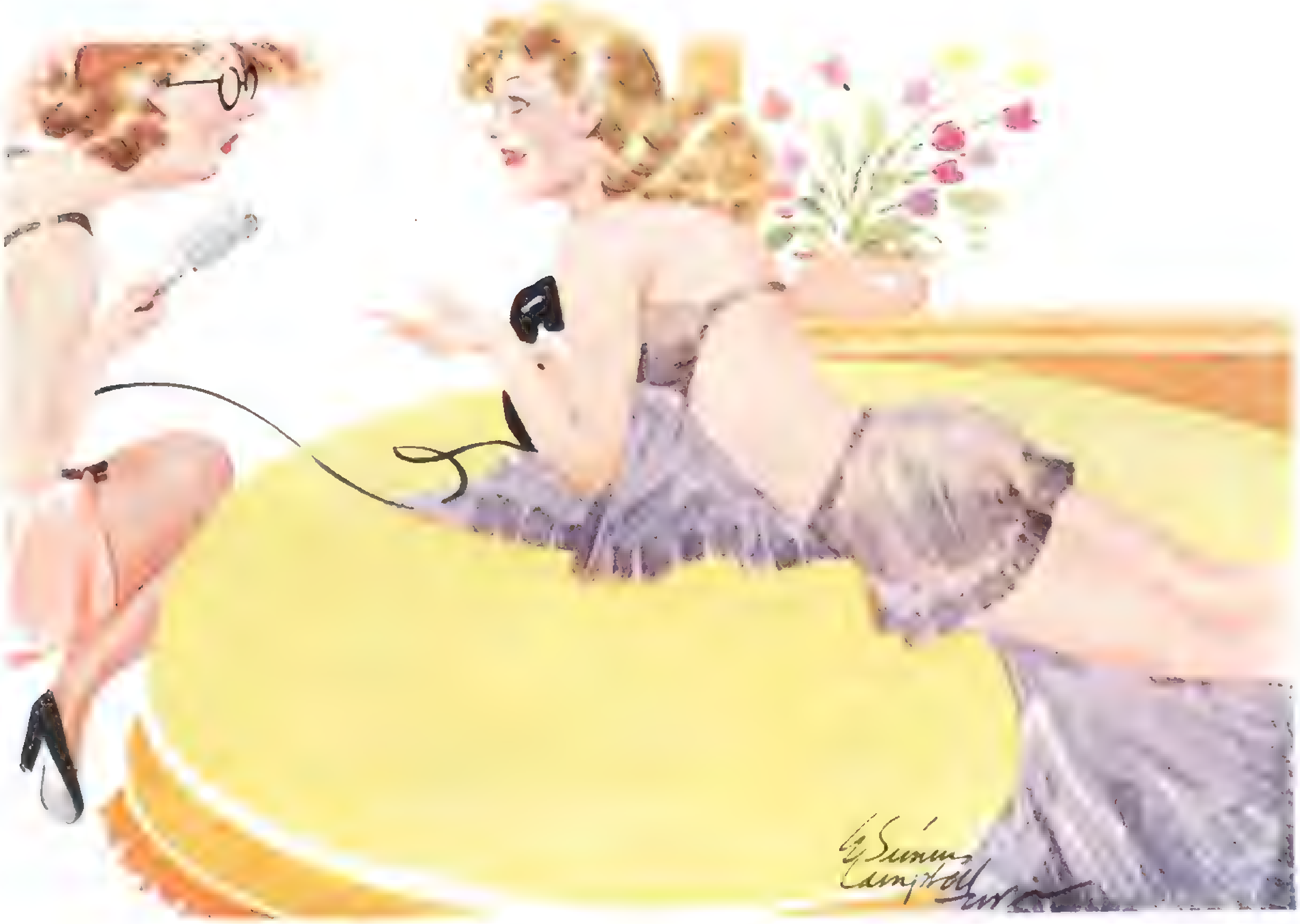
"Dear, I've joined up and before you get sore remember this gun is loaded"



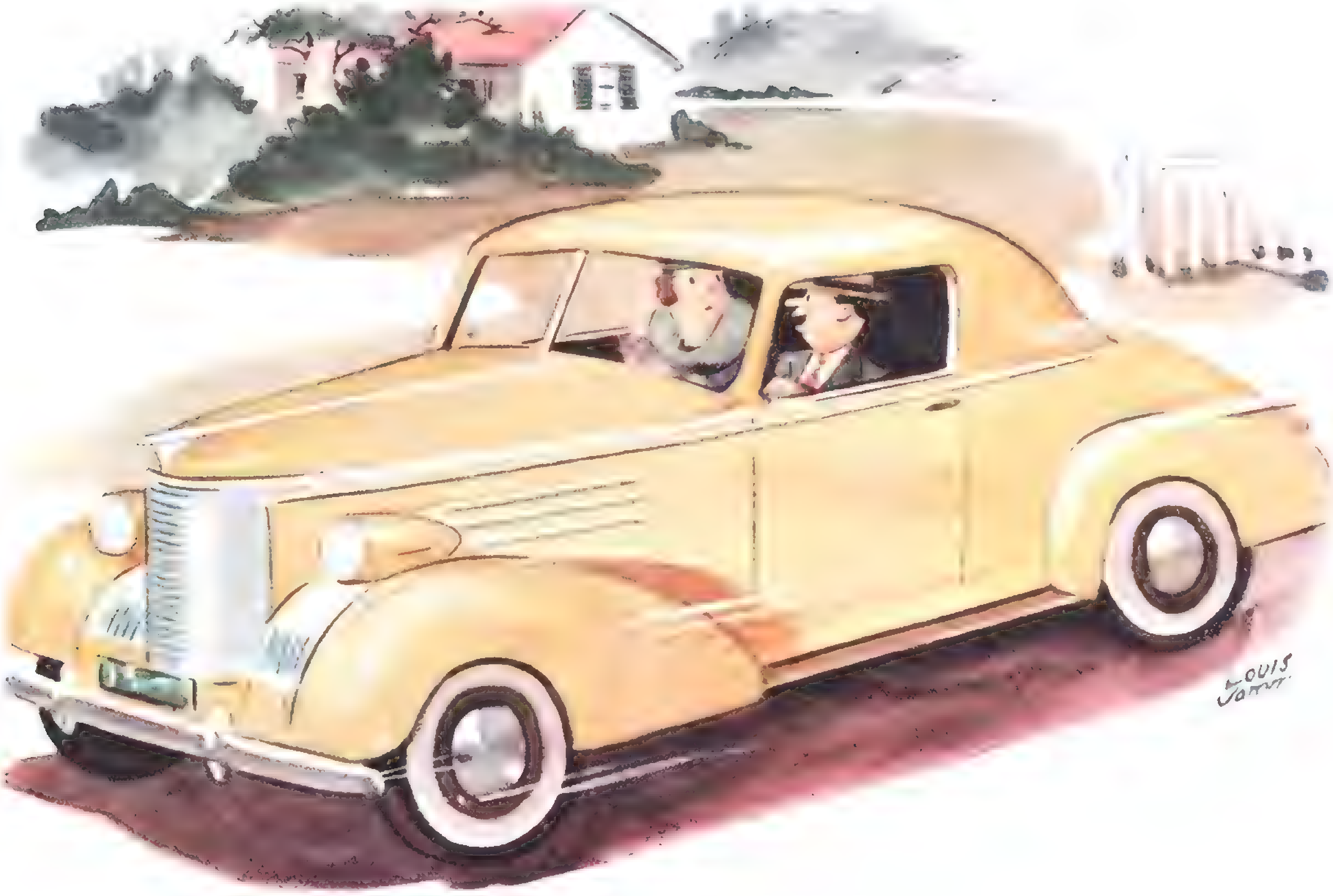
"We were listening to a mystery story"



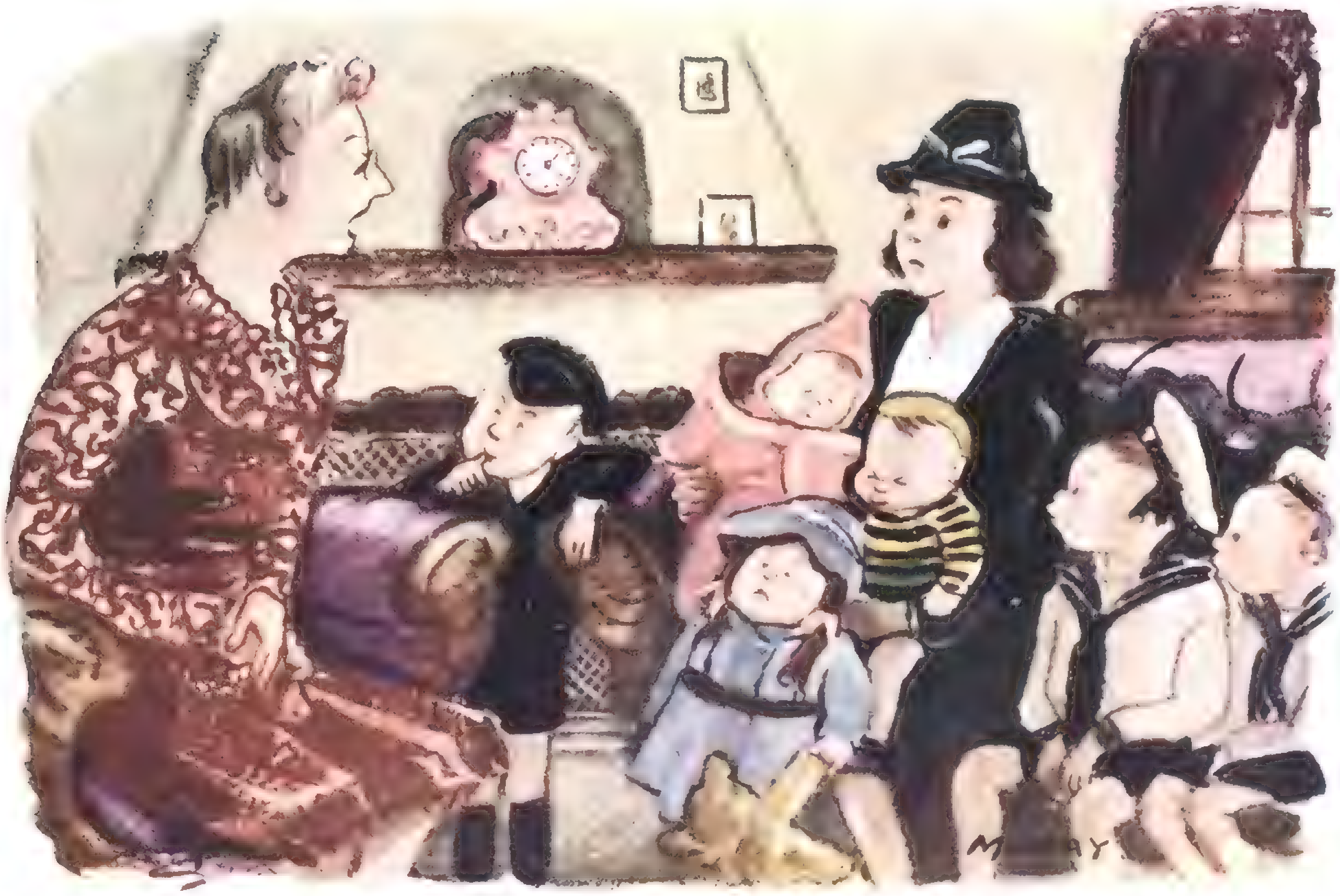
"I want to learn to drink a lot of these so I can be a credit to Richard when we're married"


E. Simms Campbell

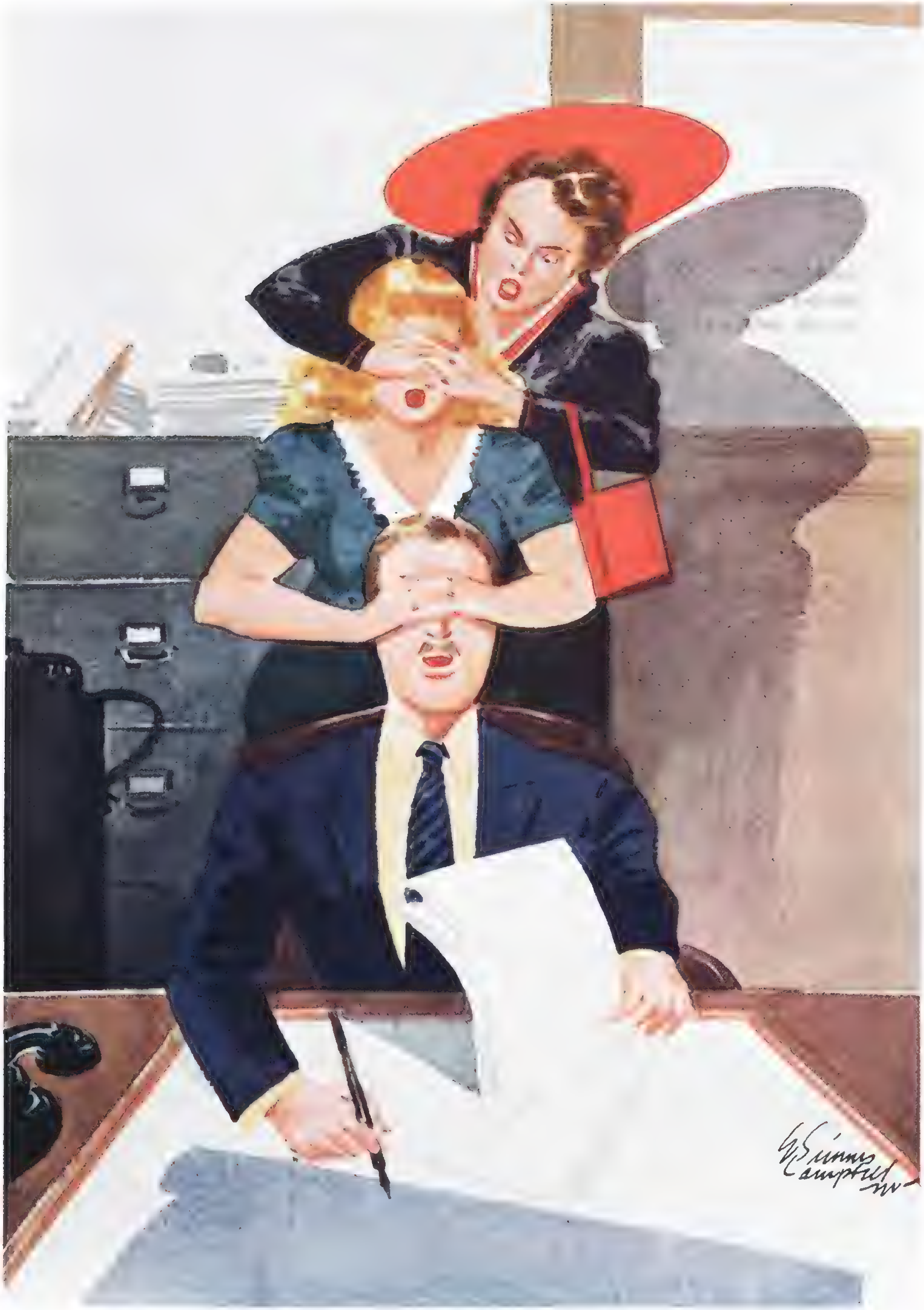
"Do you mind if he's only a private?"



"Don't you think the car rides better, dear, since we had it refinanced?"



"And how have all the blackouts affected you, my dear?"



"Now you guess who!"

Hellfire for National Defense

Why not protect our coasts with oil pipelines, laid underwater, so we can greet invaders with roaring flames?

by JOHN EDWIN HOGG

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If any man lives, who knows the infernal horror of forest fires, I claim to be that man! For about twenty years I've been fighting forest fires, flying over them, photographing them from the air and on the ground, writing about them, and pleading for forest fire prevention and better protection, with pen, voice and cameras. A forest fire is literally hell turned loose on earth. It is an overwhelming, self-perpetuating physical force. Every living thing is vulnerable to it and practically everything ever built or owned by mankind is subject to destruction by its all-consuming fury.

No doubt it was my own experience with forest fires that set me to thinking some months ago how stupid and unprogressive military men have been in developing the utilization of fire as a weapon of both defense and offense. In modern wars the use of fire has been limited almost exclusively to the detonation of explosives, although fire itself was the weapon frequently used with devastating results in countless wars antedating the invention of firearms. These thoughts came at a time when England was facing the immediate threat of an attempted Nazi invasion and was being deluged with incendiaries by Hitler's *Luftwaffen:* I hoped to do something for the land of my grandparents, many British relatives and innumerable friends.

Certainly, I mused, it would be no impossible engineering task to lay a perforated pipe line in the sea around an island the size of England. Why not lay such a pipe and connect it with a series of lateral supply lines and pumping stations around the shore? Now start the pumps, spread a river of distillate or other highly-inflamable, petroleum product upon the sea and apply the torch! There would be one gigantic "Whoof"; it would put a wall of fire, a roaring inferno of flames around England; it would create an impenetrable barrier to everything other than aircraft and submarines.

The more I pondered this thought the more logical it seemed. I made a few sketches and fitted them to a map of England and several pages of typewritten description. Then I hurried out to consult a friend, a former engineering officer, now retired after many years of service with the British army.

"I see no reason why such a plan should not be perfectly feasible!" he exclaimed. "It may be the very thing England needs; let's pass it along to Mr. Churchill."

My sketches, map and written description went to London by air mail that day. A month later we received a reply from the War Office. It read in part . . . "An almost identical idea was submitted in June, 1939 by a Mr. North, a plumber of Nottingham, and was adopted with certain modifications after careful consideration by His Majesty's military engineers. Details of the fire defense system, as since prepared, are, of course, military secrets. But we can assure you that a HOT RECEPTION awaits any attempted invasion of our island."

This exchange of correspondence took place many weeks before the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis announced itself, began thumbing noses and shaking fists at Uncle Sam. And now that we know who our enemies are, our military and naval representatives in England might do well by American national defense to study the British fire defense system with the view toward using it for the protection of certain strategic sections of our own seacoasts.

Every schoolboy knows that there is nothing quite like petroleum and various petroleum products for the creation of fire! It takes very little oil to make a helluva fire and oil will burn like a forest fire on water, on land or in the air. And with 62.8 per cent of the world's available supply of petroleum under the U. S. flag, 85 per cent of it in the Western Hemisphere, and only 15 per cent of the world's total supply available to all other nations, the United States has a virtual natural monopoly upon the use of the most infernal, God-awful weapons of incendiary warfare ever conceived by the mind of man. We can and should prepare to burn our military enemies out at home, off the seas, off these Western Hemisphere shores; perhaps, even out of the air! We have the oil with which to do it; we have the oil with which we can make Hitler's present all-out war with fire seem like a rat playing with matches by comparison. Large oil fires, too, be it remembered, are worse than forest fires; numerous accidental fires in various oil fields have proved that they're unextinguishable except by letting them burn themselves out after the supply of fuel has been curtailed.

The United States has numerous stretches of seacoast that are all-important to the national defense, but certainly none more vital than the coastal plain of southern California. Here, between Point Conception and the Mexican boundary lies a strip of terrain roughly two hundred miles long and about twenty miles wide that would be one of the richest military prizes on the face of the earth. It is, indeed, something that the land-grabbing, totalitarian gangsters are now undoubtedly contemplating, bug-eyed and with drooling mouths!

Here is a semi-tropical land of seasonal rainfall that is literally jam-packed with natural and man-made industrial riches. Within it we have assembled the world's most appalling concentration of highly-vulnerable national defense industries. Here are 58 major oil fields with a total of nearly 20,000 producing wells. These wells tap proved oil reserves of 3,500,000,000 barrels, enough to put

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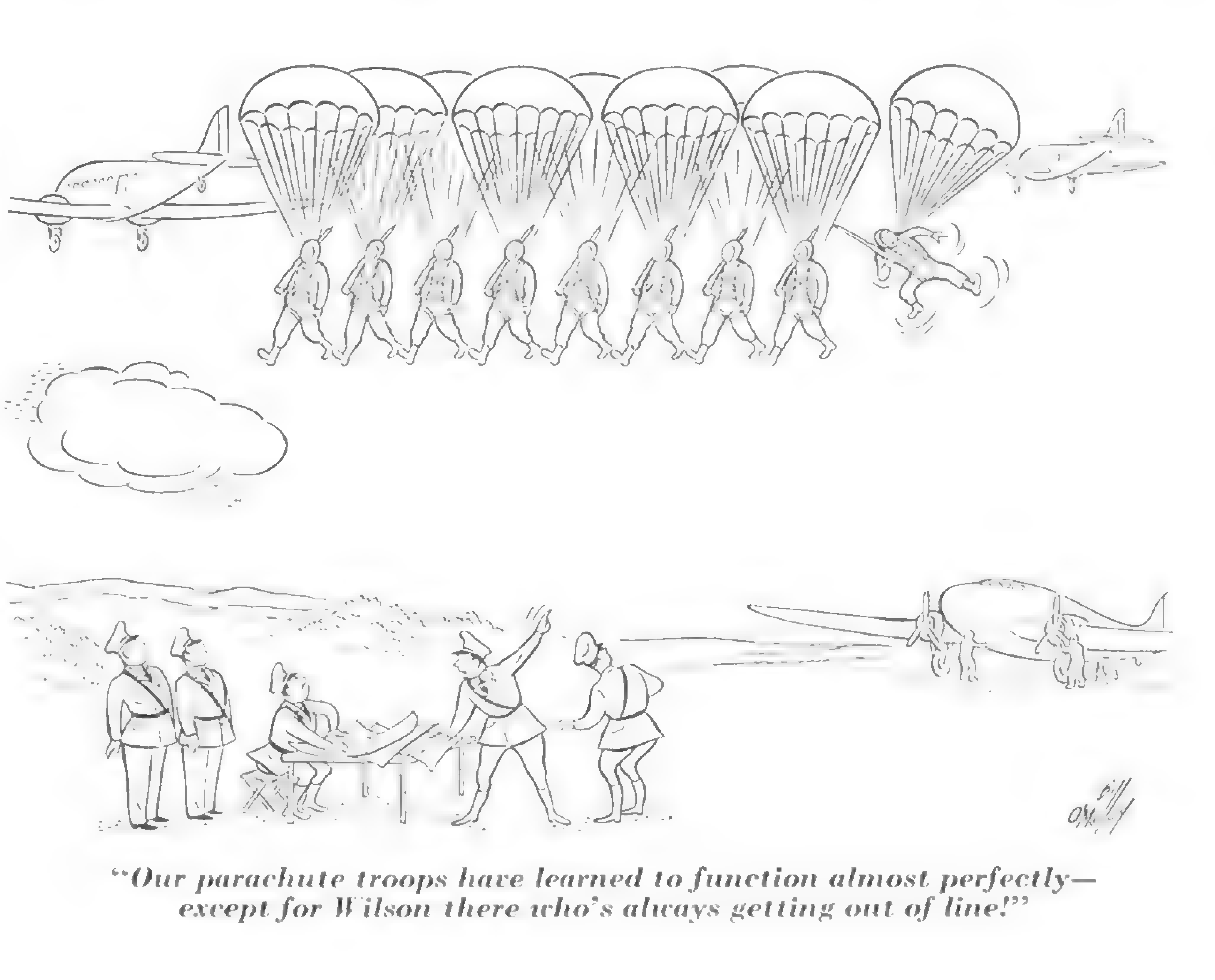
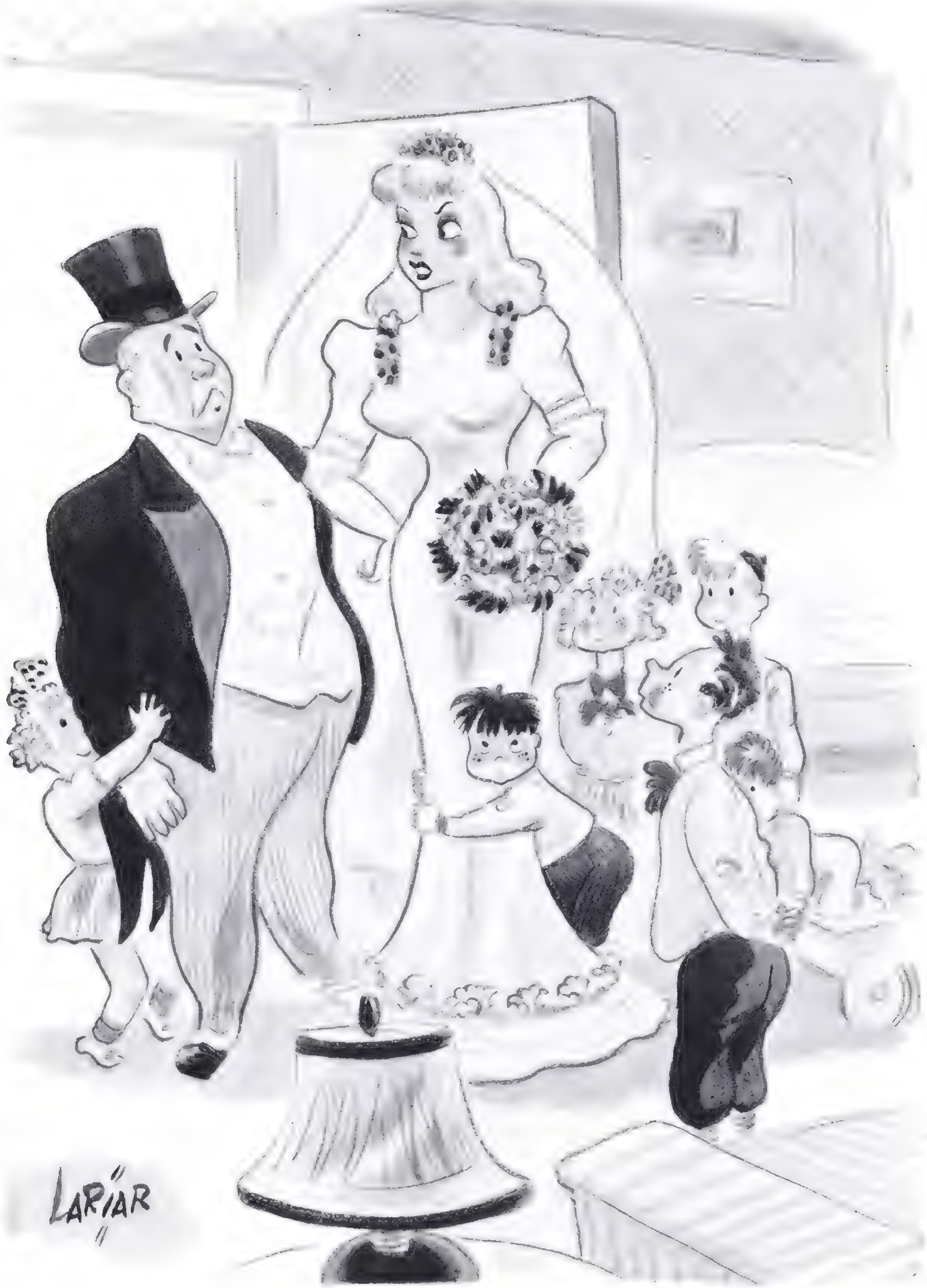


"Our parachute troops have learned to function almost perfectly—except for Wilson there who's always getting out of line!"



"But when you asked me if I'd honor you by being the mother of your children I didn't know you already had them"

A Morning in Court

Pontius Pilate, Procurator of Judea, hears the cases of those who have broken the Jewish laws

by MANUEL KOMROFF

•FICTION•

ON THE morning of the games, Pilate dressed in his robes of office, left his palace tower and followed by his retinue and Roman guards, went to the court of judgment. Here he mounted the marble dias.

The public court of judgment was held in one of the broad open streets not far from the market place. Here against a high wall of hewn stone a marble dias had been built in the time of the first Procurator of Judea. And here every morning court was held.

A marble chair carved with Roman motifs stood at the head of four broad steps. Long stone benches on both sides of the dias were provided for the Temple law givers, the counselors and those general meddlers who were ever ready either to prosecute or defend for a small fee.

As Pilate mounted the steps on this morning, one of the scribes ran ahead and placed a flat plush cushion on the chair.

"They have started again," he whispered in Pilate's ear.

"And what is it now?"

"The young prince from the desert. He's a Jew."

"He is my guest and he is here for the games. This is no concern of the rabbi's."

The scribe went to his place. He prepared a sheet of parchment and soaked the points of his reeds in cuttle-fish ink.

A young prosecutor with his black curly hair oiled to a high glisten and with striped prayer shawl carlessly thrown over his left shoulder stepped forward. "Your Excellency," he began. "We hold a boy and an old woman for your deliberation this morning. Both are deserving the penalty of death. And also this morning a delegation awaits you from our most reverend high rabbi, Annas."

"Bring the boy first."

The boy, dressed in rags, was brought before them. Pilate ordered his hands unbound.

"He is charged, your Excellency, with stealing."

"Stealing is a serious offense. But why do you bring him before me? You have your own court for such offenses."

"His stealing is no ordinary crime; it is a high offense."

"What makes it so high?"

"He stole coins from the tables of the changers in the sacred court of the Temple."

"Ah, I see. To steal from a poor man or a rich man is but an ordinary crime. But to steal from your coin-clippers and scale-benders is a high offense."

"The offense is not against a man or a class of men. It is an offense against God. And we demand a severe punishment. Too many people have become indifferent to the sacred laws of our Temple. In the desert wandering prophets are preaching new faiths to great multitudes. What occurs outside the walls of Jerusalem we are unable to control, but here . . . We demand our laws be upheld."

"You mean you want the boy killed?"

"Yes, your Excellency. It would set an example."

"How old is the boy?"

"Have mercy, have mercy!" cried the boy's mother. "He is only fourteen. We are poor."

"Where do you live, woman?"

"We live in our stall. In the daytime we sell vegetables. At night we sleep under the same awning. He is a good boy, your Excellency; have mercy."

"A good boy," called the prosecutor with a sneer. "Only he steals a little."

"How much did he steal?" Pilate asked.

"We don't know."

Then Pilate addressed the boy. "How much money did you take from the changers' tables?"

"Twice," said the boy.

"How much?"

"Only twice. The first time three shekels and the second time only two half-shekels."

"Why so little the second time?" asked Pilate.

"Because they caught me."

"Besides," called the prosecutor, "he should be punished because he is half-Gentile."

"Why is that? How can one be half-Gentile?"

"Ask his mother why he was not confirmed in the Temple when he was thirteen years old."

"Has this anything to do with his stealing?"

"Yes, it is all one. Ask the woman!"

The woman waited for no asking but spoke freely. "My husband forbids us to go into the Temple. And the reasons for this are three: Annas, Boethus and Kathros."

She had spoken aloud the names of the three powerful priestly rulers of the Temple. But these names meant even more than three; they represented the families of the rabbis, the sons and nephews and sons-in-law. These whole clans were the links between the inside business and the outside business. These relatives rented places for the sellers of pigeons and for sacrificial animal vendors, and they also collected money on every possible pretext. The changers' tables in the court were all in the hands of these three powerful families.

Pilate pondered for a moment. "You want him killed because he was not confirmed? Is this the law of the Jews?"

"No, it is not. Only, with the stealing . . . Together it makes the offense weigh heavily."

"You would know how to make any scales weigh light or heavy. These are things we Romans must learn. The case as I see it is not complicated. In one pan is a boy. He is fourteen and he admits having taken four shekels. This is not a great amount and hardly calls for a penalty of death. On the other scale you weigh in the fact that the money belonged to

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LOUIS JAMME

"We had a little trouble finding your place"

Kid Carver Strikes a Blow

Radio fights are wildly exciting, wonderful people are introduced, eager listeners get punch drunk

by DON MERRIAM

• SATIRE •

TAKE a map of the United States in one hand and a common pin in the other hand, and stick the pin with the map (or the map with the pin would be more practical, if you are right-handed) and the pinhole will be larger than—Let's see. The pinhole will represent an area twice the size of Brooklyn. And the rest of the pin, I mean the rest of the map, the balance of the country. It is virtually impossible.

What I refer to is the radio.

In projecting a prizefight, for example, from a tiny ring in the Yankee Stadium, New York, represented by a pin point (not the Brooklyn pin, another one) throughout the entire country—represented by the pin, damn it, represented by the rest of the map—and often throughout the entire world—represented by an apple—the radio has performed a miracle which has caused it to be hailed as a distinct advance.

Up until the time of the radio, all the non-present fans—numbering millions—could do, was to read the story of the fight and the round-by-round description in the paper next morning. This was far from satisfactory. It was all right as an item of information, but it packed no wallop as a source of excitement and suspense. In the first place the headlines told who won, and you had to read your fight backwards. First you got the referee's decision, then you went into round one. To make my point clear: there is practically no suspense in reading that in the third round McGurk the Turk struck Kid Carver a wallop on the chin and had the Kid hanging on, when the headlines have already told you that in Round Four Mr. Carver will strike —or rather already has struck—Mr. McGurk so hard that the sports experts still are arguing as to whether McGurk the Turk ever will regain consciousness, or rather if he ever did. In any event, whether he will ever be his old self again—or, as the expression goes, whether he will come out of it and be "the McGurk the Turk we used to know."

Thus, since the only suspense that is left beneath the headlines has to do with whether or not McGurk the Turk ever again will be the McGurk the Turk the sports writers used to know, reading about prizefights the morning after was a purely cerebral exercise, of interest to students but of very little value to the fight fan, who is in the market for excitement.

The radio soon proved its superiority to the press in reporting a fight, but it did not stop there. It went right on to prove its superiority to a ringside seat.

The advantage of the radio over a ringside seat has become so obvious it needs no elaboration here. However, for just a few points.

The spectator watches two men in a distant ring exchange what look as though they were going to be punches but which turn out, at the last minute, to be misses. The ones that land are stopped in mid-flight by the opponent, leaving only the misses to be enjoyed by the spectator. And, of course, by the opponent.

At the end of the fight one of the boxers is declared, in ring patois, to have emoiged victorious, and the spectator goes on out to drown his disappointment in drink.

The radio has changed all this, for the radio fight bears no resemblance to the pale exchange of misses the deluded customer has witnessed. The radio fight is always a fight. The spectator sees only three men in the ring; the radio listener sees four, five, six, seven, eight or nine. Thus the listener enjoys the rare treat of witnessing frequent revivals of those great spectacles of the ring, invisible to the naked eye, which the radio has done so much to popularize: the blow which is started by one fighter and finished by another, the stiff right uppercut which one of the contestants lands on his own jaw, right out of a clear sky, and that extremely rare one in which the referee knocks out General Motors.

The radio announcer, trying to please, announces each movement as a terrific smash (if the fight is in Hollywood every tap is a colossal hit) and when he shrieks, "Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!" as he often does, he virtually knocks out the radio listeners themselves, who shake their heads, wondering if they can take it. What the radio announcer fails to explain is that the boxers are marking time; he was referring to their feet. To meet this Joe Louis face to face is enough to frighten any boxer, but to meet him over the radio must be downright murder. Men just aren't built, structurally, to stand that kind of mauling, and somebody ought to tell Clem McCarthy that; some doctor ought to take Clem aside and tell him, in a nice way, that he's killing those people up in the ring.

Sometimes it is disappointing to read next day that the encounter between the gorilla and the four men which you thought you listened to over the radio last night, so long wished for by Arthur Brisbane, ended in a fine for stalling, but boy, it was a beaner while it lasted.

Perhaps one of the main advantages of watching fights from your own living room is that you meet so many celebrities. The spectator at the fight scarcely ever sees a celebrity. All he knows is that the fellow in back of him has been drinking—has, in fact, at some time during the evening taken the consequences thereof—and that the big lady on his right overflows her lawfully purchased section of the arena.

He sees a slight stirring down front now and then, but it always turns out to be Jim Farley, no matter how many times he stands up to look.

We, at home, are of the elect, however. Movie stars, government officials, mayors, aldermen, opera singers, actors, columnists, pass us in unending parade. We sit there nodding as we are introduced. How are you, Sonja? Howdy, Hedy; greetings, Connie; hello there, Hedy; good evening, Hedy. Perhaps I've got too many Hedys in there; the point I wish to make is that here is our chance to meet a lot of people we never could meet otherwise, and have always wanted to. Cheerio, Hedy.

We meet not only celebrities, but lots of other people. We meet whole squads of right guys, fine little fellows, salts of the earth, old pals, wonderful friends, inimitable wits, grand little persons.

They all turn out, in the end, to be two radio announcers, but it gives us the impression we are in the midst of a circle of absolutely superb people.

* * *

Compare the unexciting progress of a fight for the heavyweight championship between Kid Carver, in one corner, and McGurk the Turk (who still is not the McGurk we used to know) in the other, with the actual collision as seen over the radio.

"The bell!" cries Joe Hamilton (we already have met Hedy). "And now, folks, this is Joe Hamilton speaking, I am going to turn the mike over to that great little guy, that peer among peers—" I forgot peer among peers; we also meet a lot of peers among peers—"De Coursey Blank, who will give you the blow by blow description of this round in his inimitable machine-gun style of delivery. Ladies and gentlemen, De Coursey Blank! Take it away old kid; take it away, De Coursey Blank!"

De Coursey Blank: "All right folks, and thank you, Joe Hamilton! That was Joe Hamilton, folks, and while Joe was talking to you, the fighters have advanced to the center of the ring. Why, I could reach out and touch them! They're right above me, right above me here in the ring! Right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right—Wow! What a blow! What a—what a tremendous smash that was! Kid McGurk started it from his heels, believe me, and it was one of those blows—folks, if that had landed, it would of been curtains—right, left, right, left, right—halt! Folks, I can see every move! And right across the ring from me I see Clarence Coogan, that grand little guy Clarence Coogan, of 3477 North Commercial

Drive, Elyria, Ohio, while right beside him sits that peer of all horse trainers—Ah, the fighters are in the center of the ring. They're in the center of the ring. They're in the center of the ring. They're in the center of the ring. They're in the center of the ring. Kid Carver aims a terrific—the bell! Now folks, I'm turning the mike over to that great little announcer, that peer—I'm turning the mike over to none other than Joe Hamilton. This is De Coursey Blank speaking, and now Joe Hamilton will give you his impression of this round, take it apart before your eyes. Take it away—Joe Hamilton!"

That Great Little Guy Joe Hamilton: "Thank you, De Coursey Blank! Folks, you have just listened to a miss-by-miss—I mean a blow-by-blow description of that round by De Coursey Blank. This is Joe Hamilton speaking. In that last round—"

Strange Voice: "We will now pause for station identification."

De Coursey Blank (I think): "Well, well, well, here we are again! The fighters are in the center of the ring. Left, right, left—Wow! If that one had ever—They're right above me now! What a night! What a crowd! Folks, I never felt better in my life! Touch of cramps last night, but they went away and now I feel—Kid Hamilton, I mean Kid McGurk has just landed a terrific right squarely on the elbow of the great Carver! Carver looks weak, folks, he looks weak, and—he's down. McGurk is down! The count is one—two—three—He's up! Carver is up! They're in the center of the ring. I see former Postmaster-General Farley over there. They're in the center of the ring, McGurk winds up and hits the Turk a terrific blow on the chin! Hamilton is down! Hamilton is down! Carver is up! Folks—The bell! And now, folks, right here at my elbow, ready to take the mike, is that great little announcer, Joe Carver. Joe Carver will now give you a thoughtful analysis of the last round. Kid Hamilton, take it away! Take it away, Kid Hamilton! Folks, here is Joe—here is that wonderful little—"

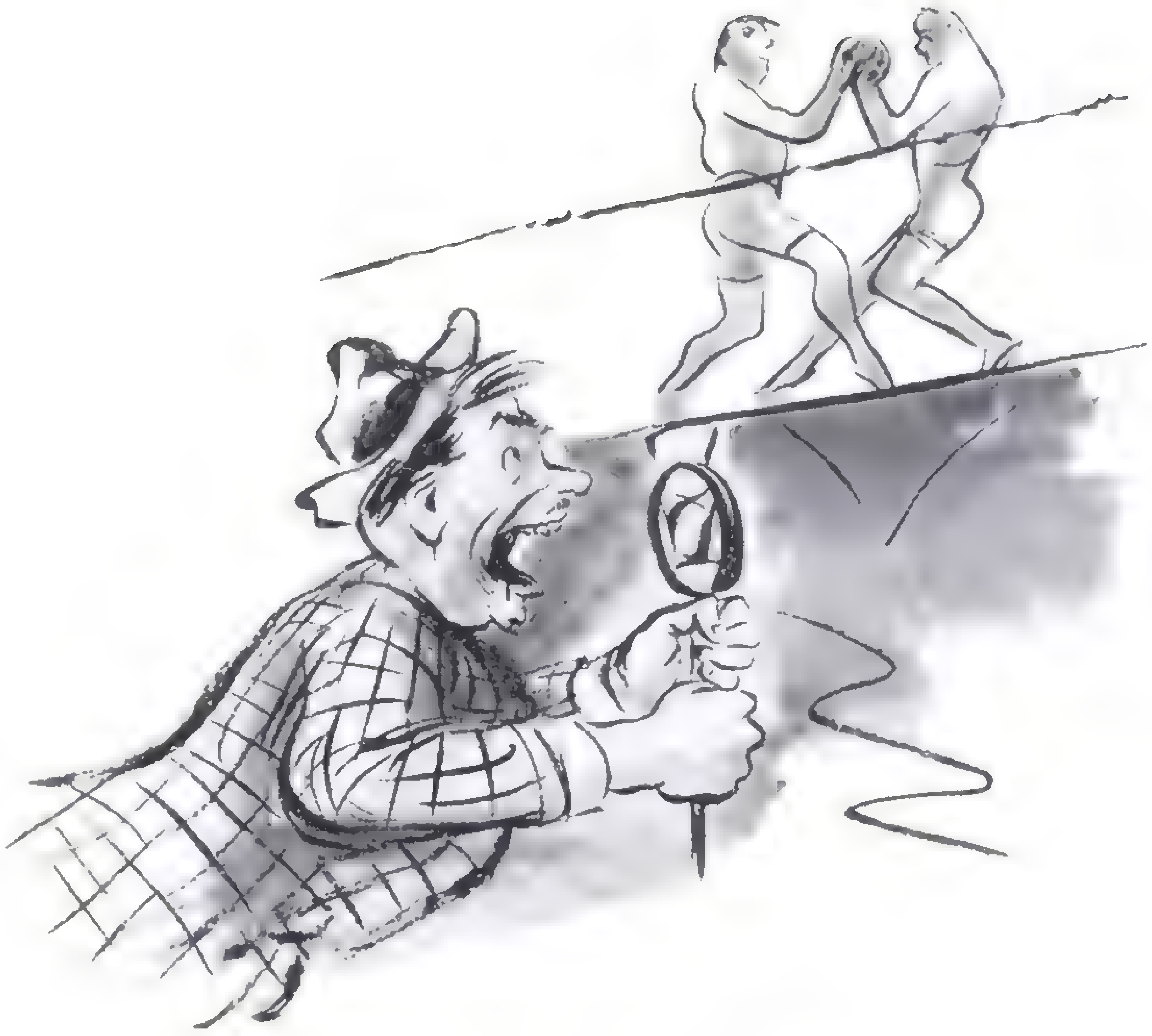
Joe Hamilton Carver McGurk: "Thank you, De Coursey Blank! That was De Coursey Blank, folks. This is Joe Hamilton speaking. You have just heard that grand little

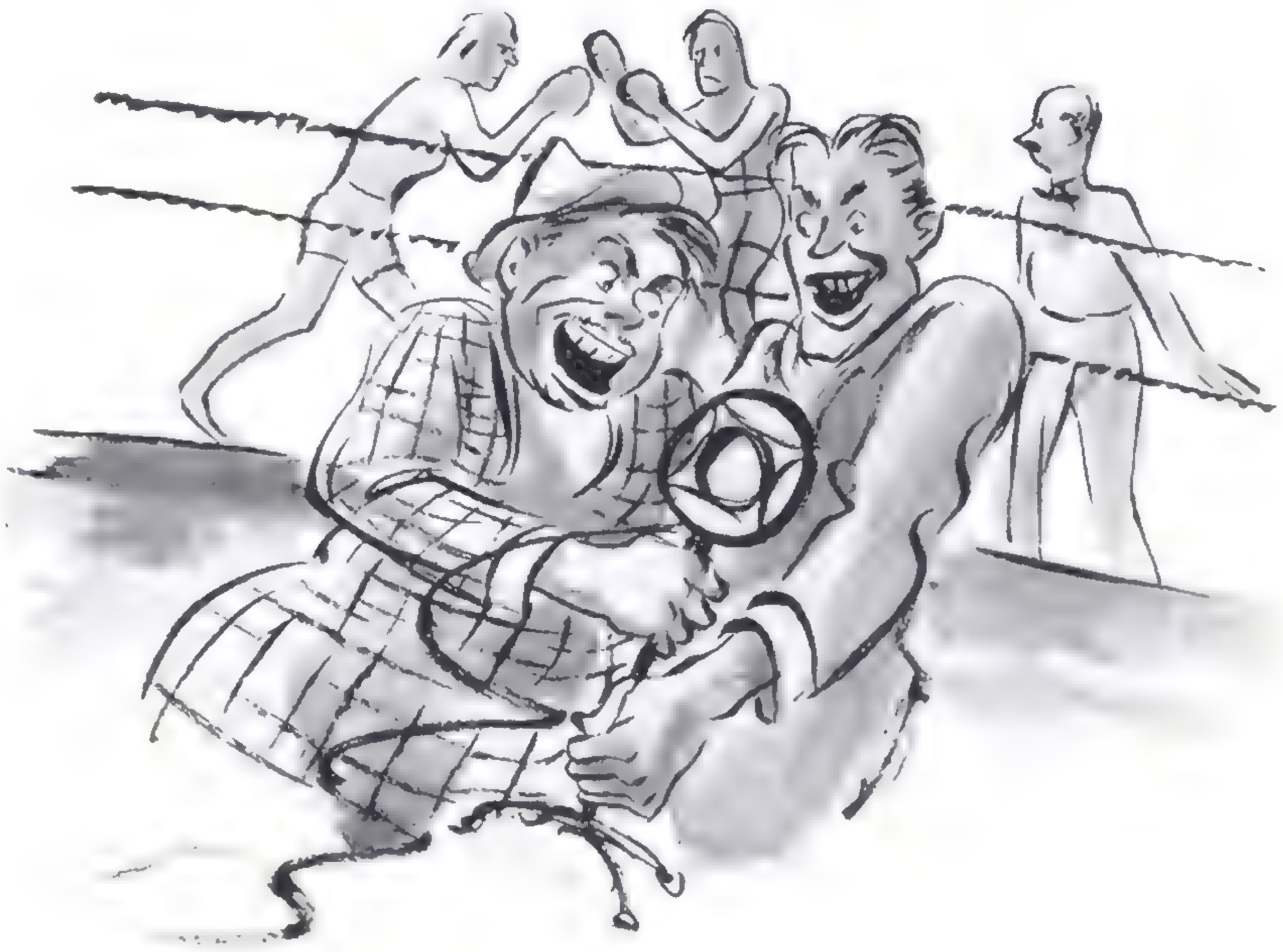
The bell! Take it away, De Coursey Blank! De Coursey Blank, take it away! Who was that blonde I seen you with last night, De—"

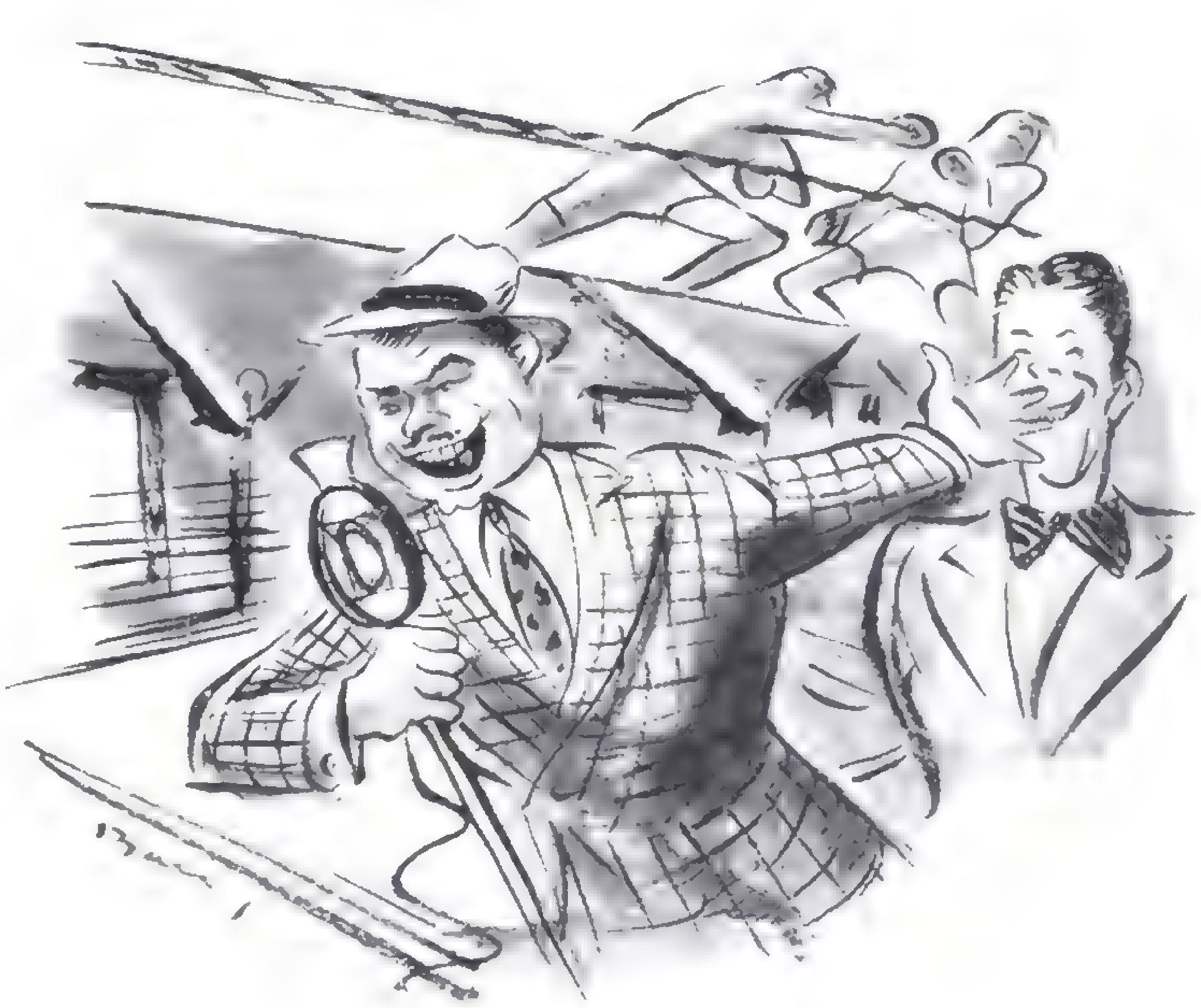
The Other One: "Aha! They're in the center of the ring! Boy, there was a blow! It caught me right on the jaw! It ripped right through my guard! But I'm back and at him, I'm game if nothing else! I swing from my heels—Ouch! Boy, am I woozy! Odds Bodkins, that was a thunderous smash! The lights have gone out and I can hear yon referee tolling off ye fateful seconds! Where is that great little announcer, that peer among peers, that grand little—Aha, Joe McGurk, here you are! Take it away, Joe McGurk!"

First Announcer: "Folks, that wonderful fellow, that pal of pals, has just knocked himself out in the center of the ring! I have taken the mike for the third straight time, I have taken it away from that grand—Folks, the mike is now mine! I have won permanent possession of it! The fight is over! Good night, all!"

Good night. #







Quentin Reynolds Can Take It

The softest man in New York found fitting scope for his wide sense of charity in the English cause

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

When Quentin Reynolds stepped off the steamship *Exeter* on January 7th he was still weak from smallpox inoculations he had acquired in Lisbon. "They made me sicker," he said, "than all the bombs in London or the three ribs I broke dodging bombs." The groggy Reynolds, however, lost no time in getting down to work. He immediately made for the Stork Club and "21" and started his one-man campaign for aid to Britain. He was here for four months, during which time he behaved like a one-man exchequer. He had already made a picture in London called *London Can Take It*, which had grossed about $60,000. Reynolds and the Warner Brothers, who distributed the film, donated every dollar of this to Britain. Reynolds' second picture, *Xmas Under Fire*, was given a send-off at the Strand Theatre in New York with Reynolds himself making a personal appearance, and by the time he left this country *Xmas Under Fire* looked good enough at the box office to assure the British War Relief of another $50,000. From his appearance at the Strand, Reynolds started on a cross-country lecture tour which started at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and ended at New York, N. Y. Reynolds donated twenty per cent of his lecture fees to Britain. His first book on London *The Wounded Don't Cry* was crowding twenty printings by the time Reynolds went back to Europe. Twenty per cent of its sales went to Britain. A similar twenty per cent from the sales of his next book, *London Diary*, will go to the same place. While Reynolds was in Hollywood he ran a special ten-dollars-a-plate breakfast which lasted until dinner time and brought in an additional 1,200 dollars. This was part of the money he used to start the "Heywood Broun Memorial Fund" for the benefit of families of Americans killed in this war. Reynolds continued to pick up loose change here and there. Almost as soon as he had arrived from Europe the night club "21," one of his old haunts, ran a party for him and presented him with a pick-up purse of 2,100 dollars. Two weeks later Reynolds had another 3,000 dollars he had acquired from wealthy friends. There were additional tidbits here and there. There is a private "Red Dog" game in New York which is run for the hell of it by a wealthy grocer and which used to be patronized by Reynolds before he became a foreign correspondent. Shortly after Reynolds came home the participants in this game took a percentage out of the pot and sent Reynolds another 650 dollars for Britain. After he had delivered a lecture in Lansing an old man sought him out and gave him twenty dollars "for England."

There are no official figures on the actual monetary results of the Reynolds One-Man Campaign on All-Out Aid for Britain, but it seems highly possible that this prolific correspondent for *Collier's*, this *bon vivant*, massive eater, hearty drinker, accomplished speaker and one-time college athlete managed to send upwards of 125,000 dollars to his British cousins.

When Reynolds stepped off the *Exeter* on to his own, his native land, he started on a mission that was just right for him. Reynolds is impulsively, often foolishly generous. His agent, Mark Hanna, calls him "the softest man in town for a chew." The bum who asks him for a nickel for a cup of coffee is likely to wind up on the outside of an eight-course meal, just as the pal who needs five to see him through the week will get twenty-five from Reynolds. Like Heywood Broun, his one-time best friend, his generosity to panhandlers is almost glandular; it is in proportion to his bulk. But when he came back to the United States in January his sense of charity had finally found something of scope wide enough for his peculiar talents. It was no longer a question of a nickel for a cup of coffee. This time he was listening to the plea of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and it was crying for Spitfires. The softest man in town for a chew was digging down to help win a war.

Reynolds, at the age of thirty-nine, had come into his own. He was welcomed here with a roar that resounded from 52nd Street to Hollywood and Vine. Broadway was proud of this gay fellow who had suddenly turned into the man of the hour and Hollywood honored him the best way it knew how—by allowing him to present the writing awards at the annual banquet of the Motion Picture Academy. Of all the foreign correspondents who have taken furloughs in this country Reynolds has certainly been the most widely feted, honored, and generally fussed over. His pieces in *Collier's* and his *London Can Take It* had made him a prophet in his own country even before he came home. He had been a man about town before he left for London and his buddies of the Broadway by-paths would have made much over his return had he never written a word from abroad or made a name for himself as the most stimulating of motion picture commentators. In a night club, as in a bomb shelter, he is the guest whose joviality keeps the party going. His friends were just hysterically happy to see "Quent" home safe and sound. Charles Colebaugh, his boss at *Collier's*, sums it up when he describes his first meeting with Reynolds. "I liked him immediately," says Colebaugh, "as everybody does."

Reynolds fulfills all the popular notions about foreign correspondents. He is large, handsome, curly-haired, happy, and witty. Of course he is not alone in thus being a prototype for the profession. Reynolds likes to refer to the young men of the RAF as

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SOCKS
SWEATERS
SOCKS
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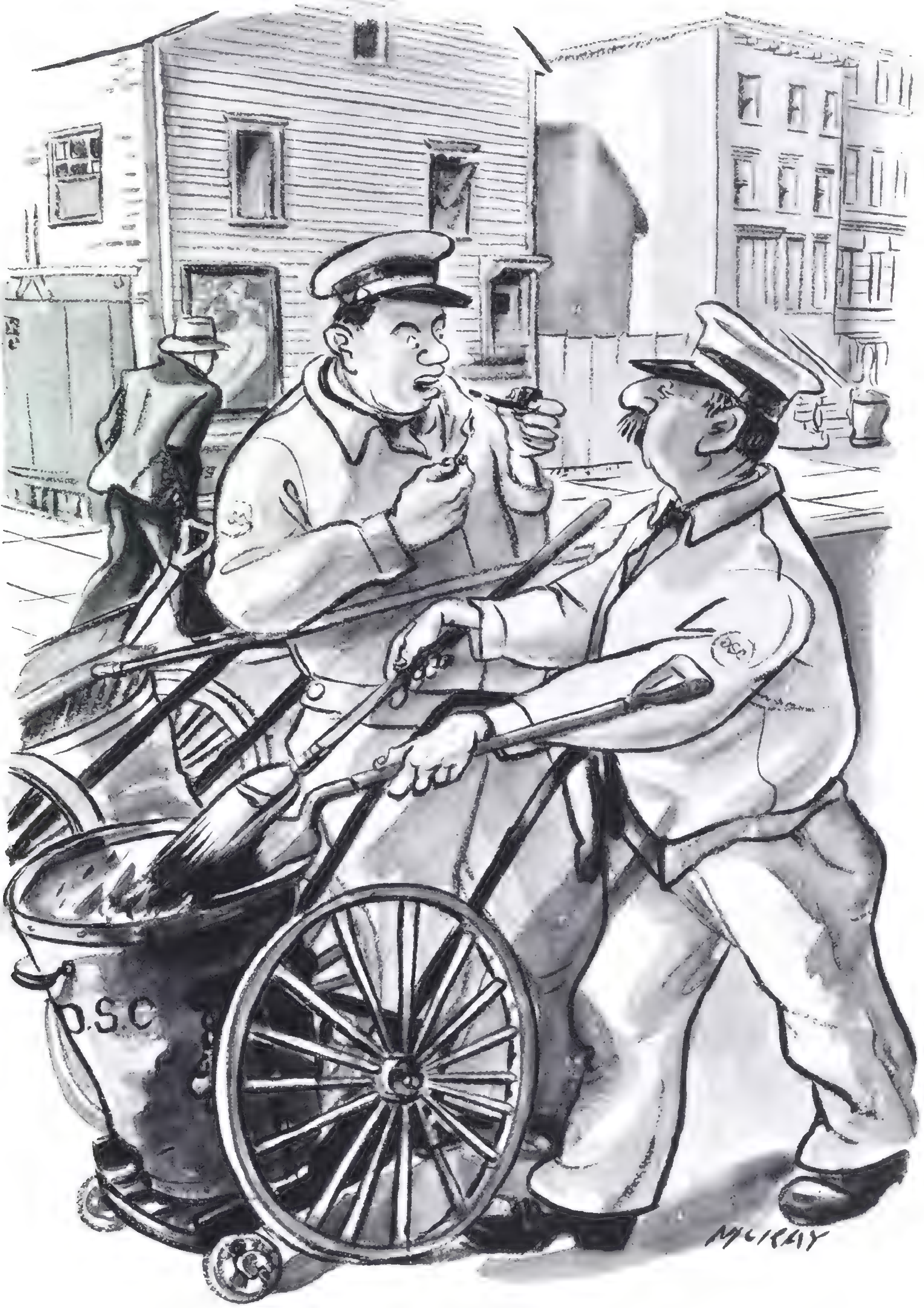
"Socks! Sweaters! Socks! Sweaters!—what we need is pants!"



"Do you think ours could be called a vital industry?"

The Faraway Atoll

The captain was skeptical of white men searching for small islands but Sexton appeared like a guileless, whipped dog

by WILMON MENARD

• FICTION •

℞

If you could have seen Harry Sexton, assistant bookkeeper for the plumbing supply house of Hadley & Hadley, playing a slow, tongue-between-the-teeth, pin-marble game in Joe Severino's Bar that night, you wouldn't have imagined for a second that such a meek little man could possess murderous instincts. And, what's more, he himself didn't have the slightest notion of committing such a revolting crime until he saw the fat, loud-mouthed boozer at the bar begin waving thousand dollar bills in his fat fist. There were other extenuating circumstances, too. If there hadn't been chaos in Europe, if Wall Street were more settled, and if there hadn't been an efficiency expert meddling with the office force at the factory, which resulted in his two weeks' notice, the corpulent, florid-faced bourbon drinker would still be hanging over bars today, yelling his head off, and trying to impress bug-eyed bartenders with his affluence. You see, Harry Sexton had always had a horrible fear of poverty, and now that fear was intensified. The future looked precarious and jobs were scarce, and he was fifty years of age, and he saw himself starving and walking the streets in the cold and rain. That contemplation made him ill with worry.

Six blocks away from Joe's Bar, he came up on tip-toes behind the staggering, mumbling drunkard, and quietly garroted him. When he was safe in his hotel room, Harry Sexton found he was four thousand dollars richer.

His reaction to his heinous act was surprising. He ate a midnight snack, read the early morning paper, and then went to bed and slept soundly. He felt neither remorseful or conscience-clear. He was resigned to the fact that he had done wrong, but he felt it would have been much worse to have permitted himself to have become a human derelict. A psychiatrist would have gone into raptures over Harry Sexton's brain. It was the most normal and abnormal mind imaginable.

A month later, in Papeete, Tahiti, with his small, sad eyes fixed persuasively on Captain Oro's, the fat skipper of the trading-schooner *Tamara*, he said:

"My name is Harry Sexton, and I've come many, many miles to escape civilization. I've been told on good authority I can do this on some uninhabited coral island in the Dangerous Group. And they tell me that you have an atoll there for lease."

Captain Oro scratched his chin and stared speculatively at the melancholic man. A Polynesian is an instinctive appraiser of human nature, and the schooner captain had seen many white men come to the islands misfits, escapists, artists, madmen—all with an affected passion to own a small island far from the noisy world. But in this man he was reminded of a whipped dog who was searching for a dark corner. In the man's guileless, humble eyes he read deep pain and a desperate yearning for solitude that was movingly genuine.

"I think Takura blentay hokay for you," Captain Oro told him. And they drew up a long lease on the remote coral atoll of Takura.

They sighted the coral atoll on the morning of the fourth day out of Papeete. From the sea the prospect was splendid. Coconut palms were waving gently to the sea breezes, and the south ocean was pounding a white ruffle of breakers on its encircling barrier-reefs. Sexton was taken ashore in the long boat and he made an enthusiastic inspection of the atoll. Takura had only a circumference of two and a half miles and a height less than five feet above high-water level. The wide ring of coral reef, which enclosed the deep central lagoon, was heavily covered with coconut palms, and here and there were clumps of pandanus (screw-pine) and scrub brush. When he came aboard the schooner again he was grinning. It was the only time Captain Oro had seen him really happy.

"It's really quite a little paradise!" Sexton cried. "I know I'm going to be very happy. It was very kind of you to lease me Takura." There were tears in his eyes.

Captain Oro, when he was sailing away from the coral atoll, was sorely beset with a troubled conscience. He wasn't so sure he had been kind to Harry Sexton. For a native it was one thing to live on a coral atoll, for a white man . . . The Tahitian skipper took a long swizzle of rum and felt a little relieved.

But Harry Sexton was more adaptable than Captain Oro imagined him. In three days' time he had made himself a high foundation of coral rocks, cemented by a mortar of limestone, upon which he built himself a snug thatched shelter, the roof of which was corrugated sheet-iron. The atoll was totally devoid of fruits, as are most of the coral islands of the Tunmotu, and there were no fresh-water streams, the only water seeping up brackish and saffron-colored in an old abandoned well back of his hut. But there were an abundance of young green coconuts, and the liquid which gushed forth from a punctured nut was cool and sweet. He placed some oil-drum cisterns at each corner of his dwelling, to catch rain water and the heavy night dew for cooking and bathing.

Sexton had brought a small supply of tinned vegetables and fruits from Tahiti, but he lost no time in acquainting his stomach with the food the lagoon yielded. He had no other alternative, as most of his money had been spent for the lease of the atoll. Early in the morning, he paddled out in the outrigger-canoe he had brought with him from Tahiti and hunted turbos, urchins, and shell-

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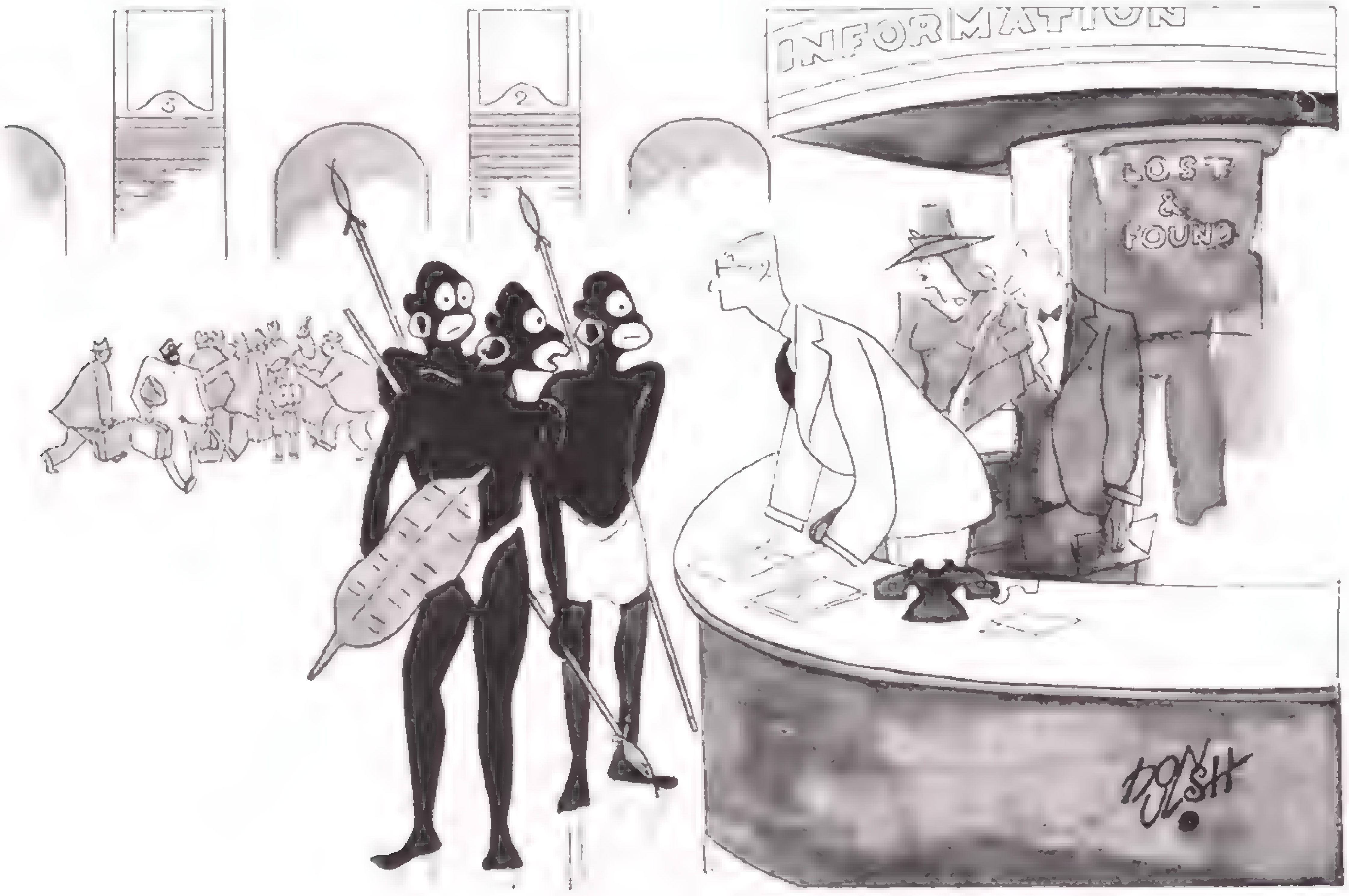
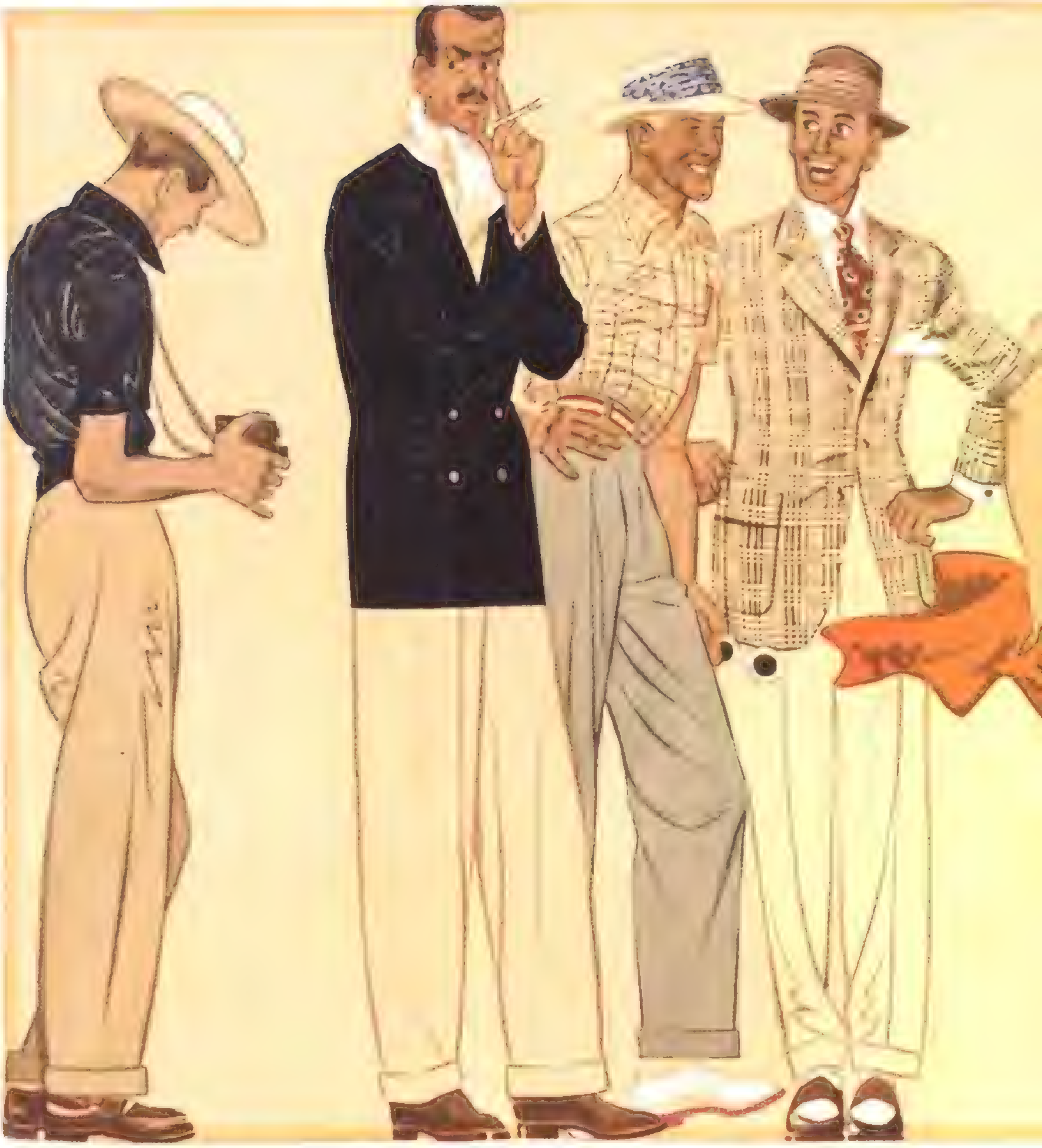
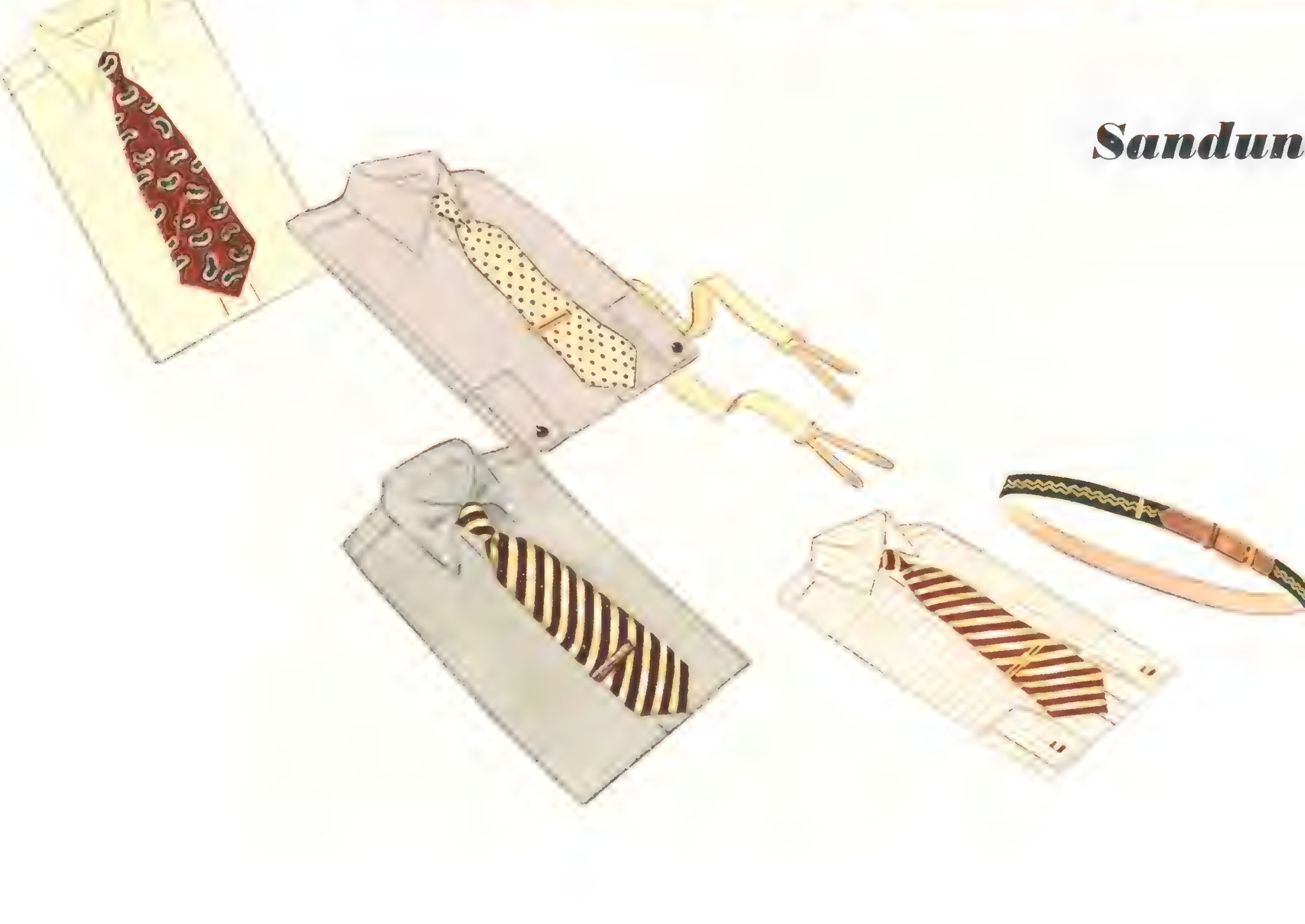
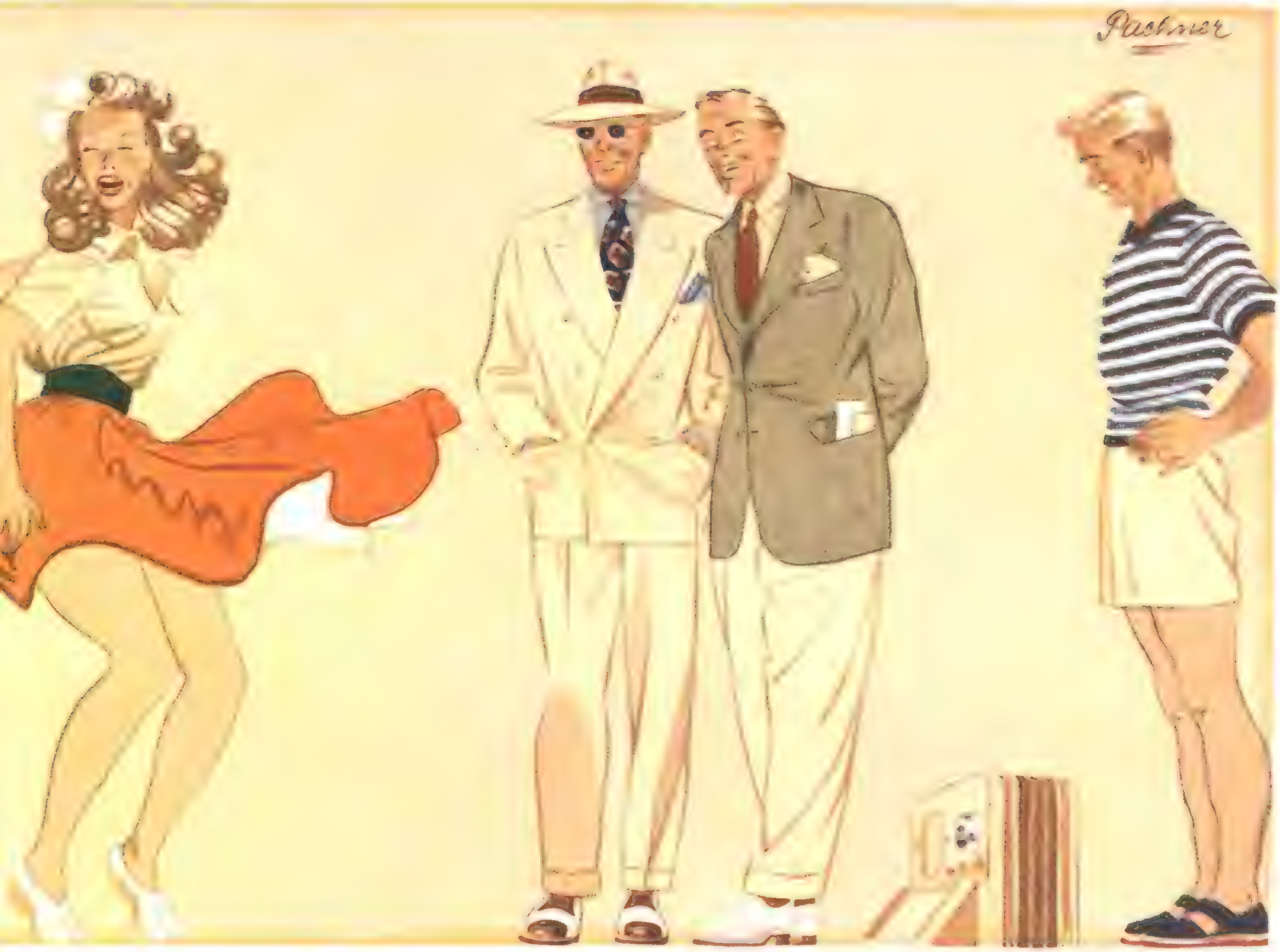


"Seen anything of a herd of giraffes?"



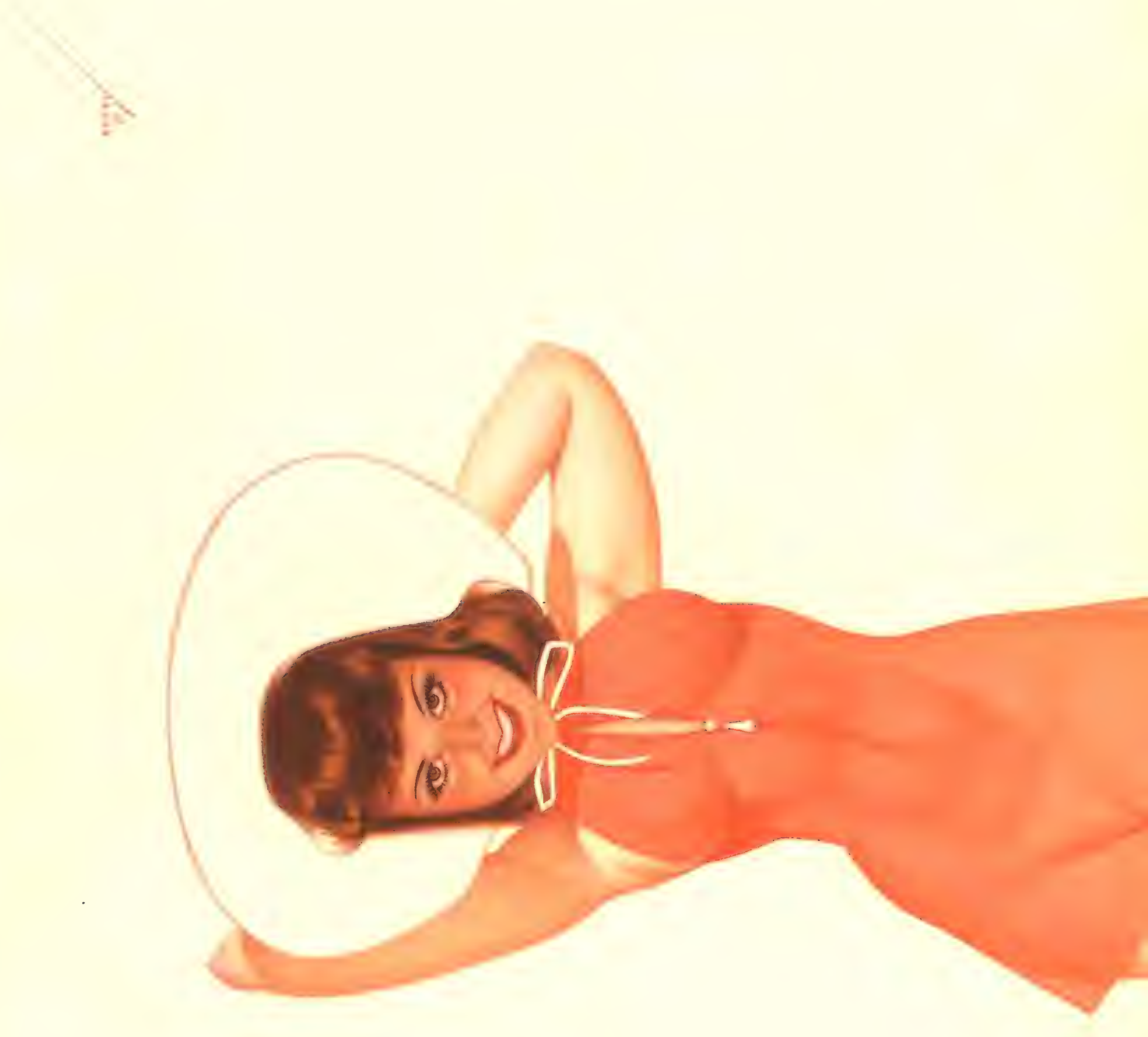
Sandun

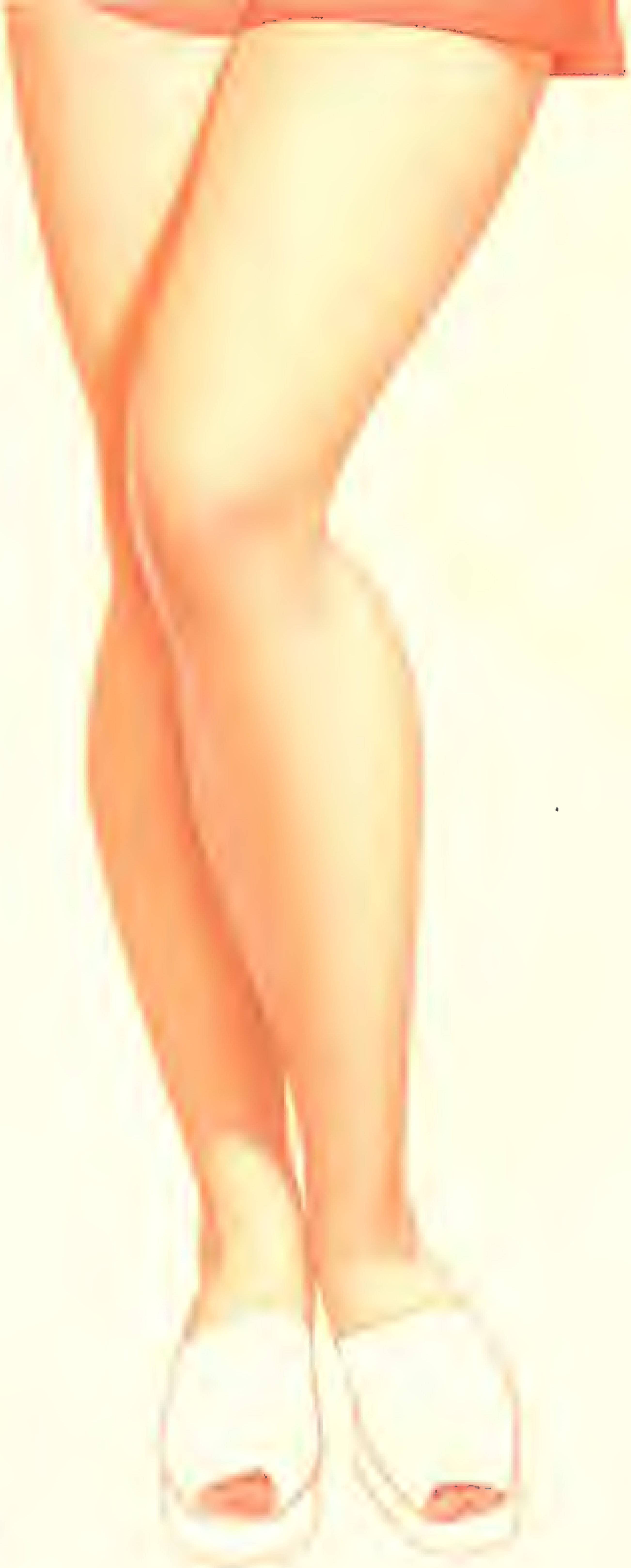




e, the chromatic fashion . . .

SANDUNE, the soft tannish yellow shade, which first appeared upon the fashion horizon last season, now spreads through the wardrobe. It started as a shade for slacks, as worn by the amateur photographer in the above group. He also selects a contrasting blue shirt, broad-brimmed Montego hat and brown moccasins. Sandune slacks next combine with the dark blue flannel blazer, white terry scarf and brown reverse calf shoes. This shade accents the brown plaid shirt on the third man who also wears a pork pie Jippi Jappa hat, maroon and Sandune striped belt, grey flannel slacks, Sandune socks and white buck shoes. The Sandune cast of the brown plaid tweed jacket on the fourth man is repeated in the slacks. The rest of his ensemble consists of red ground foulard tie, white oxford shirt, brown coconut palm hat with Sandune puggree, brown and white moccasins. The shapely subject of the cameraman skips Sandune, prefers red. The sunglass wearer favors an all-Sandune suit for resort, with blue shirt, Americana foulard tie, Jippi Jappa hat, white and brown shoes. The next candidate sports a Lovat and brown herringbone tweed jacket, Sandune shirt, copper-colored silk tie, Sandune slacks, brown socks, white buck shoes. Last member of the party wears a knitted lisle pullover, Sandune shorts, blue canvas sandals with red and white rubber soles. The shirts and ties illustrated at the left give you an idea how Sandune combines with other colors. Suspenders and belts also incorporate this hue.





"My lawyer wants me to change the charge
from desertion to insanity"

We All Fish Left-Handed

As a right-handed angler fights a fish, his tackle puts the big strain on his left hand and arm

by HART STILWELL

• SPORTS •

My son is left-handed. And when he started fishing I used to feel sorry for him. If there were any left-handed reels in those days I hadn't heard of them, so he got his fishing baptism with one of my old reels, which I guess is the general procedure between father and son.

Well, I don't feel sorry for him any more. I feel sorry for myself and eight million or so other fishermen in the country.

For after watching him and some other left-handed fishermen in action over a period of years, and doing a little experimenting on my own hook, I have come to the conclusion that the equipment used by the right-handed angler is really made for a man who casts from the port side.

I want to explain right off the bat that in spite of the experimenting I have done and the conclusions I have reached, I will never change. I have been at it too long now. The tackle I use is now a part of me, just like the wart on my ear, and I will go on to the bitter end using it, handicap or no handicap. But that is small reason why the fishermen of the country can't be started off right in the beginning, assuming that study and experimenting over a period of years prove that I am right.

In this discussion I am speaking of bait-casting equipment—reels that have no internal drags in them. When you come to the heavier tackle, the reel with a brake, it really makes little difference which side the handles are on, since the pressure on your fish is delivered by the reel, and all you do is hang on and holler like hell. Furthermore, with such tackle you are seldom called on to work a lure. You simply cast the bait out and leave it there—or you troll.

I am speaking of fishing where a man casts and then retrieves his bait, and where he stops his fish by applying pressure with his thumb on the reel spool—or on the reel handles in case he doesn't know any better than to do it that way.

One of the principal reasons why the American fisherman rocks along with his left-handed equipment and never realizes its flaws is that most of the fish he catches are not hefty enough really to put him and the tackle to a test. When he ties into a big bass on memorable occasions, the chances are he will lose it and go on off complaining that his tackle wasn't heavy enough, when the truth is that he just didn't fish right.

But more and more fishermen in the nation are taking this bass tackle down to salt water, and when you put an angler in the middle of a school of five- or six-pound snook, then you see him start falling apart. He will discover in a short time that he is doing the whole thing wrong—provided he is a man who has the ability to notice such things.

First he will crack up his knuckles when he undertakes to stop these fish, because he tries to hang onto the reel handles. If he succeeds in holding on, then he will either tear the gears out of his reel or break his line or rod, depending on which is weaker. Only in extremely rare cases will he land the fish.

When he sees other men landing these fish, and even bigger ones, he will, if he has the power of reasoning to even a small degree, see that he is fishing wrong. He will then start handling his tackle as it should be handled, putting the pressure on the reel spool with his left thumb. And when he starts fishing right, then he discovers that the boys who made the tackle pulled a trick on him. It was made for a left-handed man.

All the strain of stopping a big fish is placed on the weak hand. And this is not the only handicap which our standard bait-casting tackle imposes upon the angler.

So let us start at the beginning, with the cast.

Of course it doesn't make any difference in the actual cast whether you use a reel with the handles on the right side or on the left. You can cast the same with either reel. A sudden switch causes the reel to feel a bit off-balance, but an angler becomes accustomed to this in a short time.

There is more to casting, however, than simply tossing a plug out on the water and waiting for the waves to bring it back, along with a couple of loaves of bread. A fisherman will soon discover that if he expects to catch fish on an artificial lure, he must get it into the water with a smooth, sliding motion—a motion that causes the bait to make a gurgling noise something on the order of a frog diving into the water.

And this little trick is achieved by stopping the forward motion of the lure just before it touches the water, and starting it back toward you as it slides under the surface. The angler casts out and watches the lure. As it nears the water, he must bring his rod tip back until it is at right angles with the line. And the instant the bait slides into the water, he must start reeling.

But there is something else he must do during this short interval. He must, with the tackle he now uses, change hands with the whole outfit while he is getting the bait into the water. For remember, in casting he has the rod in his right hand, and he can't reel in that position.

This, then, is Handicap No. 1 in the standard tackle.

True, there is a very small lapse of time in transferring the rod from the right hand to the left. But this lapse comes right when the angler must make every quarter-second count. Timing is the key to this trick of getting the bait into the water and keeping it moving after it gets there. Go watch a

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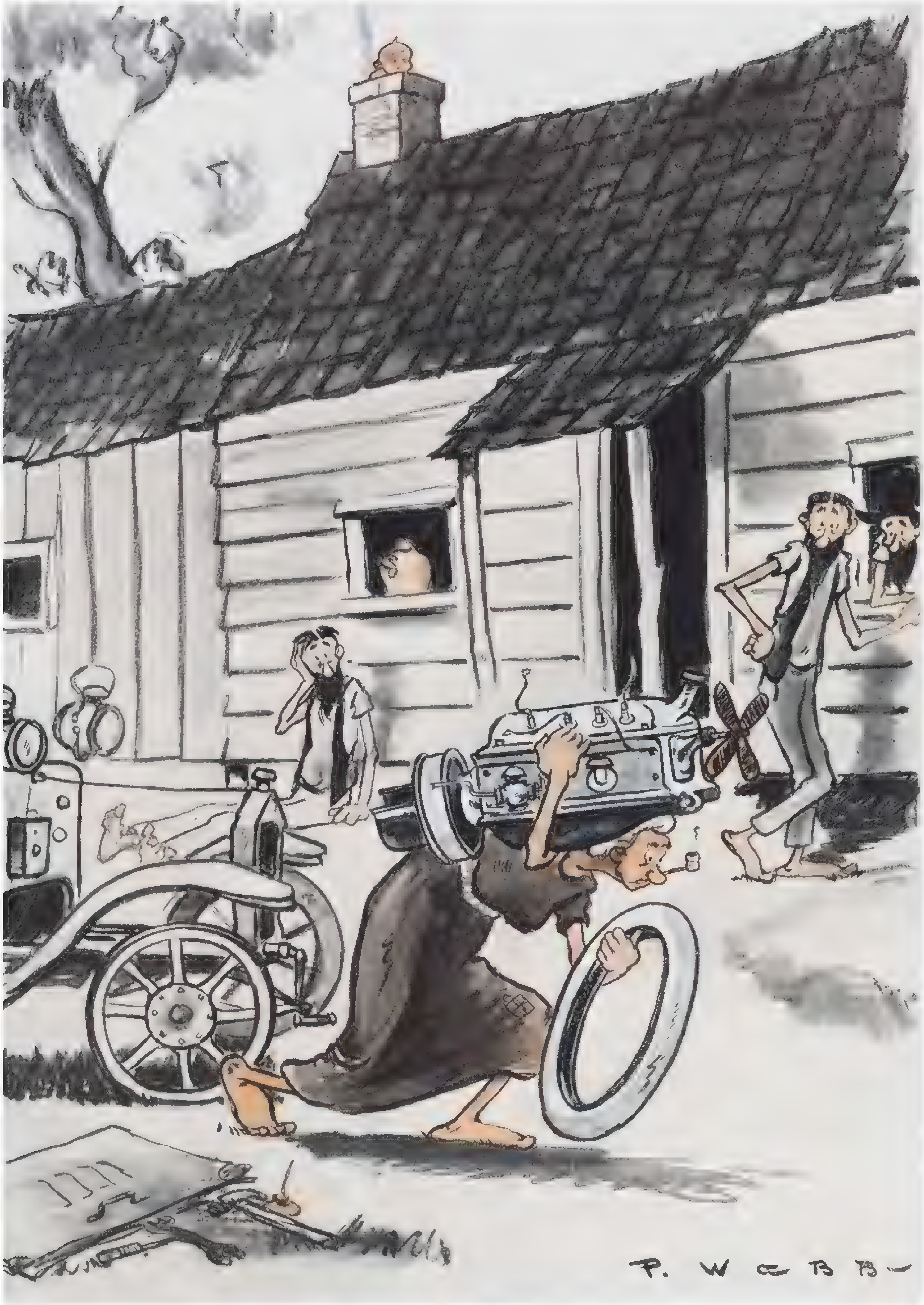
JUST MARRIED

"Darling, this is your new daddy—mother got tired of working"



"Hmmm! Looks kinda like Paw won't be sneakin' off to the fish-fry tonight— there goes Maw a-hidin' a few pieces of the car on him ag'in"

The "Fitified" Man

It was norated all over the district, Jake Hunt tried to stand on his head, climb trees, cut a lot of fool shines

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

"Sun is hot as blue blazes," says Pa. "I hate to stir on a day hot as this. I'll haf to be on my way."

"Where are you goin, Pa?" I ask.

"We've got a neighbor in distress."

Pa stands in the front yard and squints his blue eyes at the sun. He takes his bandanna from his hip pocket. He wipes the sweat from his red face. He puts the red bandanna back in his hip pocket. A slow July wind rustles the wilted leaves on the poplar tree in our front yard.

"Who is the neighbor in distress, Pa?" I ask.

"Aint you heard about Jake Hunt?"

"No," I says.

"I can't believe it," says Pa. "I think I'll mosey over the hill and see if it's the truth."

"What's the matter with Jake?"

"Son, this ain't to be norated over the whole deestrict," Pa whispers, "but Gus Martin told me that Jake's a fitified man. Said he was out with 'em fox huntin, the other night and Jake tried to stand on his head. Said he tried to climb trees. Said he cut all sorts of fool shines. Said Jake wasn't drunk. I've lived by Jake Hunt all my life. I know he ain't a man to hanker after licker. I know Jake ain't off in the head. I went to school with 'im. Jake is a deep man. I can't understand. Do you want to go over with me to Jake's?"

"I'd like to go over to Jake's with you."

Pa walks down the path in front of me. He pulls a bright burley leaf from his pocket. He crumbles a handful in his hand. He puts it in his mouth. He holds the quid of bright burley leaf behind his sun-tanned jaw. I fill my pipe with bright burley crumbs. I tamp the tobacco in my pipe with my index finger. I strike a match on my pant leg and light my pipe. I follow Pa down the yellow clay bank. We walk down the hollow to the Collin's Hill. We walk up the hill under the dead chestnut trees, past the old coal mines and through the Collin's apple orchard.

"Whooie," says Pa, as we reach the top of the Collin's Hill. "I'm about winded. These old legs ain't good as they ust to be. But when it comes to a neighbor in distress, I've allus got to go." Pa pulls his red bandanna from his hip pocket and wipes the white streams of sweat from his beet-red face. He wrings the sweat from his red bandanna. He carries it in his hand for the sun to dry. I sling sweat from my forehead with my index finger. It leaves a little wet line across the dusty path.

"We'll soon be on Jake's place," says Pa. "Son, I just want you to look at Jake's farm. He's got the finest farm among the Plum Grove hills. If Jake is a fitified man, it would pay a lot more men at Plum Grove to be fitified. Jake Hunt is a good farmer and a good man. I can't believe all this I hear about Jake. We'll soon be at Jake's house. You be careful what you say. You let me do most of the talkin' until we see if it's the truth."

"All right, Pa."

Pa turns down the hill under the persimmon trees. I follow him down the little narrow path that is walled on each side by masses of wilted green-briar leaves, persimmon sprouts, and wilted sedge grass. The sweat streams from Pa's face. His brogan shoes kick up little clouds of dust along the path. Pa turns his head first right and then left. He spits bright amber on the wilted weeds.

"It's even too hot for a bird to fly," says Pa. "They are in the shade on a day like this takin' it easy. Guess we'll find Jake under the apple tree shade by the well box. That's where Jake allus hangs out on hot days."

We walk under a grove of wild plum trees. We reach the steps Jake has built over his fence. We see fields of grass and underbrushed wood's pasture now.

"Look what a farm, Son," says Pa. "He's even put steps over his fences where the paths lead up to them so the people can cross his fences. Look at his woods! There's not purtier woods around Plum Grove than Jake's woods. Yet, Gus Martin tells me Jake's off in the head."

We walk down the path under the underbrushed woods. We walk into a grass field. We see Jake's cattle standing under a shade tree in the middle of the grass field. We walk over another pair of steps and cross his meadow. We see Jake's big log shack at the foot of a hill. It is surrounded by locust trees.

"Look what a fine home Jake's got," says Pa. "Look how well he keeps it. I'll tell you there's a screw loose someplace. If Jake's gone a little batty somethin' powerful has had to happen to 'im."

We cross the bridge to the yard-palins. The wilted hollyhocks stand in rows along the fence. Jake's hound dogs sleep under the hollyhocks. They don't bark at us as we walk up to the gate. Jake's chickens wallow in dust piles in the middle of the road. Their tongues are out.

"Yander's Jake," says Pa. "As I expected, he's under the appletree shade by the well box."

"Howdy, Mick," says Jake. "You waked me up. I was about to take a nap o' sleep. Come on through the gate to the shade. Ain't no bitin' dogs around here."

"We'll be right in, Jake," says Pa.

Pa pushes the gate open. He holds the gate until I walk into the yard. The load of rusty plow points and rocks tied to a chain and fastened to the gate pulls it shut soon as we enter.

"This gate's a handy contraption," says Pa. "Think I'll fix my gate like this."

"Yeh, it's all right, Mick," says Jake. "How

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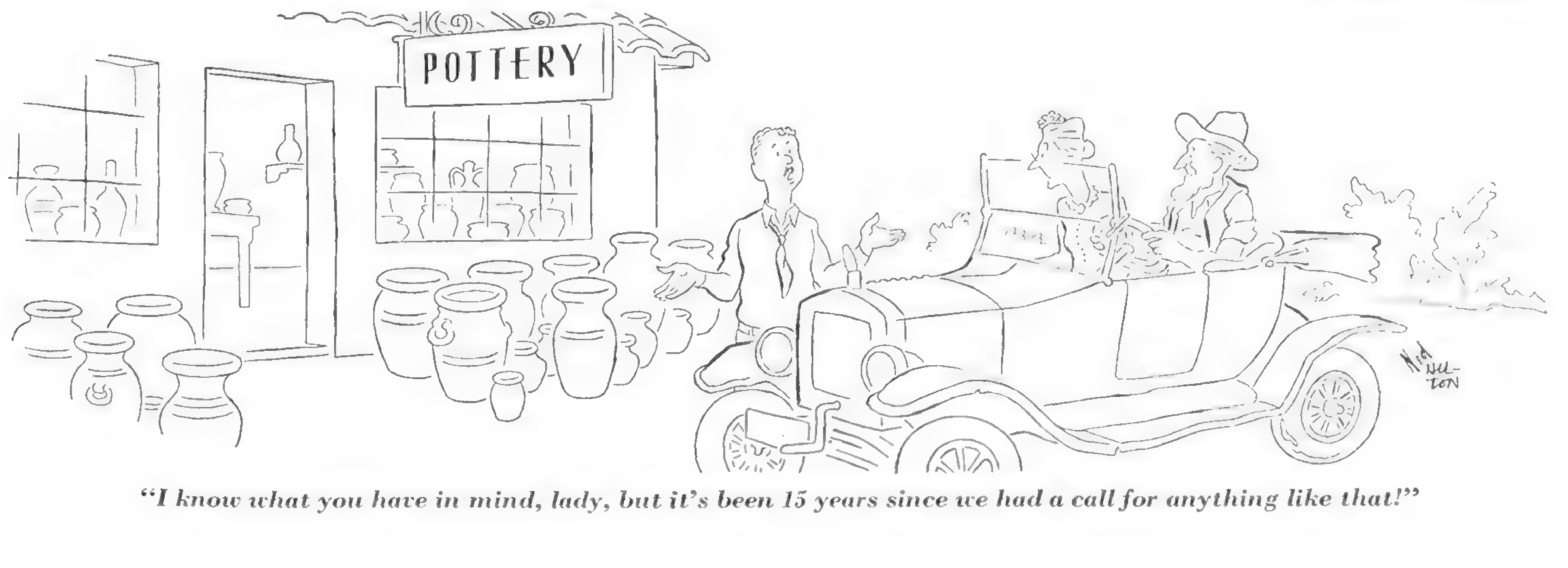


"I know what you have in mind, lady, but it's been 15 years since we had a call for anything like that!"

The Lighter Side

Downing a few at the Gentlemen's Club, Major Mawkley tells a strange story of Cinema Stahs and the Defense Ministreh

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

“Oltogetheh extrodinry chaps, the Amedicans,” the Earl was saying. “Had this fellah at the cahstle overnight, cahn't recoll his blahsted name. Fowler or Hathaway or Bartlett, something like that. Possessed impossible accent, veddy difficult to understand, reminded me of fahst yeah Greek. Came ovah on the Clippah to get away from his wife, a bit of a Xanthippe. Said he appreciated the quiet no end. Veddy cuddious sidelight upon the Amedican temperament, what?”

“Odd folk, the Amedicans. Ducedly odd,” Peterson-Jones commented.

“Odd ayn't the word fer it, milors.” Young Ransome refilled his mug of Stout. “Queer is wot I calls 'em. I knew an Amedican meself onct. 'Ad all sorts of brynes, figgered out a system to beat the 'orses. Driv us bookies summat barmy, 'e did. 'Ardly never picked a favor-ite. Finely one day the bobbies found the lad 'angin' by 'is neck from the bleedin' chandelier of 'is 'otel room. Never left no farewell note ner nothin'. I call that 'ardly proper, 'angin' one's self without leavin' no farewell note. It's ony an Amedican'd 'ang 'isself without leavin' no farewell note.”

“Ah, here's the major now,” said Peterson-Jones.

“Caddying on, I see,” observed Major Mawkley as he came over to join us at our table.

“Rahth-er!” Lord Broadknoll welcomed our old friend with a myopic twitch of his left eye. “You look done in, sah.”

It was early afternoon and we were downing a few as usual at the Gentlemen's Club in Twiddenham. The presence of the major completed the customary quorum—Ransome, our Epsom Downs bookie, Peterson-Jones, Lord Broadknoll, young fifth Earl of Chisham, Major Mawkley (that would be Sir Robert Mawkley, D.S.C., D.M., Ret., formerly attached to His Majesty's Secret Service and now a member of the faculty of the Military Intelligence Department), and myself. Mawkley, well-preserved for his years, was old-school, refusing to touch a drop of liquor before ten in the morning.

“Starved, litraleh starved,” the major murmured, sinking into a chair between the Earl and myself. “I say, do you mind awfulleh if I take luncheon now?”

“Not at oll,” said one.

“Hardleh,” murmured another.

Mawkley ordered a half-tin of soda biscuits and a bottle of spirits, his invariable midday meal. “Beastleh expiddience, positiveleh beastleh. Simply cahn't imagine what's got into the Defense Ministreh. Blahsted motion pictchahs.”

“Don't follah you, Mawkleh, old boy,” muttered His Lordship.

“Motion pictchahs. Amedican slang. Cahn't avoid it, Amedican slang. Hear it on oll sides. Should say the cinema.”

“Oltogetheh extrodinry chaps, the Amedicans,” Lord Broadknoll repeated. “Had this fellah at the cahstle—” He intended to rehearse the story of the American who came to battle-scarred London to get away from his wife, but Peterson-Jones interrupted.

“I say, what about this beastleh expiddience with the Defense Ministreh?”

“Eh?”

“Something about the cinema.”

“Colossalleh absurd expiddience. Simpleh cahn't imagine what possesses the Defense Ministreh. Don't object to any reasonable expediment to step up the Woah effart. Do say that when Militreh Intelligence enlists sarvices of cinema playahs, expediment is being caddied too far.”

“Like to diffah, old chap,” said Peterson-Jones. “Cahn't overestimate the importance of the film drama as medium of propagandah.”

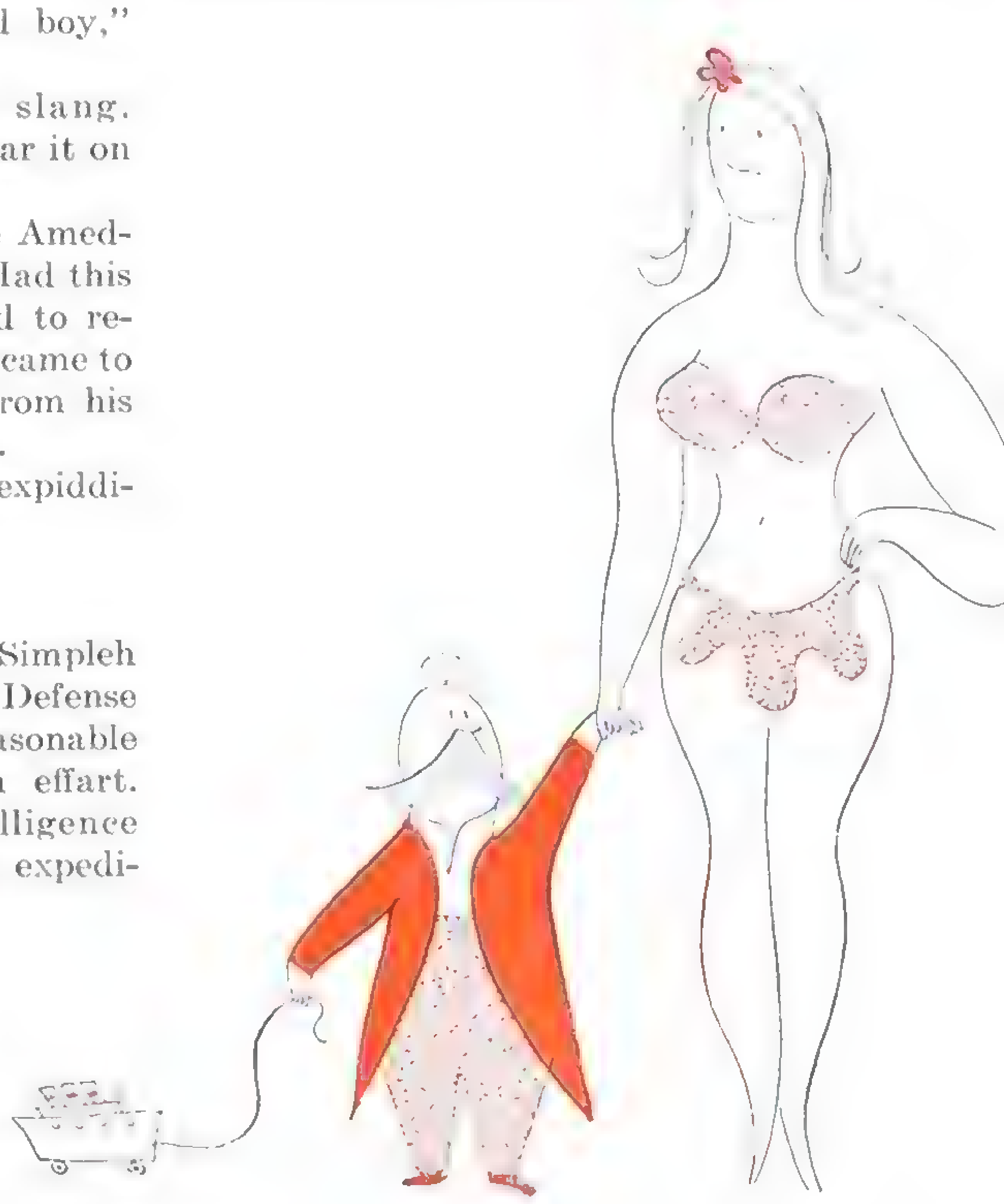
“Don't be an uttah ahss!” the Major exclaimed, spraying his favorite Highland with a faint mist of Vichy. “Not referring to propagandah. Propagandah's oll veddy well in its place. Talking of cinema playahs. Motion pictchah stahs, in the jargon of Hollywood. Odors of the Defense Ministreh assigning two well-known playahs to the Militreh Intelligence faculteh.” It should perhaps be explained at this point that Sir Robert had done active duty in the previous war as a secret service agent. Lately he'd been returned to uniform in an advisory capacity with the M. I. D., whose graduating classes of spies it was the major's duty to address. An old soldier of Mawkley's stripe was by no means content with the superficial role the Ministry had seen fit to cast him in.

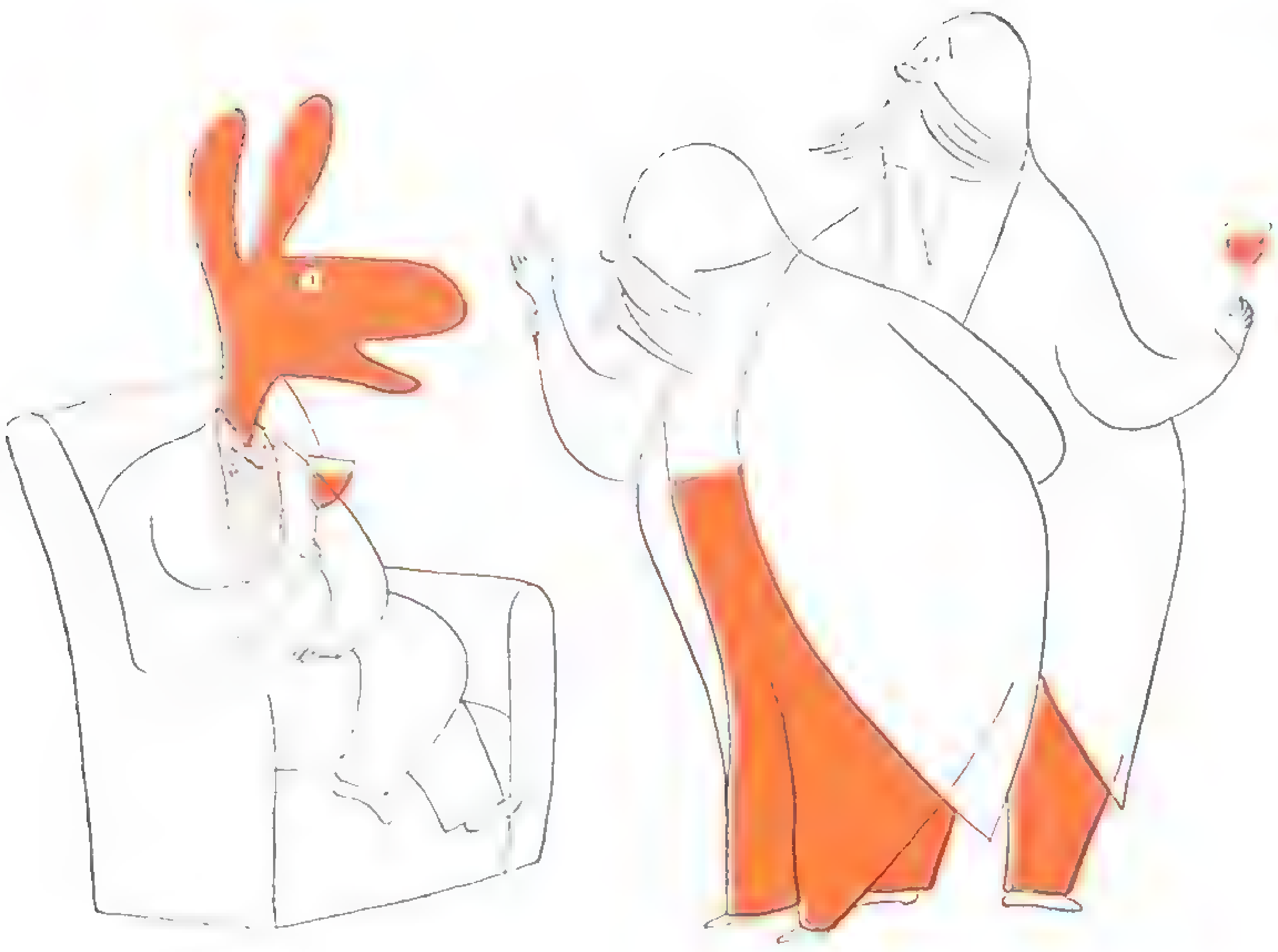
“I say, I'm a bit pipped on oll this,” the Earl complained. “Cinema stahs, motion pictchahs, Defense Ministreh, etcetra. Makes the head wharl. Deuced complicated business, Mawkleh. What's it oll about?”

“Invasion. Indirectleh so. Intelligence officers possibleh in greatah demahnd than aviatahs. Espionage in Frahnce and coastal towns frightfulleh necessady to effective defense against invasion. Nothing extrodinry there. No state secret. One reads about it in the *Times* every day.”

“Glahnce at the *Times* religiousleh most mornin's,” Lord Broadknoll muttered. “Can't say that I follah you, though.”

Peterson-Jones, exhibiting a tendency toward apoplexy at the manner in which Mawkley insisted on telling his story, grew slightly red around the temples. “Patience, me lord,”





he said, speaking to the Earl. "Praps oll in good time the majah will condescend to reveal what cinema stars have to do with espionage in Frahnce."

The irony was not lost on Sir Robert. He remained undeterred, however, in his leisurely exposition of the subject. "Silly ahss, this Aubrey Revere," the major went on. "Frightfulleh prone to oll sorts of mannahisms. Strikes poses. Caddies self-assurance to sickening lengths."

"Not Aubrey Revere, the film chap?" young Ransome inquired.

"Preciseleh. As for the gull, I will not contend that she doesn't possess a kind of sinistah beauteh adapted to the role of intelligence wark. Elizabeth Brent. Rahthah well-known, they say, amongst cinema audyences. Think the entah thiddy preposterous, nevertheless."

"Blahst my soul, Sir Robert, you cahn't expect us to guess what you're talking about!" exclaimed Peterson-Jones. "Ahfter oll, we're not clairvoyant. To what thiddy are you alluding?"

"You know Colonel Sir Osbert Kivington-Snide, of course—Officer Commahnding, M. I. D.," continued the major. " 'Mawkleh,' he said, 'there's a frightfulleh important bit of wark to be done, and I've a notion you're preciseleh the fellah to take it on.' Naturalleh I fahncied he meant to despatch me to Oslo or Basle on some ticklish espionage assignment. Thought he no doubt recolled the business of Herr von Brauburg and the poisoned tea, you know. Went on to tell me about the enormous demahnd for spies, absoluteleh necessady to effective defense against invasion, the sort of thing one sees in the *Times* every day."

"Yes, yes. We read the *Times*," cried Peterson-Jones, whose blood pressure was mounting with every sentence Sir Robert spoke. "What about Colonel Kivington-Snide?"

" 'I'm quite farmleh aware of the importance of odors,' " I observed to Sir Osbert when he concluded with an explanation of the natchah of my assignment. 'Howeveh, I cannot remain loyal to my conscience and refrain from protesting against the wisdom of the procedure.' 'The mattah is quite out of my hands, Mawkleh,' Sir Osbert replod. 'The Empah trembles in the balance, as it ware. Can't stop to question odors, especialleh those odors promulgated by the Defense Ministreh itself. You are to place yourself undah the parsonal supervision of Miss Brent and Mr. Revere until further notice,' he added. 'Caddy on, Majah.' There was but one thing for me to say in the sarcumstinces. 'Veddy good, sah,' I said."

Peterson-Jones, no doubt recalling his hunting expeditions to Africa, thought he would sneak up on his quarry from another quarter and catch him napping. "And just what was the natchah of the assignment, Majah?" he inquired with disarming affability.

"Aubrey Revere," Sir Robert replied. "The veddy name reeks of theatrical vulgadditeh. One has a blahsted woah on one's hands, howeveh, and so one's dutch to one's countreh compels one to caddy on. The chap began striking attitudes the moment we'd bean introduced. 'Of course you've seen me in *Secret Agent*, Majah?' 'Don't follah the films, sah. Soddy,' I told him. 'I say, you cahn't mean to stand there and admit you've nevah witnessed my greatest cinema triumph, *The Son of Mata Hari?*' he demanded incredulousleh. 'Soddy,' I said, 'but I'd not even bean aware that Mata Hari had a son, sah.' The silly ahss shook his head. 'I can see we're going to get on swell,' he marmured sarcasticalleh."

Lord Broadknoll came to life. "By Jove! That's it!" he exclaimed. "The veddy wad. Most extrodinry coincidence. He said it was swell to have a hollyday away from his bettah half. The Amedican."

"Hear it on oll sides, Amedican slang," sighed Sir Robert.

"Went twoice on two seperit occasions, milors. Once wiv me ole lydy and once wiv the younguns," Ransome volunteered. " 'Arf the time me 'eart was in me throat and the other 'arf twas doen in me boots. A grippin' ply no end."

"Saw what?" said Lord Broadknoll.

"*The Son of Mata Hari*, wiv this 'ere Aubrey Revere and Elizabeth Brent. She finally escyped in the end and 'e got 'ooked up wiv 'er. That was the part me missus went barmy over."

"Openmindedness has always appealed to me as a considerable vartue," Sir Robert continued undisturbed. "Howeveh, expediment can be caddied too far, oltogetheh too far. Bean engaged in wark of this sort a thard of a centureh. Dislike the thought of making ahsses of ourselves with Hitlah's chaps."

"Ah." Peterson-Jones had not yet given up but from all appearances he was considerably stunned. "Ah, Hitlah's chaps. Preciseleh."

"Quite. One loses face with fellahs like that and where is one?"

"Well, where is one?" Peterson-Jones inquired hopelessly.

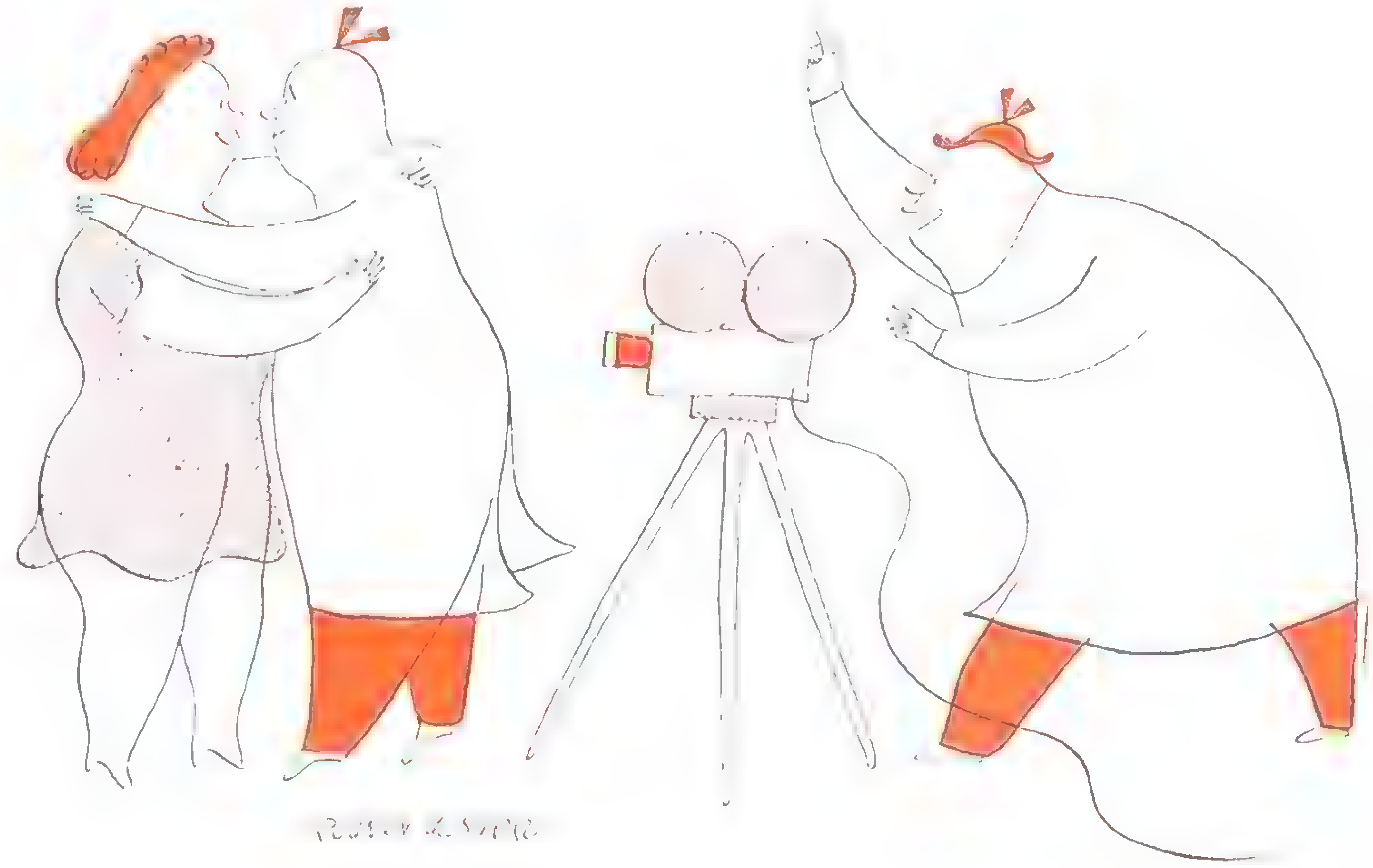
"One is exactleh where one is ahftah one has undergone an absurd expiddience. 'Fahst,' said Revere in his address before the membahs of the graduating clahss of spies, 'fahst I should like to introduce my co-instructah, or co-instructress I should say, Miss Elizabeth Brent.' The earnest young students went oltogetheh mad, stamping and applauding and shouting *He-ah, he-ah!* This pompous Revere mummah went on with his fatuous drivil, explaining that they had bean assigned by the Defense Ministreh to instruct the student spies in the art of histrionics."

Major Mawkley nibbled the edge of a soda biscuit, washing it down with a fresh tumbler of Highland. "Then they both demonstrated the idea by playing vaddious scenes from spy dramas in which they had acted leading roles. Finalleh, for homewark, they assigned to each espionage student similar roles to be studied and acted in preparation for the vahst activitehs taking place in the Channel ports."

Mawkley paused to glance around at his audience. "More than tharteh yeahs of expiddience as a soldiah, gentlemen, but nevah have I bean subjected to such an imposition!" he concluded as he drew an envelope from his tunic and slapped it on the tablecloth none too gently.

A little strange smile had lifted the corners of Peterson-Jones's lips. He studied the short legend typed on the envelope. It read, "Official War Business." "And this?" he inquired.

"This," exploded the major, "is a scene from *The Son of Mata Hari*, which I have bean ordored to memorize and act out, sah, in tomorrow's clahss." #



Manners for Motorists

Driving etiquette, like the technique of a good surgeon, consists in doing the right thing before it's too late

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

It is high time there was a handbook on manners for the road. But it is doubtful if any such lexicon can ever be satisfactorily compiled, if for no other reason than (as the old bromide has it) that one man's Mede will invariably be another man's Persian. And for another, fashions in manners, like fashions in love and fashions in women, change from day to day—and with latitude and longitude.

Time was when the dumbbell curvings of Miss Lillian Russell symbolized the peak of female perfection; and at the same time, the idea of "You first, Alphonse," represented the zenith of social courtesy. But now that torso ideals have slimmed down to the svelte standards of Miss Marlene Dietrich, manners have followed apace. And bowing and scraping, or anything else that interferes with efficiency of movement, are definitely out.

Now the greatest sin in today's driving is yesterday's politeness. And the random survivals of Victorian manners are an even greater menace to the public weal than Victorian furniture. Good taste today, on the road as elsewhere, calls for an economy of means: directness, functional simplicity, common sense. La-de-da gesture has about as much place in traffic as a Southern senator's peroration in the style of William Jennings Bryan has on the floor, while bombs drop, and rose leaves die of grieving.

Take another parallel—in surgery. Suppose Hedy Lamarr were on the operating table, having, let us say, an acute case of appendicitis. Minutes count. Would it be in better taste for the surgeon to bow and scrape, talk impersonally about the weather, and pretend not to look at the patient's soft, smooth, naked stomach? Or to say, instanter, "Scalpel!"—and forthwith and without ceremony cut sharp, deep, and straight?

Good driving manners, it seems to this column, are the manners of a surgeon at work. They hinge on knowing what to do, at every octane-inspired moment—and doing it. Their charm grows out of function, not front.

For the technically inclined, we can boil this down to a formula:

$$\text{Good Motoring Manners} = \text{Maximum Pleasure} + \text{Maximum Speed} = \frac{I}{S \times R \times Q}$$

where I is your extended imagination; S, the stupidity of other people; R, the condition of the road; and Q, your own latent criminal instincts—the sort of thing that makes you want to run down anybody that gets in your way, and then eat the body. (Nausea at the sight of an accident is probably your way of hiding this impulse from yourself.)

You remember, of course, W. C. Field's stunt in the old movie, *If I Had a Million*: he bought himself a fleet of jaloppies and used them, like battering rams, to force everybody else into the ditch. This is a perfect illustration of the Q in the formula—something that something has to be done about.

The conscious cultivation of good motoring manners calls for as much awareness as possible to the fine uses of the I in the formula: and involves the socializing to as great an extent as possible of your Q.

R, the condition of the road, you can forget about. Good motoring manners can scarcely expect you to get out, set up a "Men Working" sign, and re-asphalt the highway.

In a little tome entitled *The Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Morals*, a complicated German once wrote that the foundation of ethics was "to act in such a way that everything you did could be taken as the illustration of a general law." Or, as Louis XIV put it, "The State, he is I." The most general maxim for motoring manners is this. Before doing anything on the road, ask yourself what would happen if everyone did the same thing: would there be an epidemic of orgies, bacchanals, and saturnalia—a most luxurious state of affairs: or would there be an endless series of two-ton trucks playing leap frog over an endless series of cars with locked bumpers?

* * *

Suppose we look, for the nonce, at some of the great offenders against motoring taste:

First come the gentle ladies and congenitally cautious men who stop for a shadow, bow for a dime, and stymie two miles of Sunday traffic—just so.

How often do you find yourself corralled by just such an old lady (sex immaterial), whose real place is at home, waiting for the enemy bombs. She creeps, she crawls, she weaves and she wiggles. You would think that she was, for all the world, back on the handlebars of General Stonewall Jackson's old bicycle. And as you spurt past her, in desperation, and crash head on with an oncoming Diesel truck, it is little consolation to say to yourself, "She was a nice old lady, who probably put up the best Palmetto heart pickles in the Carolina Low Country." You also wonder, wistfully, why so many people put up a howl when enemy planes bomb the old women and children.

Drivers like these are usually veteran weavers. They cut a path down the road that makes a stream of confetti look like a straight edge certified by the Bureau of Standards. If two of them could run side by side, with wool tied to their bumpers, they would probably knit ten sweaters per mile.

They are nice people, of course. Their manners are wonderful behind a tea cup: but behind a steering wheel they can't hold a candle to the courtesy of the toughest palooka hacking a broken down jaloppy.

The same thing goes for the glaring light

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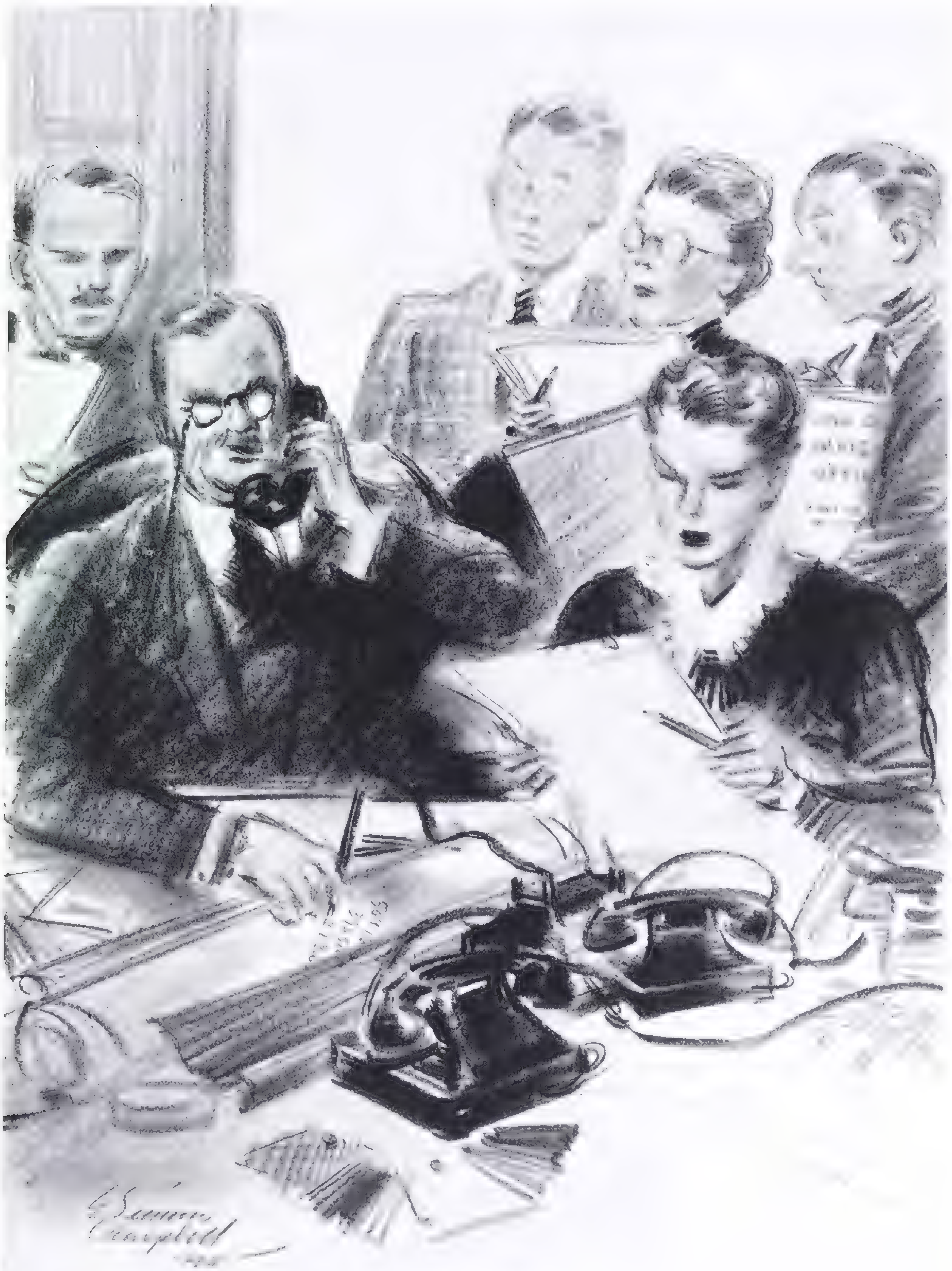

"Hello, dear—there's a young man down here who claims to be our son home from college—come down and identify him will you?"

The Winnah—and Still Champion

Though the press tries to make the fights interesting, every boxer's a bum against Joe Louis

by CURT RIESS

• SPORTS •

It will be starting any day now. Any moment, almost. Weather permitting, and if Joe Louis doesn't join the army or Hitler doesn't invade this hemisphere, nothing will prevent it from breaking out. I mean, of course, the great crusade of our newspapers and other means of communication in behalf of the fight between Billy Conn and Joe Louis, which will be fought for the heavyweight championship of the world late in June. People like me, with a serious interest in sports, will be incommunicado, trying desperately to keep up with the amount of written and radioed words on each of the contestants. That is why I want to have my little say right now before the deluge.

I want to say what I think, because a few days from now I probably won't be able to hear my own voice any more. So here goes:

Billy Conn is a wonderful boxer. He has courage, he is cunning, he has the most beautiful left in the game, he can take a lot of punches, and if he doesn't want to be hit, he is hard to hit. But he is a boxer and not a puncher. And he is and always will be a light-heavyweight, no matter how hard his handlers try to feed him into a heavyweight. He has beaten lots of second-rate heavyweights and I guess he could beat any heavyweight with the possible exception of Max Baer. And Joe Louis, of course. No, I don't think he could ever beat Joe Louis. No first-class light-heavyweight could ever beat a first-class heavyweight. They just don't have the punch. Take Georges Carpentier's performance against Dempsey, for instance. The trouble with light-heavies is that they really can't hurt the other fellow, no matter how hard they try. But Joe Louis will hurt Billy Conn, and hurt him plenty. And he may hurt him so much that Billy Conn will never be quite the same afterward.

I know that two weeks from now I won't have the same opinion any more. In those two weeks I will read hundreds of thousands of words about the punch Billy Conn has acquired, about the wonderful right cross that puts all his sparring partners to sleep. And I will have read also that Joe Louis isn't so hot in training, that he's kind of sluggish, that his managers—hush, hush!—are desperate because he just doesn't give a damn what they say. That Sparring Partner Soandso, who has a good left jab, makes him look silly. And so on and so on.

Personally, I don't think it's very nice of the gentlemen of the press to write such nasty things about Mr. Joe Louis. After all, he is really an answer to a journalist's prayers. If memory serves, it was Mr. Kieran of the *New York Times*, who once saw fit to print that Joe Louis was a first-edition fighter—meaning that he got through so fast with his performance that they could print the story of the whole fight in the first edition, which of course pleases newspaper men no end. So you'd really think they would be kind to a guy to whom they owe so many hours of sleep, and who, as his record of first-round knockouts shows, has almost never disappointed them.

Strangely enough, when the journalists make somber predictions about what will become of Joe Louis in his next fight, they are really protecting his own interests, at least his financial interests. And in a way, of course, they are protecting the financial interests of Mr. Mike Jacobs, too.

Mr. Jacobs, as everyone probably knows, is a promoter and a damned good promoter at that, who possesses, among other earthly goods, a contract for the exclusive services of Joe Louis. Mr. Jacobs never pretended to be in the boxing business because this strange, tough and rugged atmosphere fascinated him. It's dollars that fascinate him. And the more there are, the more he is fascinated.

Some years ago Mr. Mike Jacobs published a rating of boxers which, in my opinion, is one of his greatest accomplishments. Leaving the involved question of who boxed better than whom to the struggling newspaper men, he grandly proceeded to rank the most important boxers according to their drawing power at the box office. Number 1, needless to say, was Joe Louis, who, Mr. Jacobs predicted, was in his eyes a one million dollar attraction: a fact known to everybody today—but at that time a remarkable piece of prophecy. Unfortunately, and no one regretted that more than Mr. Jacobs himself, there wasn't anybody who approached Joe Louis. Max Baer, for instance, could at that time be rated only as a two-hundred-and-fifty to three-hundred-thousand dollar attraction. Not to speak of the light-heavyweight champion, John Henry Lewis, who didn't rate more than a measly thirty thousand.

It goes without saying that Mr. Mike Jacobs wanted to do everything in his power, and will go on wanting, to prove to himself and the United States income tax officials that Joe Louis really is the one million dollar attraction. To this end, he has to promote fights with Joe Louis. Contrary to the tradition established by Tex Rickard, that a heavyweight champion shouldn't be seen too often, if at all, in the ring, Jacobs adheres to the theory of big turnover and small profits. Only last December he told the press, "If it could be done, I'd like to promote Joe Louis once a month." And then he added regretfully, "But of course he must have some vacation, too."

So far Mr. Jacobs kept the schedule admirably, and Joe Louis helped some, too, by knocking out Messrs. Red Burman, Gus Dorazio and Abe Simon, et al. After those three workouts—except for the Abe Simon fight in Detroit,

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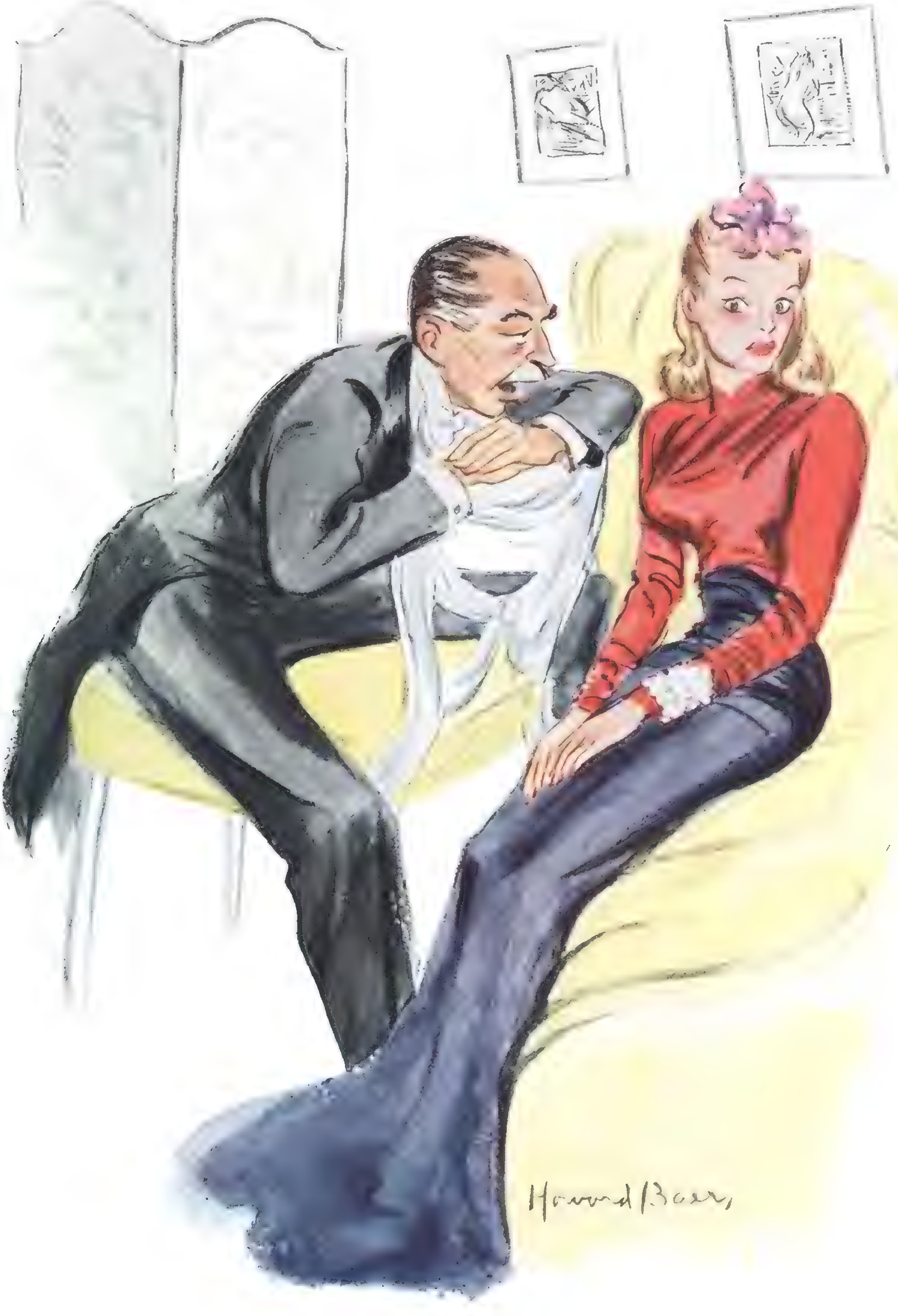
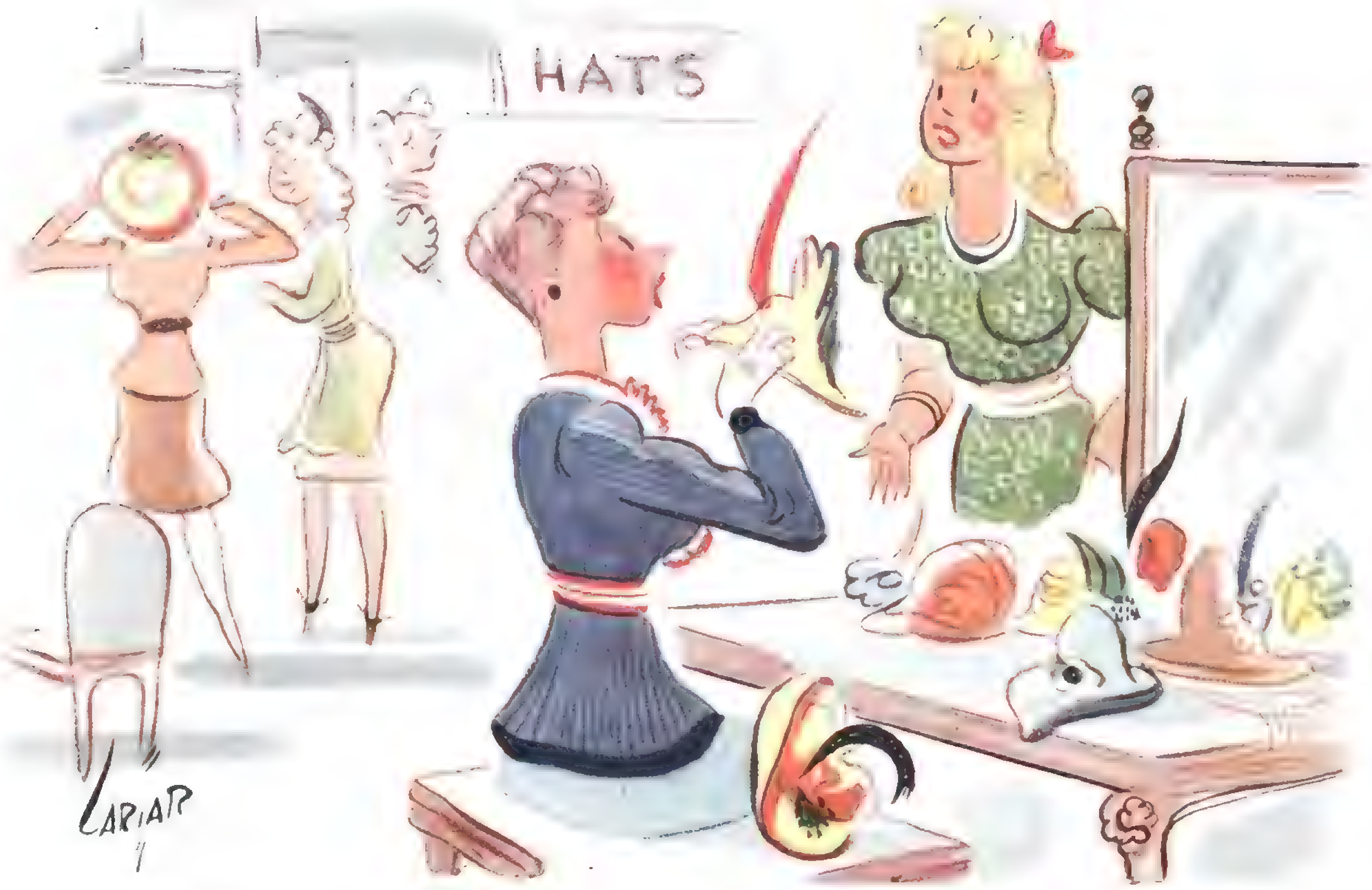
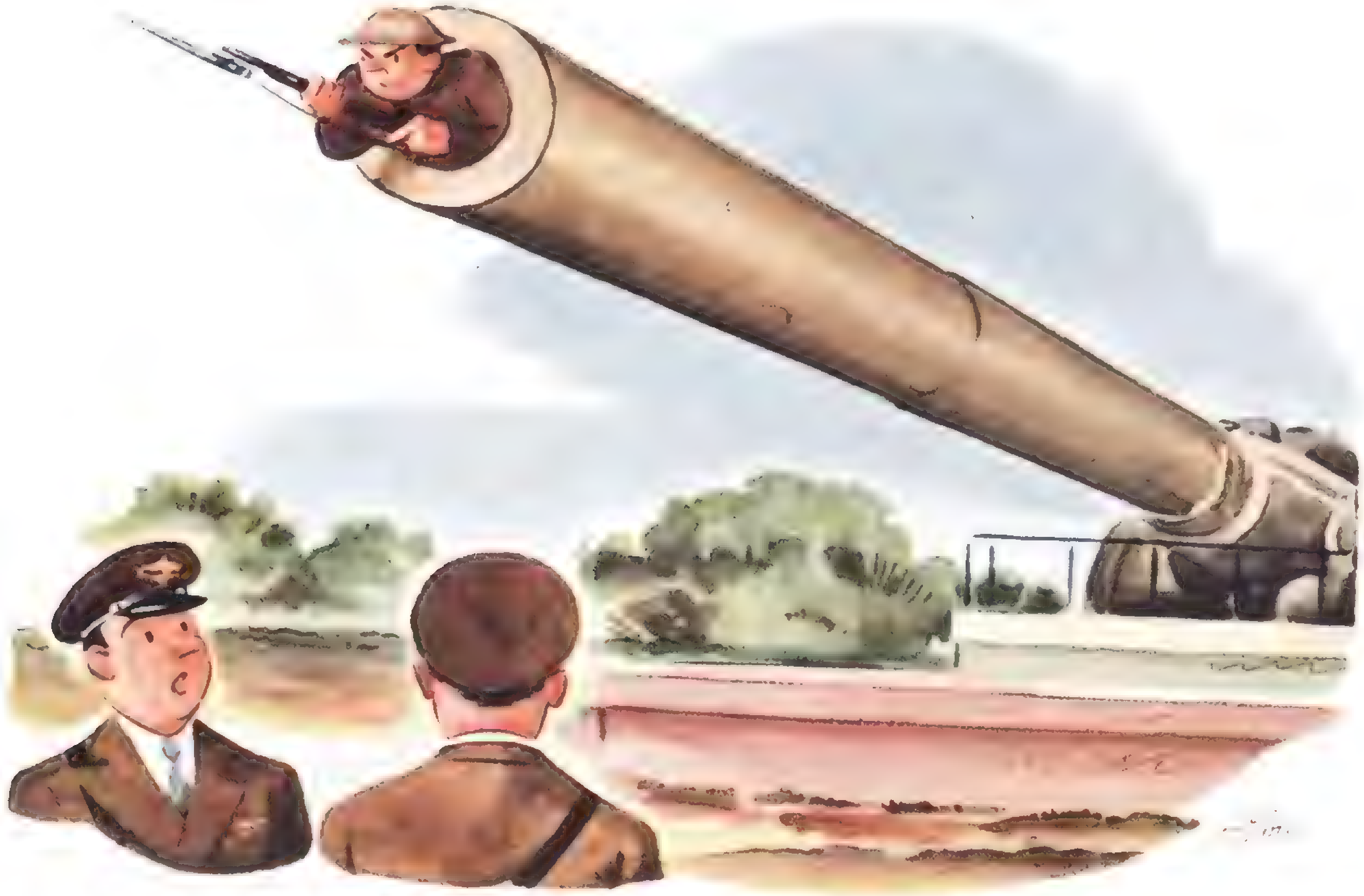
"My last prospect sold me a quarter's worth of home made fudge!"


Howard Baer

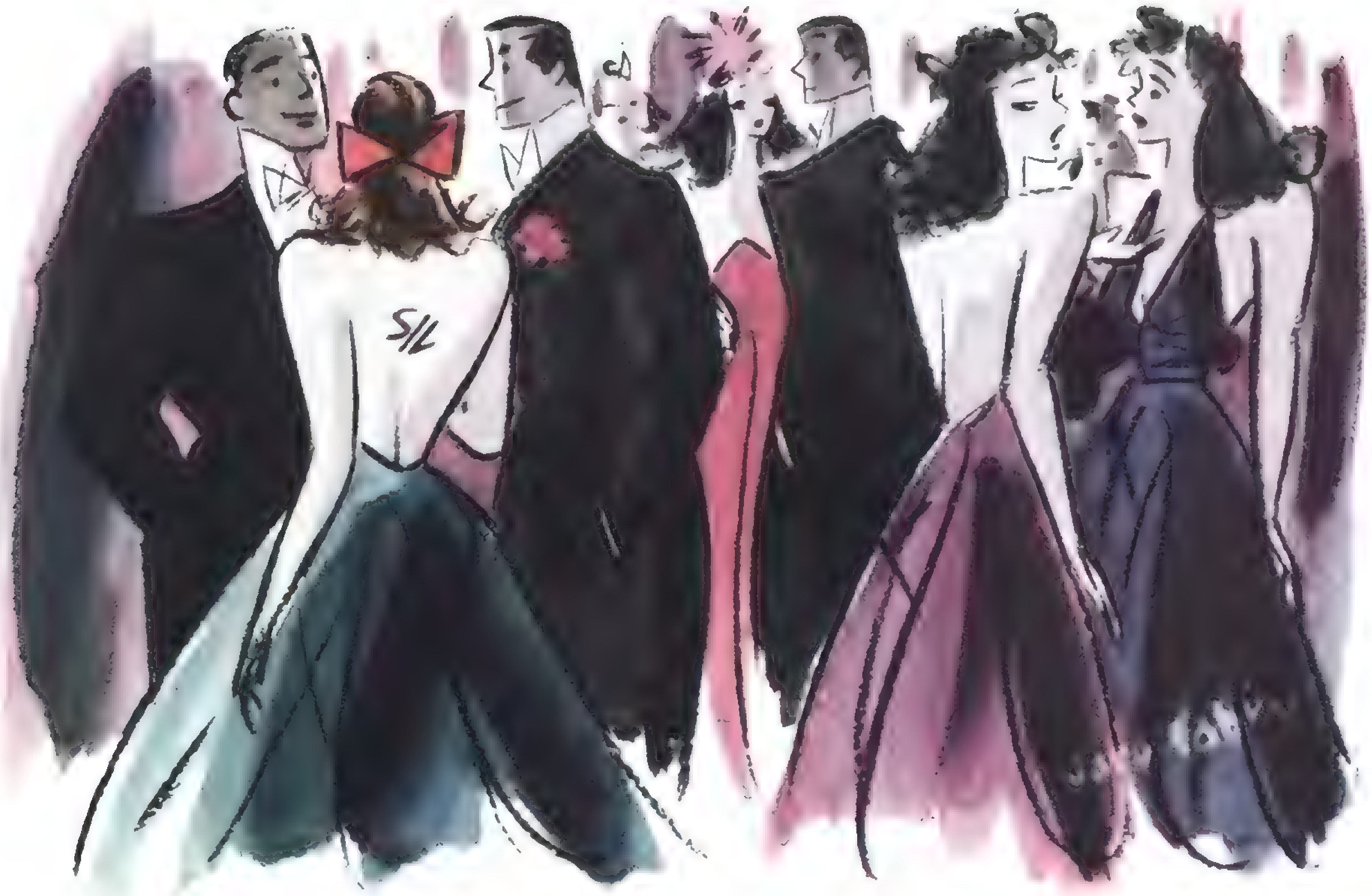
"But Miss Wiggins, just how did you think little girls got to be movie stars?"



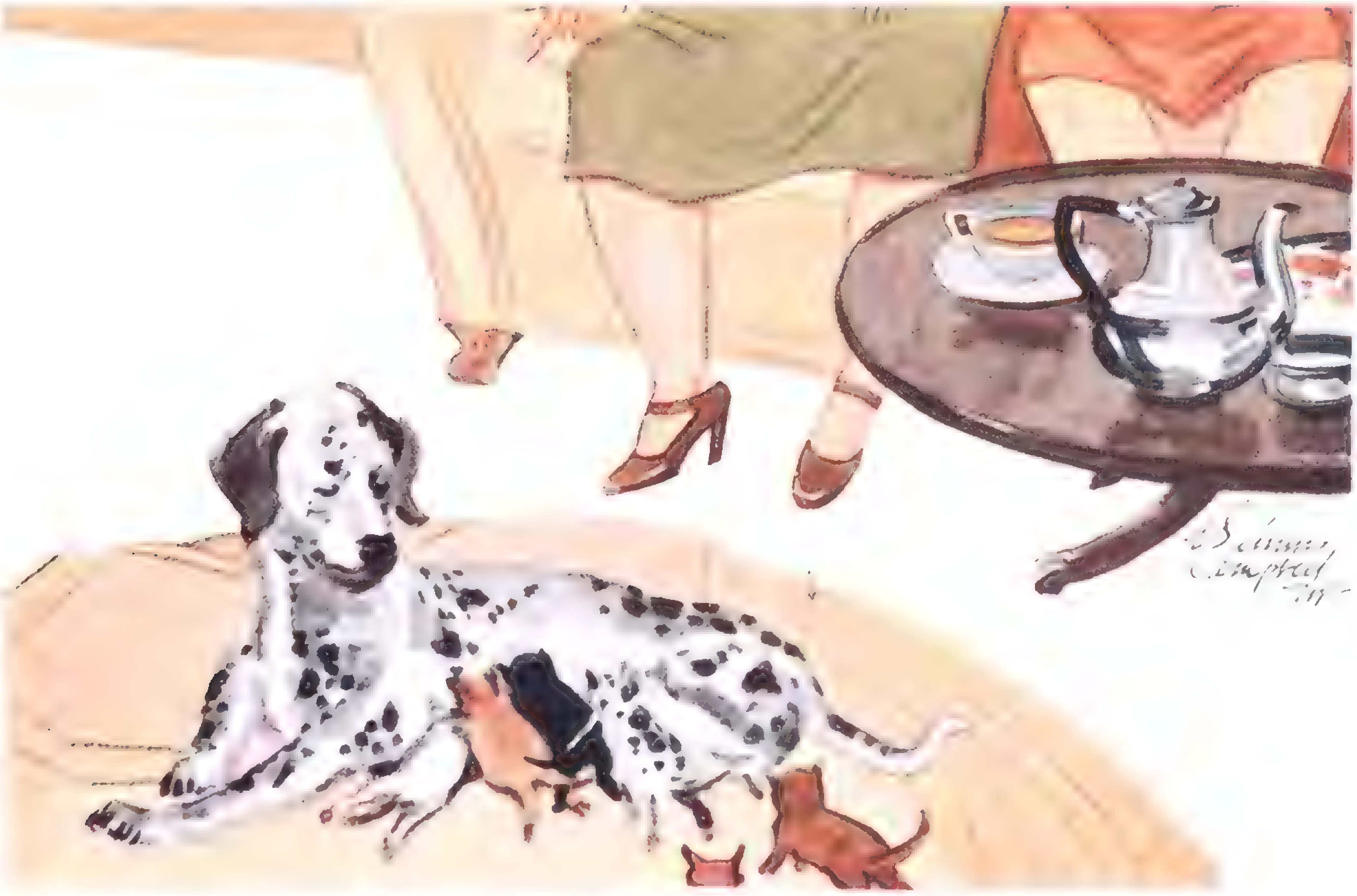
"Please, madam, decide which one you want—while they're still in style!"



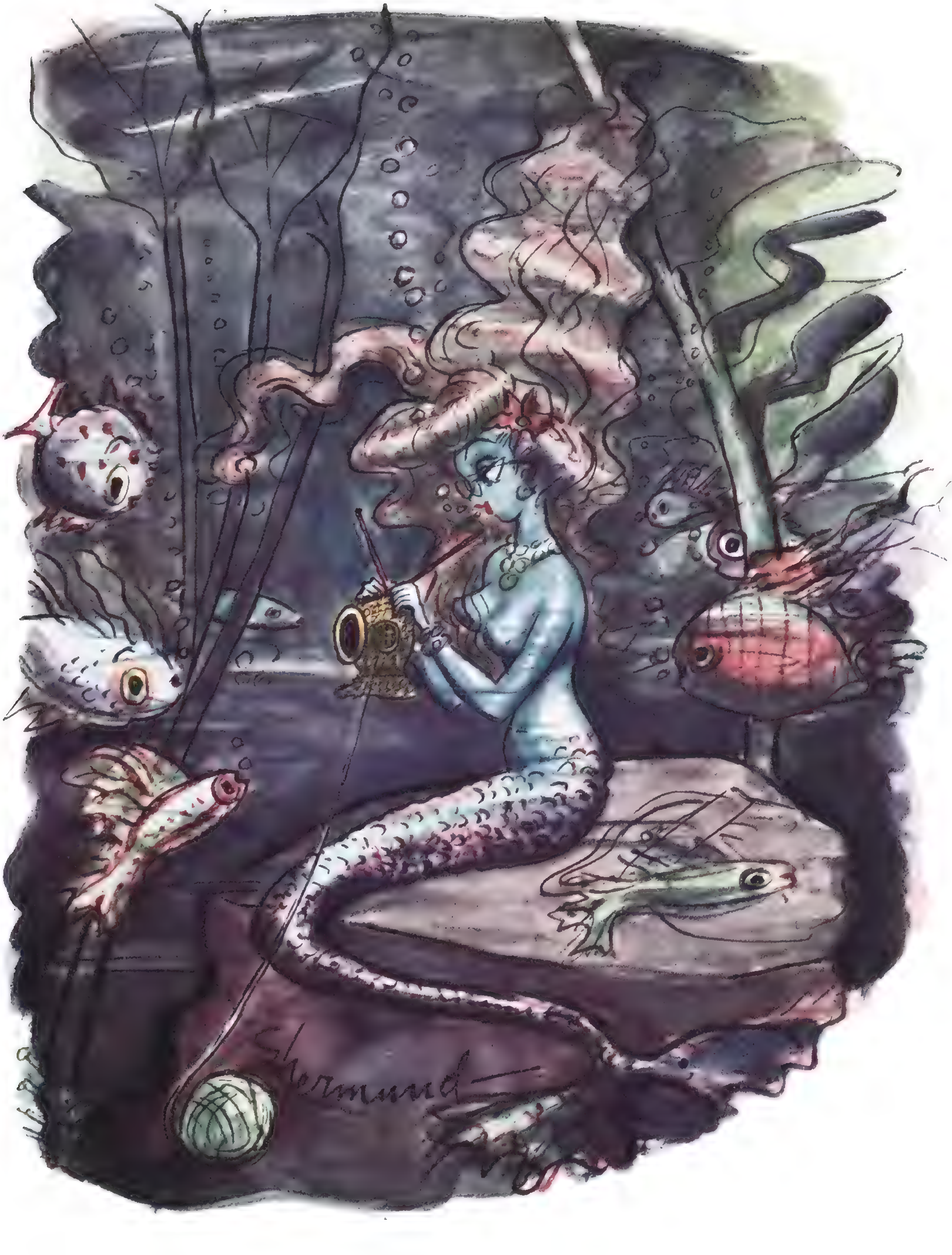
"He says that dropping soldiers in parachutes is sissy stuff!"



"I understand she's become engaged to some cattle baron"



"For a dog she certainly goes places and does things"


Shermund

The Simple Game Called Golf

Here's a complimentary golf lesson you can take outdoors or in—anywhere there's room to swing a club

by EDDIE LOOS

• SPORTS •

TWENTY years ago I was making a lot of wins. Preparation for a tournament consisted in showing up on the first tee at starting time—asking the caddie where the pin was and shooting for it. If the result wasn't par or better, it was cause for complaint.

In the usual course of things this would have led to a tournament career—chasing the purses here and there, wherever there was money in sight.

However, I had a piece of luck—real luck. A certain member of my club for whose knowledge of golf as well as business judgment, I had great respect, gave me some advice. I'll never forget that day—it was a slack morning when he called me in the grill—sat me down and proceeded to deliver a lecture something like this, as I remember it:

"Eddie," he said, "you're a fine golfer and have a first-rate chance to become a national figure in tournament golf. If you decide to go this road you may go far but you won't go long—because the new crop of players is always coming along and by ten years at the most, you'll be one of the 'has beens'—all through.

"But—if you've the moral courage to give up the galleries and the excitement and the flattery, settle down—take care of your club members and really study the teaching of golf—well—you'll still be going up at fifty—instead of through at thirty."

I thought this over carefully. You can't be a par breaker and a conscientious teacher at the same time—or so I thought then. (We pros used to consider pupils' faults contagious—you'd likely catch them while you were correcting.)

This man had my respect. I made a decision—to follow his advice. And what is more, I have never regretted my action.

After five years of teaching—with Loos studying harder than his pupils—I had the temerity to write a rather extended series of articles on the subject for the *American Golfer*. Grantland Rice was more than kind in his comment.

These articles are in front of me now. I have been reading them over.

The brashness—the confidence of youth! There are only two of the articles in the whole series with which I agree today. One is on the "Speed Area"—that part of the lower swing where the club meets the ball. The other is the article on Mental Attitude in Golf. Those two still hold.

Not that my statements were wrong. They were all right but like a lot of brother pros, I dissected too much—complicated instead of simplifying.

My idea is very different today.

Golf is simple. It is just one big "DO"—and no "DON'TS." And if you follow the "DO" there are no "DON'TS." Today I so instruct my pupils that they think of only one thing. And when they swing, they are thinking as I think—and swinging as I swing as a result.

And I'm proud of my pupils. They swing like golfers and they hit the ball sweet and true—not like automatons—or people trying to think of ten things at once.

Everything has to have a beginning. This matter of simplifying golf started when I was witness in a lawsuit. I knew the facts—all the facts—about the case and they were so simple I could have written them down almost on a visiting card.

By the time the court session was ended, three days had passed and so many words had flowed under the dam that I didn't know whether I was afoot or horseback.

I was lost in amazement and admiration at the cleverness of learned counsel for both sides. But back in my mind germinated a thought, struggling for expression. Finally it came out.

The court proceedings—the avalanche of words—had made a simple matter seem complicated. And then it dawned on me! That was just what I and every other pro was doing in golf instruction—making a thing really simple *seem* complicated and difficult to the student. Too much instruction—too much placing of hands and feet—too many things to remember during an act which only takes a split second to accomplish—too many words.

I didn't think of all these things myself when I hit a ball. I couldn't. Why should I expect my pupils to do what I could not and did not do?

And that started me on the new idea—simplification.

My first clue came when I read about Ernest Jones in England—back from the wars with his right leg amputated above the knee—and shooting in the seventies on a hard course—with one leg.

The obvious answer was "balance." But that didn't satisfy me. I went out in a quiet corner and tried taking full swings standing on one leg. And I made a discovery—a big one.

Just so long as I LET THE CLUB SWING ME, I hit the ball and was in perfect balance without thinking about it.

The moment I tried to force the action of swinging the club, I couldn't keep in balance.

And—with some modifications and amplifications that is all there is to it—let the club swing you—that's the feeling at any rate.

Today Ernest Jones and I are following the same principle of instruction. He says it one way and I say it another but we're driving at the same effect.

My associate, Angel de LaTorre, (who was with Ernest Jones before he went to the country club at Madrid, Spain) has still an-

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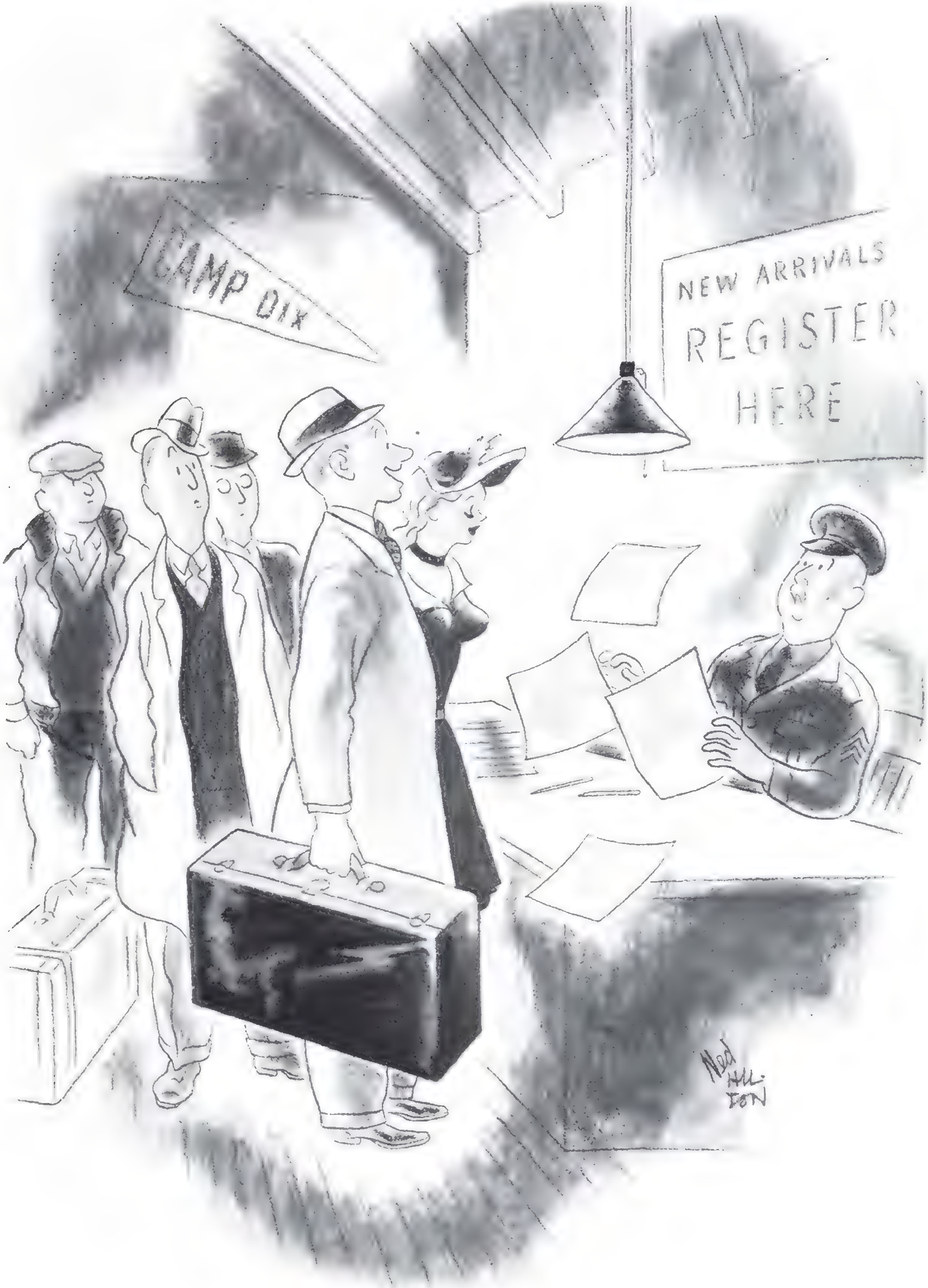
"Let's operate—what have we got to lose?"


CAMP DIX
NEW ARRIVALS
REGISTER
HERE
Ned Hilton

"Oh, you don't have to worry about her, sir—I promise you she won't be one bit of trouble"

Once a Cowboy

He liked to think what might have happened had he gone the other way, stayed on the ranch

by ERIC HOWARD

• FICTION •

I GOT into the barber's chair. My regular barber was out to lunch, a new man stood behind the number one chair. I was in a hurry.

"Cut it short, this time," I said. "I'm going away for a month or two, and where I'm going there won't be any barbers."

"Where's that?" he inquired amiably.

I glanced at him. He was a tall, strongly built man of about forty. He had put on weight, but he looked young and fit. He had curly chestnut hair with a little gray in it, gray eyes, a good-natured smile.

"Nevada," I said. "The wide open spaces, where it's a hundred miles between towns, fifty miles between a windmill and a mine shaft. Cow country, in spite of a dry range. I'm going to spend a month on a ranch a friend of mine owns—maybe longer. And I don't want a cowpoke haircut while I'm there."

He laughed pleasantly.

"I'd like to go along," he said. After a pause, he added, "That's how I got my start, cuttin' hair on the ranch. Twenty years ago. I guess I had a kind of knack for it. But I sure wish I'd never sent off to the mail order house for that set of barber tools. Man, that ruined me!"

"How come?" I asked idly.

"Oh, I guess I've got no big kick coming," he said. "I've worked all over—in some of the biggest shops, too. Palace Hotel, San Francisco. At Del Monte. In Hollywood. All around. I'm only here because I bought a house here last month. I'm going into partnership with Johnny. I think we'll make this a pretty good shop—as barber shops go. But there's nothing in the barber business. And I've been at it so long it's too late to change. Anyway, what would I change to? Nothing else is much better, these days."

He went to work. He didn't say any more for a while. But when he started to talk, quietly, in a sort of drawl, he wasn't talking to me so much as he was to himself . . . remembering things, looking back at a crossroad in his life, wondering why he had taken one way instead of the other. There was no bitterness in his speech, just casual, resigned contemplation. He regarded himself as a failure, he saw the future as dull and uninviting; but he wasn't angry about it. He was acceptant.

"I was just a button," he said, "when I went to work for old man Jackson, down in Texas. I rode down out of the hills, where my dad had a dry little old claim. There was too many of us, and I was sixteen. I rode out on a half-starved little old broomtail and landed at old man Jackson's ranch. I was half-starved myself. We didn't get much to eat up in the hills. I stopped off there to get a meal—in those days, a rider could stop and eat anywhere. Everybody was welcome.

"Old man Jackson was all alone. He had just finished up the fall round up and paid off the three men that had helped him. He didn't have a big outfit, he ran about a thousand head of white-faced cattle. But he had a good house built of squared timbers chinked with plaster, and he sure kept the place up.

"Old man Jackson took a fancy to me, right off. I was such a scrawny kid, with ribs sticking out, and I had such an appetite. He kept offering me more to eat, and I put it away as fast as he offered it. I never ate like that before. I told him all about myself—and how I'd come down out of the hills looking for work. He just sat there, puffing at his pipe, admiring my eating talent. I cleaned up after the meal, and he still sat there, sizing me up. Finally, he said he needed one good man to stay through the winter. He said he'd give me a trial.

"I didn't mention wages. I was just a button and not worth much pay. Besides, all I could think of was eating that way all winter. I'd have worked for nothing.

"He tried me out, all right. I stuck around a month, not knowing whether he was satisfied. He never said much. He never let you know what he was thinking. When he wanted me to do something, he never said, 'Do this.' No; he'd take his pipe out of his mouth and say something like this: 'Somebody ought to ride up to the spring an' see how it is. Might be, after that rain, it needs cleanin' out.' That's all. Then I'd go up there and do what had to be done. If I made some mistake, because I didn't know how to do something, he'd come along and look at what I'd done. Then he'd say, maybe, 'That's one way to do it. Here's another. You figure which is better and do it that way.'

"He kept me on all winter. There wasn't much work to do. Mostly chores. Down there in the San Angelo country, the winters are pretty mild. Mostly riding around to see how the stock was doing and such as that. We sure lived. He had a smokehouse full of hams and bacon, he had a flock of chickens, he kept up a cow for milking. Many's the time, for breakfast, we'd put away, between us, four big thick slices of ham, a dozen eggs, some biscuits and gravy. I guess I put on twenty pounds that winter, but I needed it. I had been starved most of my life before.

"Once a month or so, the old man went to town. He'd always bring me a new outfit of clothes and smoking tobacco and a big box of provisions. He never talked about wages and neither did I. It was all right with me, the way it was. I had clothes, all I could eat, a good house to live in, everything I wanted.

"We were there together the whole winter. Never had an argument or a cross word. He was a quiet man, never saying more than was needed, but awful smart too. He had traveled

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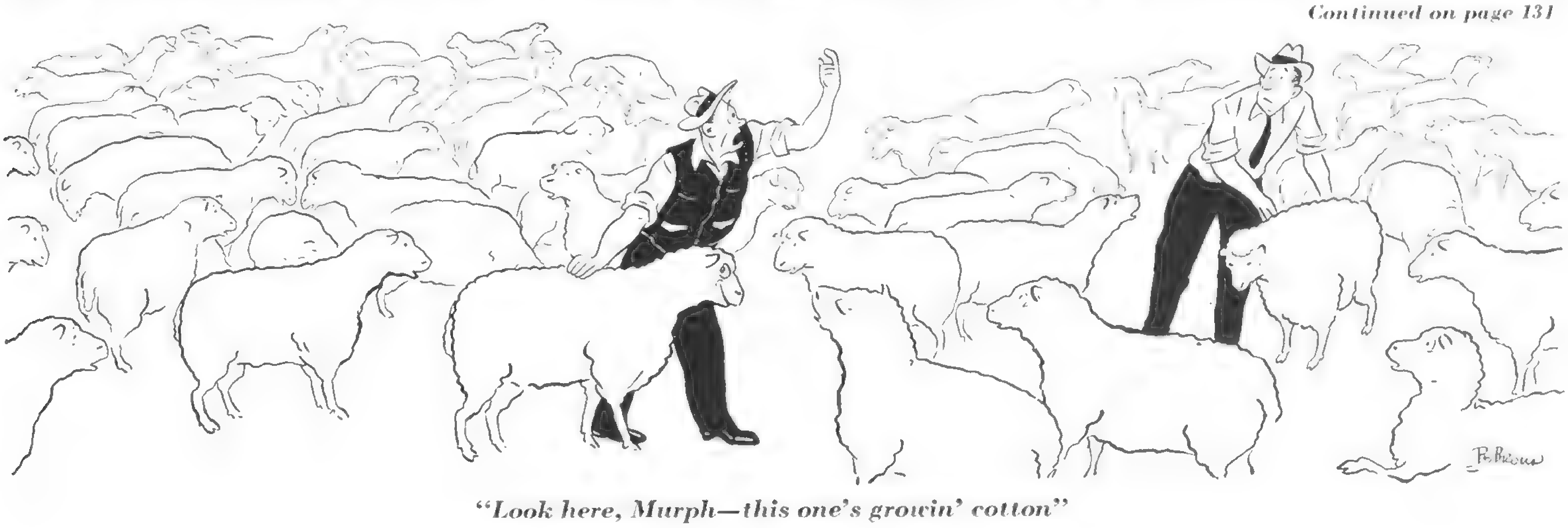

"Look here, Murph—this one's growin' cotton"

I Want a Change

Suggesting two-group baseball with separate batters and fielders and naming hitters for the major teams

by FELIX MENDELSOHN, Jr.

• SPORTS •

The visitor said to his hosts' small son: "So you're going to be a baseball player, eh? Well! What position are you going to play?"

"I'm going to be a batter."

The visitor politely explained to the little chap that there is no such position as batter. There are pitchers and shortstops and left-fielders and so on; and they all take their turns at batting. And then, suddenly, it occurred to the visitor that maybe after all the lad had something there.

* * *

Despite the fact that a couple of decades ago the "dead ball era" was blasted by the dynamic impact of Babe Ruth's home runs no fundamental change in the rules of baseball has occurred in the present century. Within the last forty years automobiles have evolved from quaint horseless carriages to streamlined marvels. Airplanes have grown from the primitive Wright crate to sea-spanning clippers. Radio has swelled from Marconi's flashing of the letter "S" to millions of words in the homes of the world. But baseball? Baseball today is still the game of Cy Young, Lajoie and Wagner. The sport is ruled, you see, by a set of conservative magnates, an oligarchy of business men to whom the idea of any change smacks of red radicalism. Nevertheless—

I, Gus H. Fan, want a change. Yes, I'm the guy who pays his way through the grandstand turnstiles—sometimes the bleachers. I howl at the umpires, I second-guess the managers, I go through a thousand hells when the home team's rally fades out like smoke in the breeze. Yes, I want a change—*this* change:

I want a game in which every player on the field *and at bat* is an expert, a star.

As now framed the rules prohibit such a possibility. Rare indeed have been the Sislers, the Speakers, the Collinses; the Wagners, Cochranes, Lajoies, Gehringers and Ruths. These immortals of the game earned almost equal renown defensively and in slugging the ball. But such versatile geniuses of balldom are the exception. After all, batting and fielding (or pitching) are really separate vocations. It's just as unjust to expect a man to play a magnificent game at third base, say, and also to be a pulverizing hitter as it would be to expect every pants-presser to be a distinguished violinist.

Well, the obvious rules change would be one relieving the player of having to be an expert in two different lines. Getting down to brass tacks here is what I, Gus H. Fan, want to see.

I want a team to consist of two groups—nine defensive players plus six batters.

These groups might overlap. For example such present day players as Joe DiMaggio, Stanley Hack, Lou Boudreau, Ray Mack, Bobby Doerr, Joe Gordon, Frank McCormick, Barney McCosky, Elbert Fletcher, Luke Appling and a score of others might well qualify for both groups. That is, they would appear at bat and in the field in the same game. But—we would be spared the sight—the dismal sight—of the three weakest hitters in the line-up floundering about at the plate. We would be rescued from the sad spectacle of behemoths, kept in the game for their swatting power, playing soccer with ground balls in the field. No longer would we see sterling pitchers ousted for pinch hitters and supplanted by second-string hurlers. Every play of every inning would be handled by an expert.

After all, when I, Gus H. Fan, plunk down a dollar of my money for a show I expect to see every role handled capably. And I expect the same thing on a major league ball field. I am thrilled by the great stops and bullet pegs of Bill Jurges of the Giants. I get a kick out of seeing Harry Craft of the Reds run a country mile to pluck a fenceward zooming drive. I once beheld with awe the blazing fast ball of the slim Señor Gomez of the Yankees. But I don't get any pleasure at all from watching those gentlemen wield a bat.

On the other hand, greatly as I have enjoyed the hearty clouting of such redoubtable bludgeoneers as Spaghetti Zeke Bonura, Rudy York and Rip Radcliff, I do not find their defensive work characterized by gazelle-like grace. Their performance in the field may be amusing, but is it art?

Critics of my viewpoint may contend that the powder-puff hitting and fumble-fingered fielding that now prevail are equal handicaps to both teams in a contest; that the spectators are actually glad to see a feeble hitter advancing to the plate—if it's one of the opposing team. However, such criticisms don't hold water. If they did, a sand-lot game would be just as well worth watching as a major league contest. For folks who really appreciate good baseball, the game must have more than just a close score and a victory for the home team. The pleasure of watching a game increases as the skill becomes greater. Just as a semi-pro game is more interesting than one between high-school kids, so big league baseball is more enthralling than the bush league variety. *And*—so baseball with two-group teams will be superior in excitement to the kind they played in 1900—and 1940.

So far we've just been considering the angle

Here's a brainstorm that arranges
For some startling baseball changes . . .

And it makes a lot of sense—
Nine star players on defense!

At the plate, six hefty batters
Making pitchers mad as hatters!

of me, Gus H. Fan. How about the players? How will *they* feel about it? Ball players, like their club owners, are a conservative lot, but after they get used to the idea of two-group teams they should welcome the advantages they receive. First of all many players retarded by either weak hitting or clumsy fielding will be able to pursue their specialties unhampered. The value of a peppery, sure-fielding shortstop like Leo Durocher or Frank Crosetti would rise to great heights if his club were relieved of the handicap of his lamentable batting average. The Cubs' Billy Myers, the Pirates' Lloyd Waner and Ray Mueller, and the Indians' Desautels are other snappy fielders who fail to frighten opposing hurlers. There are scores of others. And of course almost every pitcher is a weak sister up there at that pentagon. Therefore in the two-group system many players, having their talents represented only on the asset side of the ledger and not on the liability side also, will gain sharply in their value to the club. Such men as are stars both at bat and afield—well, they will rate almost double salary. On the other hand it is only fair to say that a large number of average players—men who can both hit and field acceptably but not brilliantly—will probably regard two-group baseball rules as a blighting curse.

There are men now in minor league obscurity who would have had long and lustrous big league careers under the rules of two-group baseball. Those fearsome sluggers, Smack 'Em Smead Jolley and Buzz Arlett would have been welcomed to any batting order—provided, of course, that it had not also been necessary for those gentlemen to contribute acts of ground and lofty tumbling in their respective outfields. And how many scouts have not, like Mike Gonzales, rejected some ambitious busher because of "good field, no hit"?

However, even granting that my fellow fans and the players themselves generally favor the two-group team plan, the ultimate decision lies with the man behind the checkbook—the magnate. At first glimpse it might appear that two-group teams might mean as many as fifteen regulars in the game for each club—nine in the field plus six hitters. Actually because of some overlapping the number will be reduced to perhaps twelve. Then too, the number of substitutions will be sharply curtailed. In modern baseball it is no unusual sight in a close game to see pinch-hitters for two, three or even four regulars in the line-up, who are later supplanted (when the team takes the field) by still other men—second-stringers. In this manner a steady parade of players takes place between bench and field, and the caliber of the personnel declines proportionately. Fred Fireball, the star pitcher, gives way to a pinch-hitter with his team losing 2 to 1 in the seventh. Then George Glassarm goes in to pitch and a pretty pitchers' battle becomes a one-sided rout.

Even under current rules there are often more than fifteen players participating for one team. In 1921 Cleveland used twenty-three men in a game against Detroit, and in 1937 Brooklyn employed a like number when playing the Giants. Twice the Phillies have used twenty-two men. And on half a dozen occasions thirty-five or more contestants have taken part in a game for both teams combined. Therefore two-group baseball would offer no disturbing innovation in presenting many faces to the fans. Theoretically even in two-group baseball a team of nine men could do its stuff provided that the six best hitters against some specific pitcher were included among the nine defense men chosen for their pitching or fielding skill on that particular day.

Under two-group baseball rules a baseball squad might consist of:

> 7 pitchers, 3 catchers, 5 infielders,
> 4 outfielders, 4 batters not included
> in the foregoing.

We can do with fewer pitchers, catchers, in- and outfielders because there won't be frequent replacements due to pinch hitters. The six batters in the batting line-up, remember, operate independently of the defense scheme. Thus even though a player listed at the start of the game as both fielder and batter were withdrawn from one of the two posts he would still be eligible to continue in the other. For instance, suppose that the Cubs were playing the Pirates under two-group rules with Larry French southpawing for the Chicagoans and the righthanded hitting Vince DiMaggio playing centerfield and also listed in the batting order. Then suppose French were taken out and replaced by the righthander, Bill Lee. Manager Frisch might remove DiMaggio from the batting order in favor of Debs Garms, who would figure to do better against Lee than Vince would. Yet because of DiMaggio's unexcelled skill in the outfield he would continue to patrol the garden: Garms would bat but he wouldn't field. Similarly a man might be supplanted as a fielder and continue in the batting order.

The six players listed as batters, though not specialized at defense positions in many cases since chosen primarily for their clouting ability, would probably be able to fill in defensively in case of emergency. After all, any boy who plays enough ball to become expert at slugging the old tomato inevitably gets sufficient practice in fly-shagging, fielding ground balls and throwing to be able to fill in at one or more fielding posts without great risk to life or limb. Therefore, as the twenty-three men listed above are two *fewer* than the number now authorized by major league rules, the magnates should be satisfied.

Their scouting problems, too, would be simplified by two-group baseball. All too often nowadays a club is tipped off regarding some collegian or busher who is said to look like Mike Kreevich in the field but who turns out to resemble your arthritic Aunt Agatha up at the plate. Then the problem arises: is it worth while to sign up this demon fly-chaser and teach him how to hit? Or in the case of some slugging youngster, if his contract is purchased, may he not be killed by a line drive before he masters the gentle art of fielding?

Club officials might anticipate sharply augmented attendance due to the fan appeal of the new setup. The stark novelty of the new arrangement should mean enormous crowds at the first few games especially. Moreover the spectators will appreciate the privilege of seeing their favorite hitters batting six or more times per game on the average instead of four as at present.

Another and even more interesting reason should impel most of the magnates to welcome two-group baseball: a tightened pennant race. You see, the number of topnotch double-threat stars—crack defensive players, who can also whack a baseball with skill and gusto—is strictly limited. The result is that these stars are snapped up by such rich teams as the Yankees, Giants, Cubs, Tigers and Red Sox. Ball clubs with limited financial support and without extensive "farm" systems, such as the Phillies, Athletics, Bees and Browns, unable to compete with more fortunate organizations, have to be content with what they get. *Some* of their players are outstanding both in the field and in the batter's box: Moses, McQuinn, Clift and Miller have all been hungrily eyed by first-division managers.

Yet no team can win consistently with

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Fans will holler: "It's the tops!"
Watching drives and dazzling stops!

But one custom that's primeval
Will survive the game's upheaval . . .

For you bet your Sunday britches
Umps will still be Sons of Witches!
PHIL STACK

The Natives Return

While personality has kept dozens of people in headlines, top actors are not personalities, they're characters

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Going to the theatre this year has been a pretty tough business for the professionals; the innocent bystander hasn't suffered so much because he hasn't gone as often; and he has had all the fun because the good shows have packed them in. The critics have put on their special version of sackcloth and ashes on Monday nights, often catching the bulldog edition of the papers because it doesn't take long to write, "the new play is the worst of the season," as they unanimously did three opening nights in succession. Then on alternate Thursdays they changed to lavender and old lace, got out the old family album, and gurgled with delight, "Old Joe is just as good as he ever was—only better." Notably Ed Wynn and Al Jolson have gained a great position, and paid off the nuts on shows, early this season; and now that it isn't necessary to attack me every time a comedian is called an artist, the critical tone is one of confident enthusiasm, neither apologetic nor aggressive. Jimmy Savo never hit the jackpot, giving an object lesson in the value of a framework; because Savo is the last of the great comic pantomimes, and in a proper setting, doing his stuff for the right length of time, in relation to other elements in a show, he has always been terrific. Eddie Cantor, it is said, saw the success of Wynn and Jolson and decided that it would be flying in the face of Providence if a third old comedian tried a comeback; besides, he had a tough radio assignment, with a bonus for every increase in his rating above a high base, and with Fred Allen to face. On the other hand, the two funniest shows on Broadway are the three-year-old *Hellzapoppin'*, and the three generations old *Charley's Aunt;* and the older is the funnier. Also *Tobacco Road* is preparing to end its first decade, and the critics already have turned back the pages of the album to the play's good old days, when FDR was a beginner, too.

Your dramatic reporter may tell you the meaning of all this, beyond the obvious one that the new plays and the new stars haven't been successful this season, while the old favorites have been easy and agreeable to take.

My interest is still in a fairly elusive thing, the thing that makes them tick—and then click. Obviously no one has yet discovered any part of the secret of success in entertainment; and if you say that the secret is hard work, I reply in the words of Krazy Kat, "I didn't know it was a secret." But if you say it's timing, you say a word which has to be explained; and if it is personality, I'm afraid you're wrong.

Personality is a requisite to business success in the theatre, the movies, radio—as it is supposed to be an adjunct to success in bond selling, ocean-going poker, and a few other fields. Compared to character, personality is as celebrity is to fame. I don't suppose many people would admit it, but when they think of being famous, they think of being celebrities—and the two things are quite different. Boys may want to be big league pitchers and President; but they also want to be glamour boys and to have their names in the right (or better still, the wrong) newspaper columns. Somewhere between being notable and being notorious, lies the no man's land of being a celebrity; it is a no man's land, although fairly crowded; it is a swamp.

And in a performer, personality has the same dangerous quagmire for a foundation. It isn't character, it isn't talent or genius; it is mixed up with exhibitionism and it runs into the almost pathological stages of showing off and anything-for-a-laugh. It has kept dozens of people on the front pages of the newspapers and, consequently, in good jobs; but the actual top people are not personalities; they are interesting *people* (servants are called "persons" in England) and their characters attract us: Bill Fields, Chaplin, Garbo, Donald Duck. The moment they appear before you, they are devoting themselves to their work, not devoting their work to themselves. Which means, that you, and not they, are to be pleased. That's courtesy and that's the beginning of success in entertainment. I omit the names—you can supply them—of people who throw their famous personalities at you. But I can name one man who, apparently at will, can be a personality guy or a great player, Mr. John Barrymore. And now you guess which is easier to do and which, by the remorseless workings of Gresham's law, drives out the other.

It always seemed to me that Al Jolson was a mixed personality, too; but I thought for long that his schizophrenia was under control; if he was in a good show, he was a good trouper; if he was in any movie, good or bad, he was an important guy, right there in the middle foreground. His radio work also left something to be desired, although the voice was pretty good; the scripts pushed further than ever the personality stuff, it had to, because you couldn't see the smile and the left knee going down and the fluttering fingertips and the rolling eye. I looked back on the days when Jolson stood in the first bracket of my list of great people, and I thought he was lost forever. In many cases I have been able to say that my estimate of talent was wrong; but in Jolson's case I was sure I was right; he *had* been great and he had slipped—or he had been kicked downstairs in Hollywood.

Well, Mr. Jolson is in a show called *Hold On to Your Hats* and I saw him at the beginning of the fifteenth week, when he announced that he had paid off the costs; and

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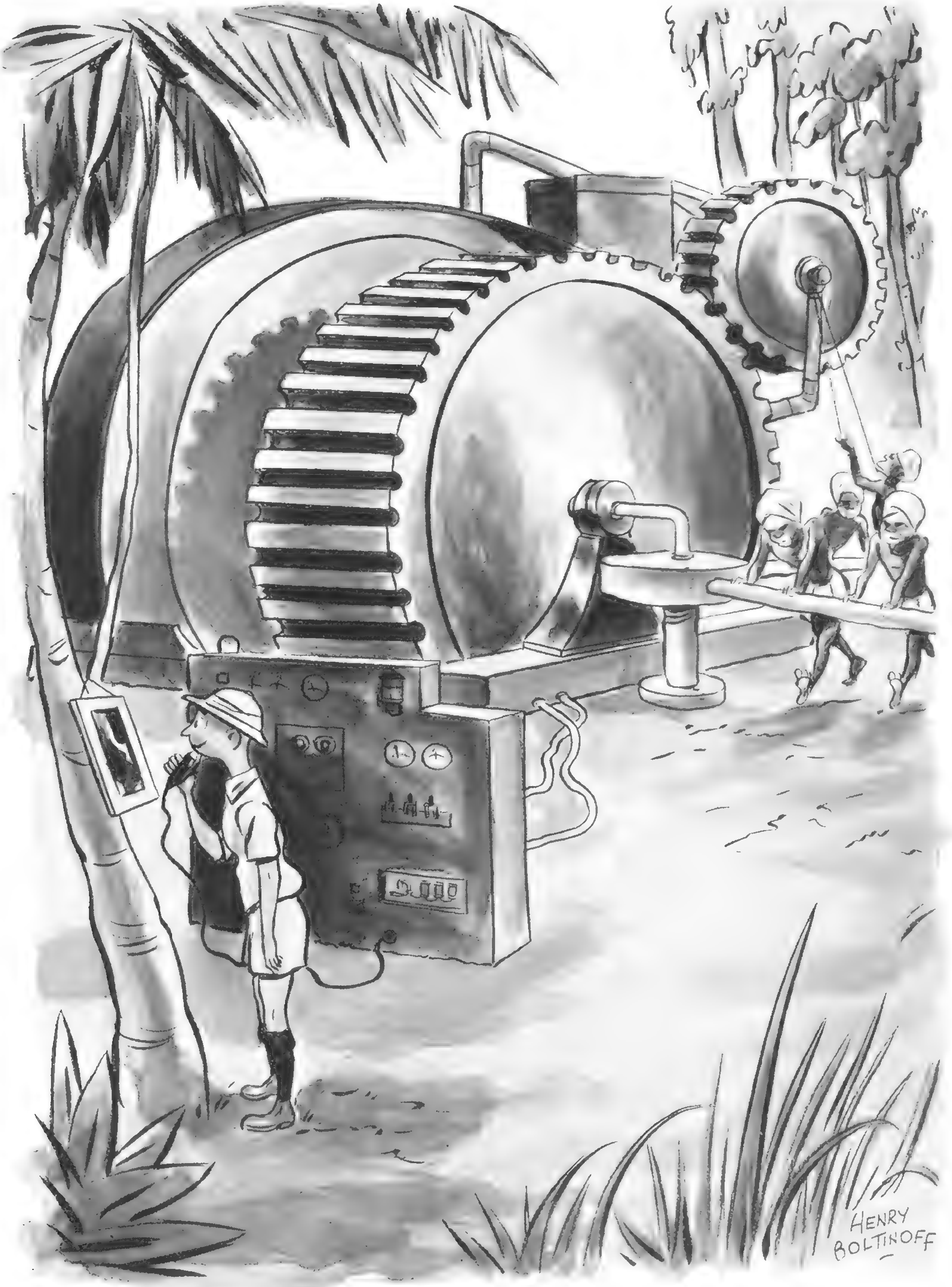

HENRY BOLTINOFF

L'Affaire Bette Davis

There is joy for sadists in *The Bride Came C. O. D.*, as she shoves James Cagney into a cactus plant

by DONALD HOUGH

ARTICLE

I stood upon the brow of a hill and looked down Death Valley, early in the morning. At my right the Panamint mountains were dark against the bright eastern sky; at my left, the tips of the Funeral range were splashed with hot, vivid colors where the sun hit them. This light was reflected down into the desert, and in the foreground I could see the red-and-yellow floor of the valley, but further on this was lost in blue mist that hung low over it, and beyond, forty miles away, the mists were a deep purple and filled the valley entirely between the ranges, only the highest peaks of which were visible.

These seemed to float in the sky, detached from the earth by the mist, and they were brilliant in the sun.

It was thrilling to see and I stood there a minute. I was sleepy and felt like the devil and a dull ache throbbed within my skull. I lit a cigarette but it tasted like hay and I threw it away.

A fellow came along in a car.

He said, "All set?"

"All set," I said.

I walked back to the hotel and went to my room. I picked up the scattered cards from the table and put them into my bag. Maybe we'd want to play some more later. Better luck next time. Twelve bucks. Twelve round simoleons. Ace-high flush on my right, full house on my left, and here I was sitting with three kings, and I was counting the pot . . .

I went out and got into the car and the road was smooth and deserted and downgrade, and we swept down toward the distant mists. Sixty, sixty-five, seventy. Every few minutes I glanced at my watch. Six-thirty; six-forty-four; seven-ten. Well, this would bring it down to ten dollars. The two bucks was a cinch.

We went into the lowest part of the valley, below sea level, and out there on the desert were a couple of mounds, maybe a hundred yards across and say about thirty feet high.

When we came to the first of these we pulled up and I got out and hurried up to the top of it. Bette Davis and James Cagney were sitting there, side by side on camp stools. Miss Davis had a mink coat thrown around her shoulders, against the morning desert chill. Both were looking at me. Looking at me and grinning.

All right. No argument. I took the few remaining crumpled bills from my pocket and gave them each a dollar. Miss Davis missed hers as I threw it at her, and I had to pick it up from the sand, which didn't help my head any.

"How long have you been here?" I said.

"About ten minutes," Cagney said, looking pleased.

So that was it. Ten minutes. They beat me by ten lousy minutes, and there goes my two bucks.

"This just proves," I said bitterly, "what an actor will do for a dollar. I bet you stayed up all night to be sure and get here first."

"You better not make any more bets," Cagney said.

"We have to get up early," Miss Davis said. "We're working people, not members of the press. How much did you lose playing poker last night?"

"How do you know I lost?"

"It's clear you tried to get here in time to make a two-dollar comeback. Have you had any sleep?"

"No," I said.

"That's just the way you look," she said. "You look like—hell. Sit down there and lean back against that stump."

I did so. It was an old mesquite stump. Miss Davis took the mink coat from her shoulders and spread it over me. She tucked it under me at the edges, into the sand.

"You're going to get it all full of sand," I said.

"You take a nap," she said. "I'll wake you up in time for you to see me push Jimmy into a cactus plant."

"Is that the first shot this morning?" Cagney said.

"Yes," Miss Davis said; "I can hardly wait."

"Check," I said. "I hope he lights on his dollar bill. Don't forget to call me."

"I won't," she said.

I took a nap.

* * *

Bette Davis was, in a way of speaking, my first motion picture actress. I met her in Chicago in 1935, by mistake.

And now in Death Valley, on purpose.

And Esquire, oddly enough, was at the bottom of both meetings. Meyer Levin was reviewing movies for Esquire in 1935. I ran into him one morning at the corner of State and Randolph. We talked for a while.

"Let's get some lunch," I said.

"I know where we can get one for nothing," he said. I said that was wonderful. He said that Balaban & Katz, Chicago theatre owners, were giving a luncheon for members of the press for two movie actresses at the Blackstone Hotel. I think he mentioned their names, but if he did I didn't catch them and I didn't particularly care, having at that time no interest in the subject. I said, "Let's have a drink first."

"They might have one there," he said.

We went over and they had one, and at lunch I sat next to one of the movie actresses and directly across the table from the other. It was hard to keep from looking at her all the time partly because she was very attractive but mostly because she had so much vitality and personality that she filled the room. When we left I told Meyer, "That babe

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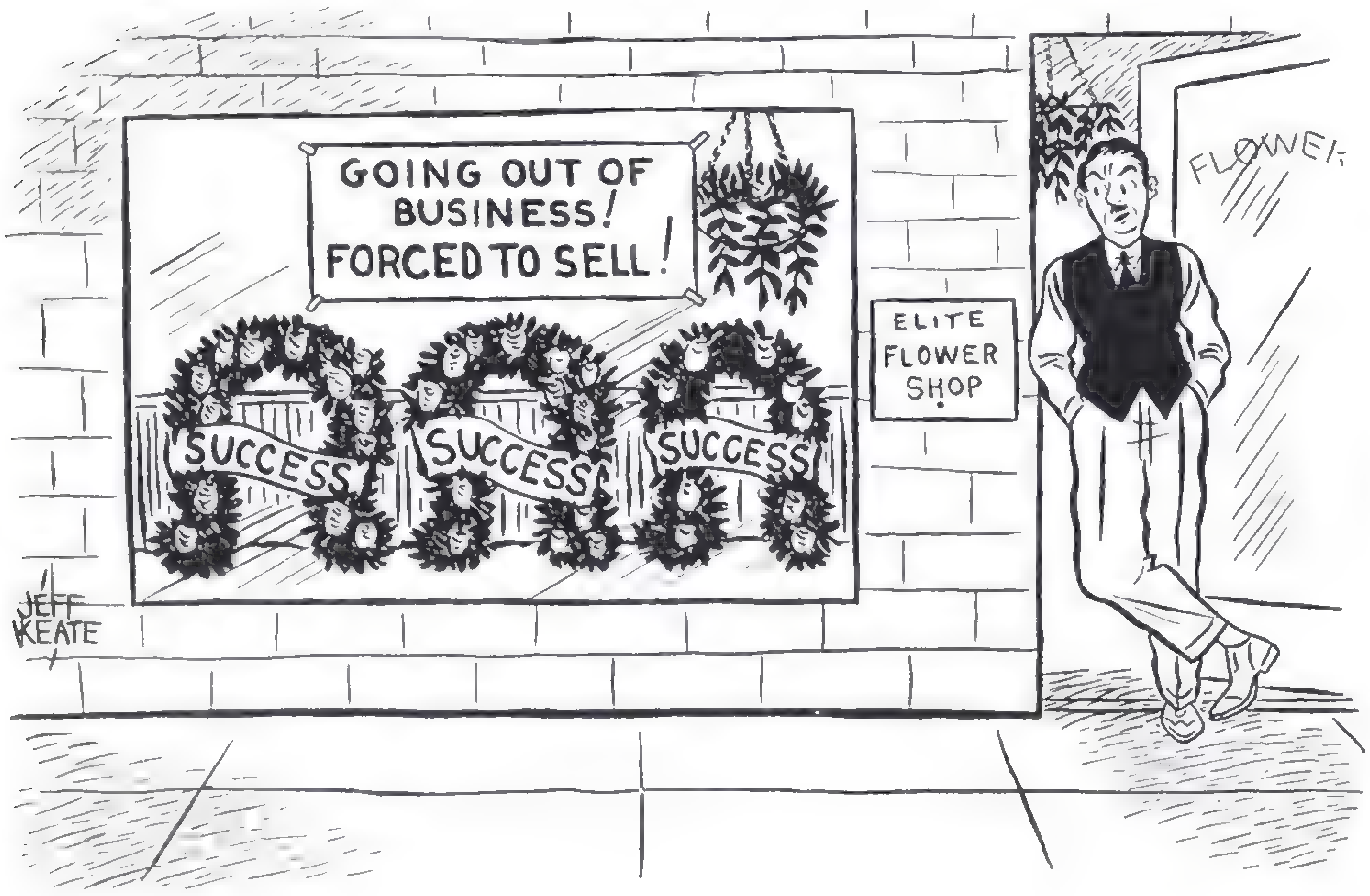

Hurrell took this picture of Bette Davis who plays the parcel in Warner Brothers' "The Bride Came C. O. D." Hal B. Wallis is producer with William Cagney (James's brother) Associate Producer and William Keighley, Director.

THE OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG CALLED BOB

At the turn of the Eighteenth Century, the Old English Sheep Dog was known as the "drover's dog," and because of his utilitarian value was exempt from taxes. This law led to the practice of tail docking, in order to establish the "drover's dog" identity. Undoubtedly, the breed's nickname, Bobtail or Bob, was handed down from the days when the "dog without a tail" worked hard for a living in the West of England, driving cattle and sheep to market. But the idea that the breed, because of generations of docking, is now born tailless is erroneous. When the Bobtail came to this country breeders overdid the "profuseness" of coat. Such heavily coated dogs resulted that the public shied away from a pet whose hair dressing might reach monumental proportions. The grooming of an Old English Sheep Dog with a typical coat—not a fantastic one—is no more of a problem than any long-haired breed. And offsetting any coat arguments are the Bob's many assets . . . He is easily trained as a retriever, is an A-1 sledge dog, and his even temper makes him a natural nurse maid (e.g. Nana in Peter Pan). But despite his good disposition, he knows when not to be pleasant, excelling as a watch dog. And there is an old saying to the effect that a dog who wags his stern is worth two tail waggers.—CHASE HERENDEEN.

What's Yours, Sir?

Let's pause and give thought to that smiling, white-coated friend of man, the bartender

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

THERE is something about the above inquiry which genuinely stirs response. You are not being vended a bill of goods, you are being invited to specify your desire. The white-coated speaker is the professor, but *you* are the doctor.

Ah, but can this mere commercial attention be compared to the outright generosity of a private host who flings open the portals of his cellarette, saying not, "What's yours?" but a reckless, "All yours?"

I hate to mention it, but it depends on *what* that "all" happens to consist of—swell-chosen drinkables or Boris Karloffs in bottles with labels that laugh, "Heh heh heh! Suckers bite easy, *we* bite harder!" If the latter be the case, sir host may have a heart bursting with hospitality, yet there won't be a dry flowerpot in the house by the time the surreptitious glass-emptiers have got through; they'll all have been commandeered as disposal plants. Even a tank of guppies that came through unscathed would be fools for luck.

The ideal host is one who has your pet medicine on hand. Since, however, its very presence means that it is a favorite of his also, your cheery industry in drinking it up on him is viewed with pangs as well as pride. Indeed, fellow-feeling for the same liquor can become too acute when one fellow is the owner, cherishing plans for his future enjoyment, and the other a bottomless enthusiast.

So even if our smiling, white-coated friend is admittedly commercial, he does have his uses. And his resources are beautiful. You don't have to worry along, out of politeness, on a substitute for your "regular." In fact, the moment he greets you, he reaches for it and sets it before you in acknowledgment of your preference.

And if he's the kind that you and I are thinking of, he's a skilled artist—in addition to his role of friendly audience. Where the amateur host would be measuring jiggers, with a wet finger in his recipe book, and wondering how the hell he happened to forget those limes, our professional, using his speedy, infallible eye and deft, immaculate hands, mixes and stirs you the four Manhattans or the six Martinis you've ordered for your party, or the round of eight Tropical Daiquiris frosted with a veritable ice-floe. It's a performance as neat and fleet as though he were in the necromancy business. Nor does he lose his poise and become flustered when a party of seven each order a different cocktail. Give him three minutes, and he'll be straining and pouring the seventh into its waiting glass. (Try *that* on your amateur—unless he's equipped with a ready-bottled assortment.)

As for the wonder-bartenders of the dim, distant days of gas-lit splendor, personally I'm a so-whatter. I concede that those worthies, who promenaded to work in top hats and Prince Albert coats, twirling their impressive moustachios, must have been picturesque figures about town; but their job called for a far simpler repertoire than is expected today. They were sterling pioneers, that was all.

Certainly they never dreamed of suave virtuosity such as is exemplified by blond robust Machiste, head bartender of El Morocco. There's a master for you! Affable yet deferential. A man's man, yet no one could be more obsequious to the ladies queening upon stools before him. And with the clientele of international notables which this ultra-ultra place possesses, he has to know—and does know—every formula from Singapore to Buenos Aires to the Orkneys. I mean to say, he's good.

On the femme side I might cite personable Martha of the cosy eatery-and-drinkery known as Marnel's. Presiding at a small bar which is about the size and shape of a ticket seller's pulpit at a circus, this comely mademoiselle concocts and pours in dainty yet craftsmanly style, seemingly putting graciousness into every drink. Some of the blank-mapped male automatons one encounters at certain chain bars could learn much from her intuitive finesse.

But it isn't only in the big cities that gifted ability stands out. I'm thinking of the little one-horse town of Cambridge, New York, up north of Troy, where at an amiable old-fashioned hotel which happens to be the birthplace of Pie à la Mode (invented there some fifty-five years ago) you'll find hearty Charley, huntsman bold and drink dispenser extraordinary. Farmers, lumberjacks, traveling salesmen, anglers, and the township's worthies and men of business, all foregather there, magnetized by Charley's potent good nature.

He's the sort of fellow who, if deprived of human association for three days, would pine and perish. Incidentally, he mixes a Manhattan which would meet with approval anywhere in the town it's named for. And his Old Fashioneds are no mockeries of their kind, I can assure you. Rural though he is, travelers discover that he's a hard man to stump on out-of-the-ordinary mixtures.

And there are competent performers such as these spotted all over America. The question is, do we drinkers, on our part, sufficiently acknowledge their talents? Have we let our thirst obscure our gratitude? Much as I hate to admit it, I dreadfully fear we have been selfishly swallowing when we should have been applauding.

It took a historic club of actors and pursuers of the other arts, The Players, to crystallize appreciation of mixtrionic genius by giving the star of their bar, Charles

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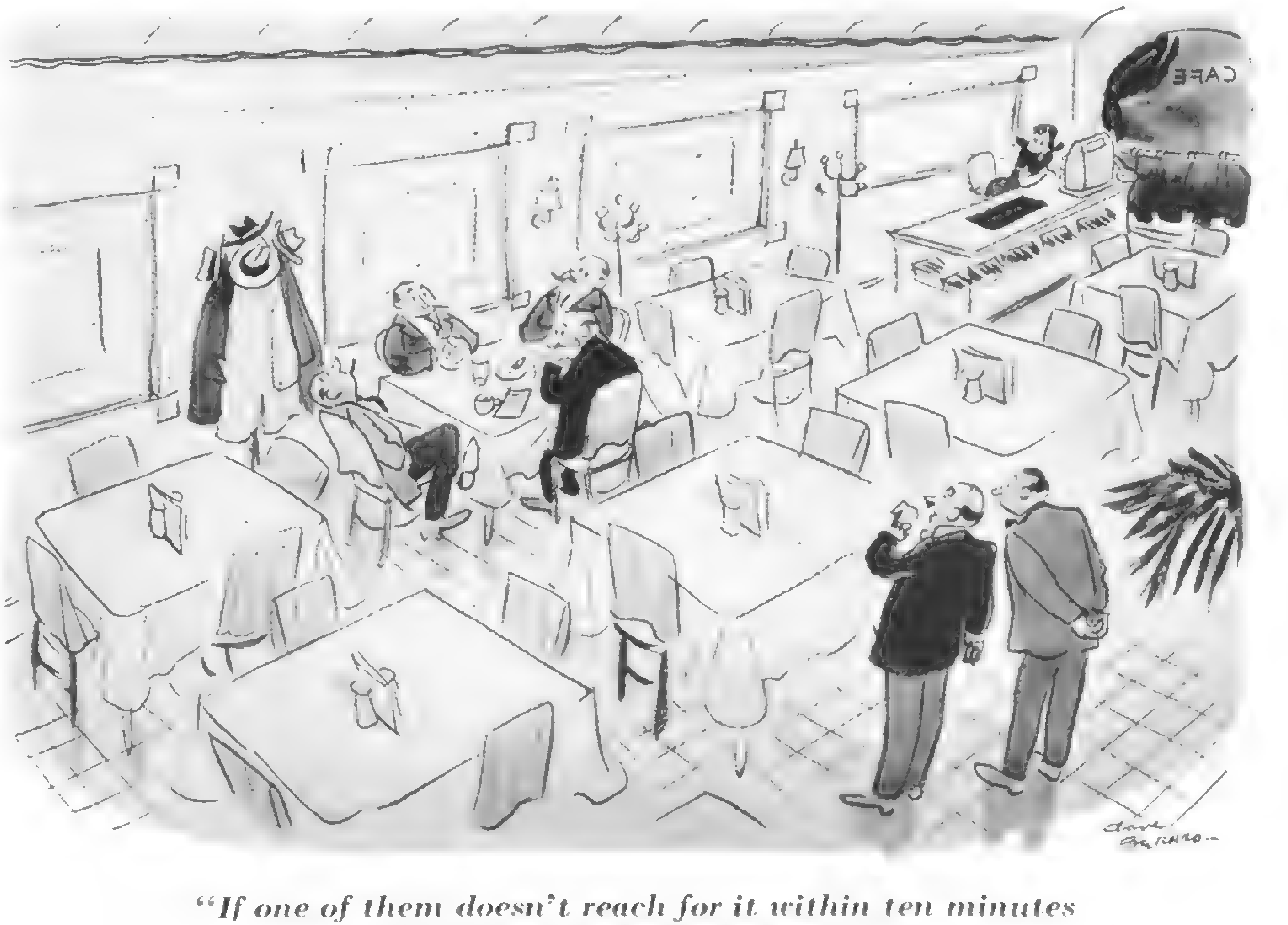
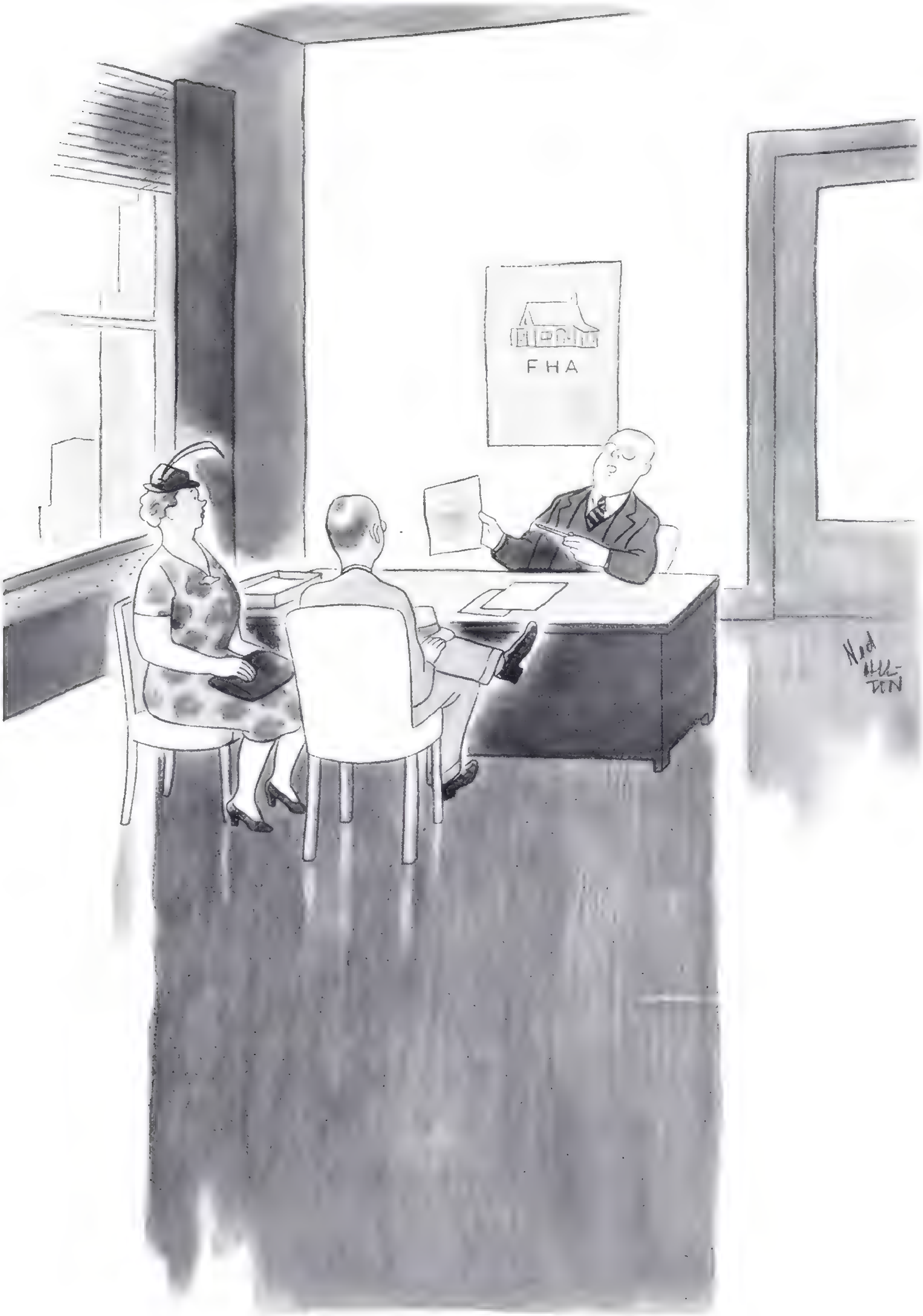


"If one of them doesn't reach for it within ten minutes we'll start closing up anyway"


FHA
Ned Hilton

"See, the government builds a house and you pay for it in installments—then when you get so you hate the place, it's yours!"

Sailboats in the Sky

Since sailplane pilots require an intimate knowledge of air currents soaring's fine training for flying

by TED LEITZELL

• ARTICLE •

It was a hot midsummer afternoon in Kenosha, Wisconsin. The city airport was crowded with visitors and private flyers, the air filled with light airplanes circling the city at altitudes up to four thousand feet. Far above them, soaring silently as a gull, a graceful plane came gliding in from Lake Michigan. Undetected at first, it circled in great, lazy spirals, and finally settled to a perfectly controlled landing. Only then did the crowd note that it had neither engine nor propeller. Amazement changed to incredulity when the youthful pilot told them that his flight had started in St. Charles, Illinois, fifty-five miles away, and that he had been zigzagging up the lake front for several hours, drifting out over the water while soaring upward in rising columns of air and then turning to glide toward shore. The lad was Stanley Corcoran, one of America's pioneers in soaring flight, a sport which seems destined to sweep the nation.

Soaring is the finest sport that aviation has to offer, comparing with power flight in much the same way that sailing compares with motorboating. Like the sailor, a sailplane pilot must have an intimate knowledge of the elements, the delicacy of control which will bend Nature's forces to his will. He has no motor to aid him in combating the inexorable forces of gravity; instead, he must maneuver his ship until he finds air currents to do the work. Like a sailor, he is constantly tacking back and forth to make progress against the wind, or maneuvering against opposing tides and currents, but his is a three dimensional job of free navigation. In his silent flight he finds the same zest that has always made sailing the real aquatic sport.

Sailing enthusiasts the world over refer to motorboats as "stinkpots," and look with disdain on men who take up powerboat racing as a sport. Similarly, soaring initiates contend that nobody has had the sensation of real flight until he has piloted a sailplane, and many a commercial flyer turns to soaring when seeking recreation. The winner of the American Open Soaring Meet held in Joliet last September was a transport pilot, Captain Shelly Charles of Eastern Airlines, who spends much of his spare time piloting a sailplane, and who has found this experience very valuable when driving his Douglas airliner through every kind of weather. Richard C. du Pont, President of All-American Aviation, is another soaring enthusiast who has twice been national champion, and who has established several national and international records for altitude and distance.

Soaring today is a culmination of the yearning for flight that began before the dawn of recorded history, and that has been expressed in the legends of many races. Its chief essentials were mastered a century ago, and its sporting aspects discovered in the 1880's; nevertheless, the art all but vanished at the turn of this century because of a curious blindness on the part of experimenters in their study of bird flight and a still more curious urge to think of flight only in terms of power. It took a bloody war and an unwise peace treaty to bring back the lost sport, and to prove this further parallel between soaring and sailing: A man who begins in sailing can go into powerboating with little additional training and soon become a better skipper than the man who has spent all of his time in motor boats, while the man who starts in powerboating must learn all over again when he takes up sailing.

Early attempts at flight involved elaborate wing-flapping devices operated by human muscle; nobody seemed to note that soaring birds could ride ridge currents for hours without flapping their wings. Nor did early experimenters observe the three-directional controls now taken for granted by every youngster who builds a model airplane. Although Leonardo da Vinci drew up complete plans for a flying machine in the sixteenth century, it was not until after 1800 that the first attempts at a scientific explanation of flight were made.

Sir George Cayley built a glider which could sail down hill when launched from its summit, and which actually left the ground with a human passenger when he ran against a strong wind, but he was concerned with some method of providing power and overlooked the secret that was in his grasp. A French sailor named Le Bris, after observing the soaring flight of the albatross, patterned two gliders along the lines of that soaring champion. He seems to have recognized some soaring principles, perhaps from observing that an albatross cannot take off and fly from either land or sea without the aid of a strong head wind, for his gliders were "kited" into the sky by tow ropes. There were a few others who began to understand something about soaring birds, but it was not until 1883 that the first successful soaring flight was made.

A young Californian named John Montgomery, after studying the way gulls could soar indefinitely over a ridge when the wind blew against its face, attempted to construct a replica of a gull. Its wings were covered on the top only, creating a parasol effect, and the tail surfaces could be moved up and down by ropes. The pilot stood inside the framework under the wing with two handrails to grasp, and a seat much like a bicycle saddle. The whole contraption weighed only about forty pounds.

Early one morning John and his brother Jim took their glider to a mesa facing the ocean, and waited for the daily sea breeze. When it came Jim began towing downhill with a long rope while John ran until he en-

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DARE-DEVIL
DICKERSON

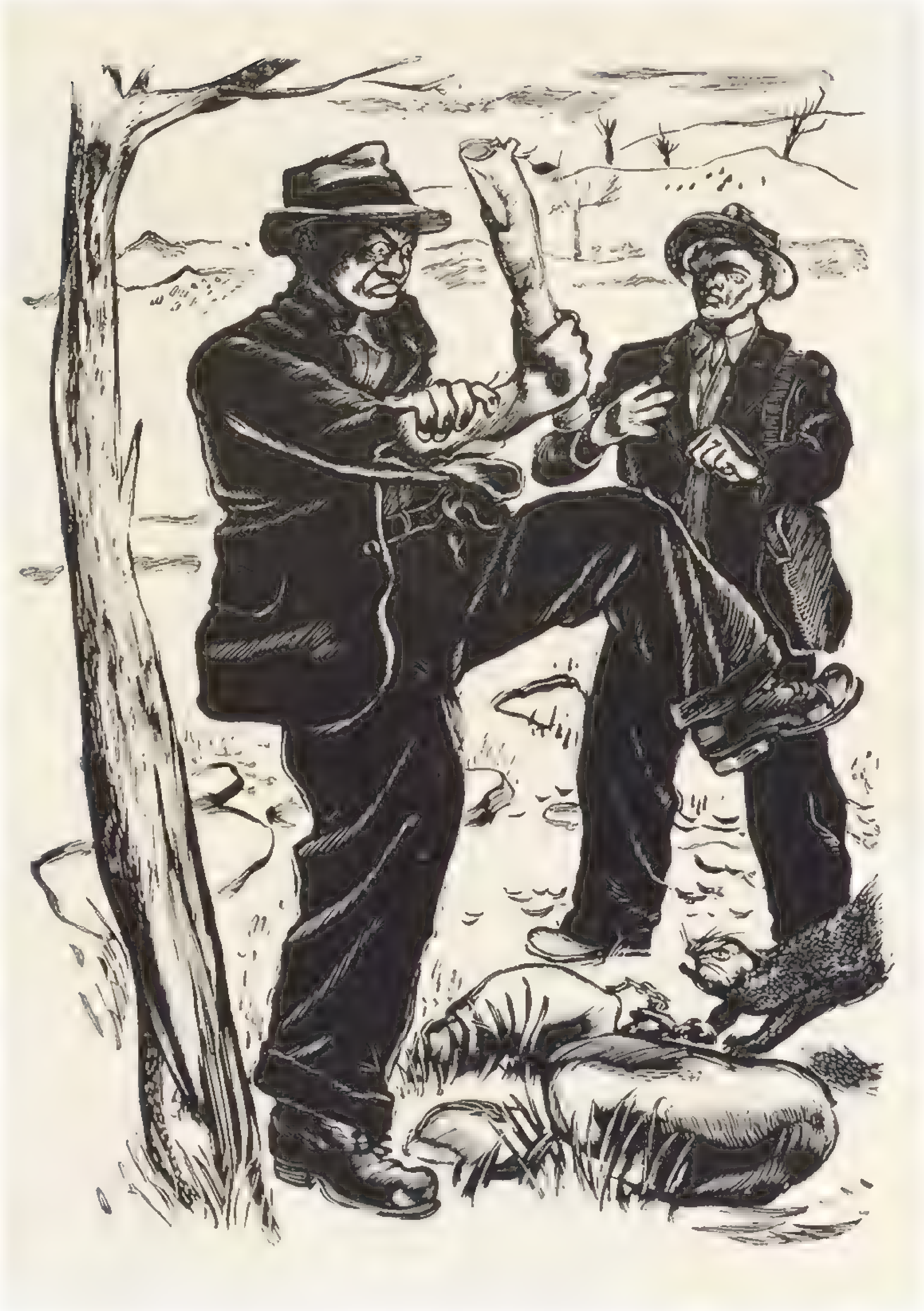
"Sure you don't want a parachute along just in case?"

The One-Eyed Poacher's Paradise

Zack and Uncle Jeff dreamed of fair women, plenty of flunkies, with the game warden serving them rum drinks

by EDMUND WARE

• FICTION •



Oftentimes in spring, lying in the sun in front of Zack Bourne's cabin on the lake shore, Uncle Jeff Coongate dreamed aloud of the trip he knew he would never take. Zack was to be his partner on the wilderness journey. At odd moments, over a period of forty years, the two old woodsmen had collaborated on method, grub lists, and equipment. The one-eyed poacher usually broached the subject. The plan-light would come into Zack's expression, and presently they would be bickering over the detail and refinement of their phantasy. Zack's wife, Sarah, would look from the kitchen window and see them lying with their heads close together, like boys plotting a Fourth of July escapade. Zack would pull a grass blade and chew the pale, tender part. The one-eyed poacher would roll over on his back and stare into the blue, content in his dreaming, happy in voiced hope.

"Four guides apiece," began Uncle Jeff one May morning, when the birch leaves were small, and the loons pairing off in Dark Cove. "That would be about right."

"An' a squaw," suggested Zack, "to take them little forkkid bones out of our fried pickerel for us."

"No 'cause we'd have to have an extry hand along to wash the squaw."

"That's so. I never give it a thought."

"Dang it, Zack! It's what I'm allus tellin' you: trip like this, you got to plan careful. You jest jump to conclusions. You ain't even pratickle."

Zack was silent for a moment. He chewed his grass stem. He watched a fish hawk hover, fold its wings, and plummet into the lake. The hawk came up clutching a chub in its talons. "About flies an' mosquitoes," Zack said. "We could have a nigger boy to fan 'em away from us."

"Now you're talkin'! You covered a lot of ground there. 'Cause if a breeze come up an' drove off the flies, that nigger boy could switch over an' shine our shoes for us." Uncle Jeff lifted his leg and peered critically at the frayed toe of his moccasin. "You ever see a nigger, Zack?" he inquired.

"Don't know's I have, but "

Sarah Bourne came to the cabin door and called: "You Zack! An' Jeff Coongate! You both come 'ere! I want you should draw my washtubs full of water an' set 'em on the stove. Or else you get no dinner."

Exchanging looks of mutual sympathy and frustration, the old-timers got to their feet. "Well," Zack sighed, "guess our trip's over."

The personnel and the doings on the trip were vague, changeable and fantastic. But the route was one over which they had traveled times without number. From the cabin, they would paddle across the lake and pole upriver to Chancery Portage. They would cross the steep and difficult portage into Little Mopang Lake, travel the length of that lake, and lug across the height of land to the Big Mopang River. They would run down the Big Mopang through Slewgundy Heater into the home Lake, and so back to the cabin. They knew every inch of the journey in all weathers, and at various pitches of water. It was their country, and they loved it, and were suspicious of any other. Here they had guided, hunted, fished and poached. And it was over this route that they dreamed of traveling in the lap of luxury, like two northwoods Sultans in comfortable moccasins.

When nights were long, they thumbed the pages of true love magazines, and selected the photographs of girls they would like to take along. It did not seem incongruous that these beauties were not dressed for the Mopang country. Their dream expedition compensated for a life of hardship, defying laws of time, space and probability.

The year of the cruel November storms, the one-eyed poacher and Zack Bourne had gone into the Little Mopang Lake country to trap bobcats. Attracted by the fifteen-dollar bounty, they had piled up an imaginary fortune in the gloomy cedar swamps bordering the lake before they ever got there. After three weeks' actual trapping, they had one small cat and six porcupines. They lived in a lean-to of hemlock bark on the lake shore, and ate salt pork, tea, porcupine and venison.

"I ain't been warm since Labor Day," said Uncle Jeff one morning, shivering over the fire Zack had built.

The dawn was gray in the swamp. The mist crawled on the lake, and on the far shore the spruce tops looked much like faraway islands in the sky.

"Did you hear them geese last night?" Zack asked, brizzling a chunk of pork on a maple skewer.

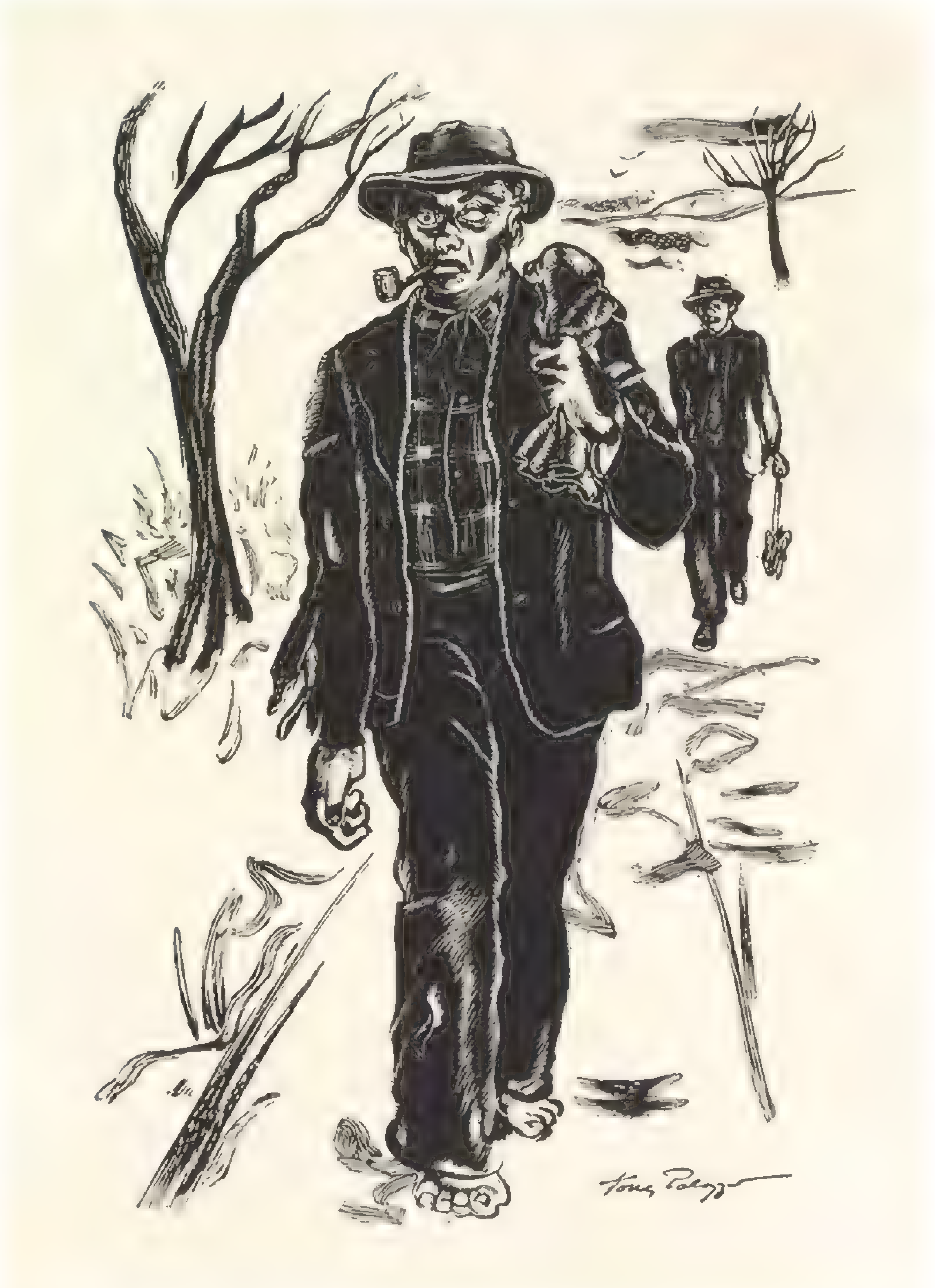
"Yes, I did. An' night before last, too."

"We better get out of here, or we'll get froze in."

Uncle Jeff walked to the lake shore and broke shell ice to get a can of water for tea. There was a fuzz of hard frost on the bottom of the turned-up canoe. With his forefinger, the one-eyed poacher dreamfully scratched three L's in the rime. He sighed, and his breath blew white. His recent mention of Labor Day had brought his mind back to the Mopang Fair, to the sweet summer wind flapping the canvas of the hootchie kootchie tent, and to the kootch dancer who had smiled at him from the packing box stage. Her name was Lorraine, the Lure of Laredo. Uncle Jeff looked down at the three L's he had scratched in the frost. He hastily obliterated them; and, his teeth chattering, walked to the fire and hung the tea can on the dingle stick.

While they tended traps that morning, they could feel the storm coming. The silence of the swamp lay thick in their ears. Once they sat quietly on a log and watched the mice emerging from little holes to gather bark and buds.

The first six traps yielded nothing but a porcupine. But the seventh trap, set in a deer run and baited with porcupine entrails, held a bobcat. The cat was a big yoe, and she was caught by the right front foot. She had torn up the ground to the length of her trap chain in all directions, and she lay crouched and savage. As they approached, her ears flattened to her skull, and her fangs bared. But her snarl was no more murderous than the one-eyed poacher's grin, as he looked at her. "Hullo, sweetheart," growled Uncle Jeff. "Who's baby are you?"



"Step back, Jeff," Zack said, "till I get a shot at her."

"Waste a ca'tridge on the likes of her? Hell no! Jest leave me cut a misery stick. I'll fix her!"

"She gets a rake at you with them fingernails o' hern, an' you'll be sorry."

Uncle Jeff cut a club from a maple sapling and crept toward the yoe, speaking to her softly: "Honey, jest you lay quiet till I get a good belt at you. It'll only hurt once."

He was within four feet of her, grinning into her yellow eyes. He could see the separate hairs on her gray-white throat. He raised the club, and she sprang straight into his blow, ripping open his forearm from elbow to wrist with her left front paw.

"Why, the son-of-a-bitch!" laughed Uncle Jeff. "Did you see her?" She had fallen back to the ground, crouched for a second spring. Uncle Jeff brought the club down with both hands, and the tremendous blow killed the big bobcat instantly.

"Boy, she got you good!" exclaimed Zack.

The one-eyed poacher pulled back the tatters of his shirt sleeve and examined his forearm. Three claws had done the damage. The blood welled slowly out of the claw marks, trickled down to his fingers, and off to the ground. "Well, I got her, too, didn't I?"

They took the trap off the dead yoe's paw, and while they skinned her, they heard the beginning of the storm. They were close to the edge of the swamp. Where the ridge climbed, there were a few tall beeches, and the hard, tiny snow crystals rustled in the dry beech leaves. High above them they heard the forlorn honking of geese, lost in the whirlpools of the snow.

"It's a big storm," said the one-eyed poacher. "It reaches 'way up. Them geese is scared."

"Ain't no wind," Zack hopefully observed.

"Don't worry, it'll come. It's up there now."

When they got back to their lean-to the ground was white, and their smooth moccasins slipped under them as they walked. Jeff heated a strong solution of salt and water and bathed his wound. He cut some strips of salt pork, laid them on the lacerations, and tied them snugly with his bandana. Then they drank some tea, packed the cat skins, their venison and pork, and started on the return trip.

About halfway across Little Mopang Lake, the northeast gale struck them head-on. It was bitter cold. Ice scummed on the sides of the canoe, and their paddle handles grew fat and slippery. Uncle Jeff kneeled in the stern, his head bowed to the storm, his dreams remote: "We'd have a little warmin' pan in our canoe," he mumbled. "We'd set right near it, an' have a bear skin robe over us."

Zack didn't hear a word. The wind hollered in his ears, and his face was numb and blue. But he, too, dwelt warmly on the trip they would never take. In phantasy, he lay on a comfortable stretcher. The day was warm and clear, with just a few high, white clouds. There were four flunkies carrying the stretcher, two to each end. A lovely girl came alongside the stretcher and tucked a pillow under Zack's head.

"Not that pillow," Zack said aloud, his voice lost in the gale. "That's a scratchy one. I'll have the silk one. An' my pipe."

For a time it seemed to the old woodsmen that they might not reach shore. The canoe pitched, and seemed to make no headway. A wave slapped over the bow, soaking Zack's knees, then freezing and encasing his thighs in ice. At last, they reached the lee of the forested shore near Chancery Portage. They could talk now, and hear one another. They landed at Chancery Portage and pulled the canoe up. Both gunwales were heavy with ice.

"Know what we're goin' to have on our trip?" Jeff asked, cracking off the ice with the back of his hand-axe.

"Well, a nice warm day. No wind," Jeff said through his rubbery lips.

"Oh, goddam it! That's understood," ranted Jeff, as if explaining something to a backward child. "And what is it a man wants most on a warm day? Rum, o' course. We'd have young Tom Corn mix us a rum an' sugar an' lemon—plenty ice in it—about every hour or so."

"In a thin glass," murmured Zack reverently.

They rolled the canoe onto their shoulders, and started the brutal journey across the portage. It was dark in the forest, and the snow swirled ghostly in the spruces, while the two friends argued bitterly as to the brand of rum they would select for their journey.

"By God, I've saw the time when you thought Old Sabre Tooth tasted good, right out'n the jug!" Zack bellowed.

"Maybe I couldn't get no other kind. Maybe that was before I met up with Hernando's Fiery Dagger. There's a rum for us! It kind of clutches a man."

They moved ahead in silence, staggering under their load, the footing dangerous. Zack felt that his friend was stubborn about the rum, and he racked his brain for an idea which by its very splendor would shake Jeff to the core. "How about walnuts dipped in port wine?" he asked, as a gout of snow slid off a spruce and chilled his neck.

"Never tried 'em," said Uncle Jeff dubiously.

"You ain't?" Zack hadn't tried them either. "Why, my god! They'll beat rum on a hot day— even Old Sabre Tooth."

The canoe dug cruelly into their aching shoulders. They had to walk with great care. The snow-capped rocks were treacherous. The wind had reached a new fury. A giant beech tree cracked and fell across the trail ahead of them. They walked around the blowdown, forcing their way through the dense growth.

"I was thinkin' a while back," Zack said, "of jest how we'd travel. I favor layin' out full len'th, comfortable, on a stretcher—two fellers luggin' to each end, an' the poles springy, so's I wouldn't jounce. An' that girl on page nine of the magazine. She jest this minnit put a pillow under my head. I didn't like it, so I had her put the silk one under."

The one-eyed poacher, whose ripped forearm had begun to swell and throb, seized

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Golf Is Too Truthful

Proposing amendments to take the game's strait jacket off and make it safe for bluffers

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

It has been frequently claimed that golf is a liar's game. Phooey! Golf is for truthful players, and must be played truthfully. There never has been a great prevaricating golf player for the simple reason that there can't be one. I'm not talking about subtracting strokes from your score or taking furtive pokes at the ball when your opponent isn't looking. That is cheating, and you can cheat in all games. What I am crabbing about is that you can't lie legitimately in golf.

In other games you can. Ty Cobb, Christy Mathewson, Gene Tunney, Benny Leonard, Norman Brooks, and Frank Boucher were all accomplished liars at their favorite sports. We call their lies bluffs and feints, but that is just polite talk. Every one of them went through motions that were lies. Cobb, by his actions, would promise that he was only going to take one base on a hit—and then would take two. Mathewson, winding up, would promise a fast ball—and serve up a floater. Tunney, feinting, would all but tell his opponent to expect a right—and sock him with a left. Brooks lobbed when his motions promised a drive. Boucher, looking at one corner of the net, would flick the puck into the other.

Every one of these double-crossing gentlemen prospered through the use of deceit. And so, of course, do all the prominent football coaches. Maybe deception is a politer word, but it means the same thing.

Golfers, on the other hand, for all the tall stories they are accused of, are the goody-goody boys, the never-tell-a-lie angels of sport. In fact the very reason why they embellish their feats when they get to the nineteenth hole is probably because they are not permitted to lie during the game itself. That is the chief trouble with golf; you never get a chance to fool the other guy. You can't bluff him or feint him out of position because golf is a game where you have to stay in the background, keeping as quiet as a giraffe and as immovable as a snail, when he is taking his crack at the ball.

In tennis, for instance, it is different. Your opponent is facing you, and he can see what you are doing. This gives you the opportunity to make him think you are going to do something you *aren't* going to do. And hereby you make *him* do something that will work against his best interests. Let me illustrate. Given a short ball, you pretend you are going to drop it just over the net. Your opponent rushes in—*because of this lie you tell him*—and you lob the ball over his head for the point. It was your lie that affected his subsequent action, and led to his undoing.

Now try to parallel this in the ridiculous game that is called golf. Suppose you feel like deceiving your opponent. Suppose you stand on the tee of a long hole. You tee your ball up, and then grasp your putter and assume a putting stance in an effort to deceive him into thinking you are going to putt. So what? What the hell good is that going to do you? Suppose you do actually putt. Well, you've wasted a stroke. Suppose you let go of your putter at the last minute, and use your driver. Suppose you purposely drive to your left or right. Suppose you deliberately loft one up in the air. Suppose you feign to have wrenched your back. No matter *what* you do, your opponent will wait until you have finished, and then tee up his ball, and try to whack it as near to the next green as he can. None of your actions will have affected his subsequent one, and deceived him into an error of strategy or execution. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the bunk. That is what makes golf a game for moral panty-waists, for unimaginative Sunday-schoolers. Even drop-the-handkerchief and blind man's buff has more guile, raciness and fraud.

Of course you could hire your caddy to lie about the position of the greens (if your opponent happened to be a stranger on the course), and you could have him hold the flag on the wrong part of the green when your opponent was about to putt. But this, besides being childish, would simply be a crude form of cheating rather than skillful and subtle physical deception. And in the first instance, it would rely on the spoken word which is too elementary a form of deception. A ball player who attempted to lure another one off base by stating that the umpire had ruled him out on a preceding close play would simply get the horselaugh from his rivals. But a pitcher skillful enough to appear engrossed on the batter and yet capable of wheeling suddenly and picking a runner off base enjoys the respect of all.

Perhaps there could be two greens. These greens could be at an equal distance from the tee, and fifty or seventy-five yards apart. The first driver might make his drive, and drive purposely so that his opponent wouldn't be quite certain which of the two greens he would be heading for. He would drive in a direction in between the two greens, you see. The opponent, attempting to figure which green the original driver is aiming at, now takes *his* drive, aiming directly, of course, at the green he thinks the other fellow was shooting for. Driver Number Two has, accordingly, definitely committed himself, whereas Number One has not. Therefore, Number One, thus handicapped, has the privilege, after both initial drives have been made, of deciding whether he will subsequently play his own ball or whether he will switch, and elect to play Number Two's ball. If Number Two has previously committed himself too definitely to one of the two greens, he is now the one who is out of luck, and his original advantage has become a

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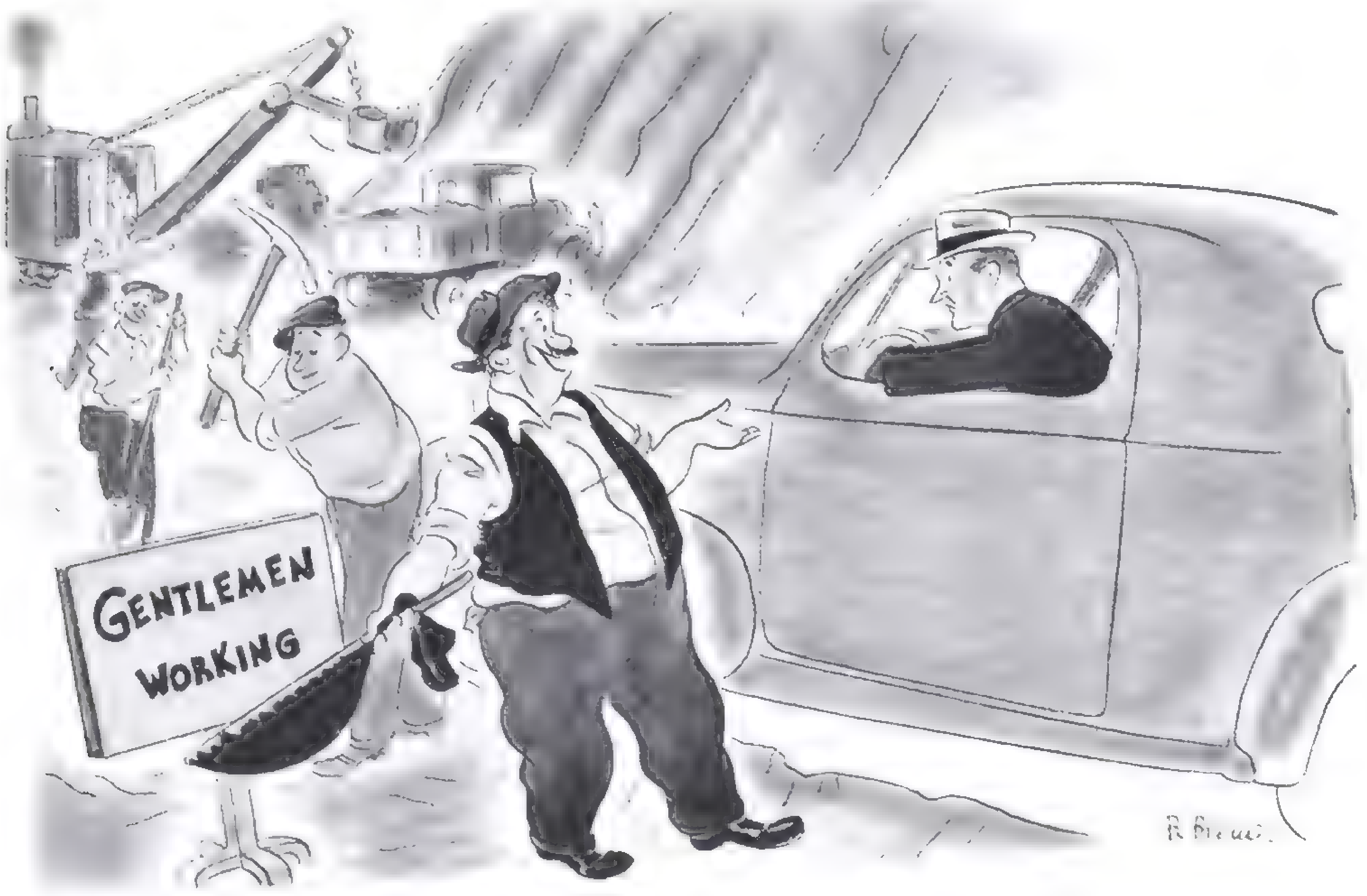
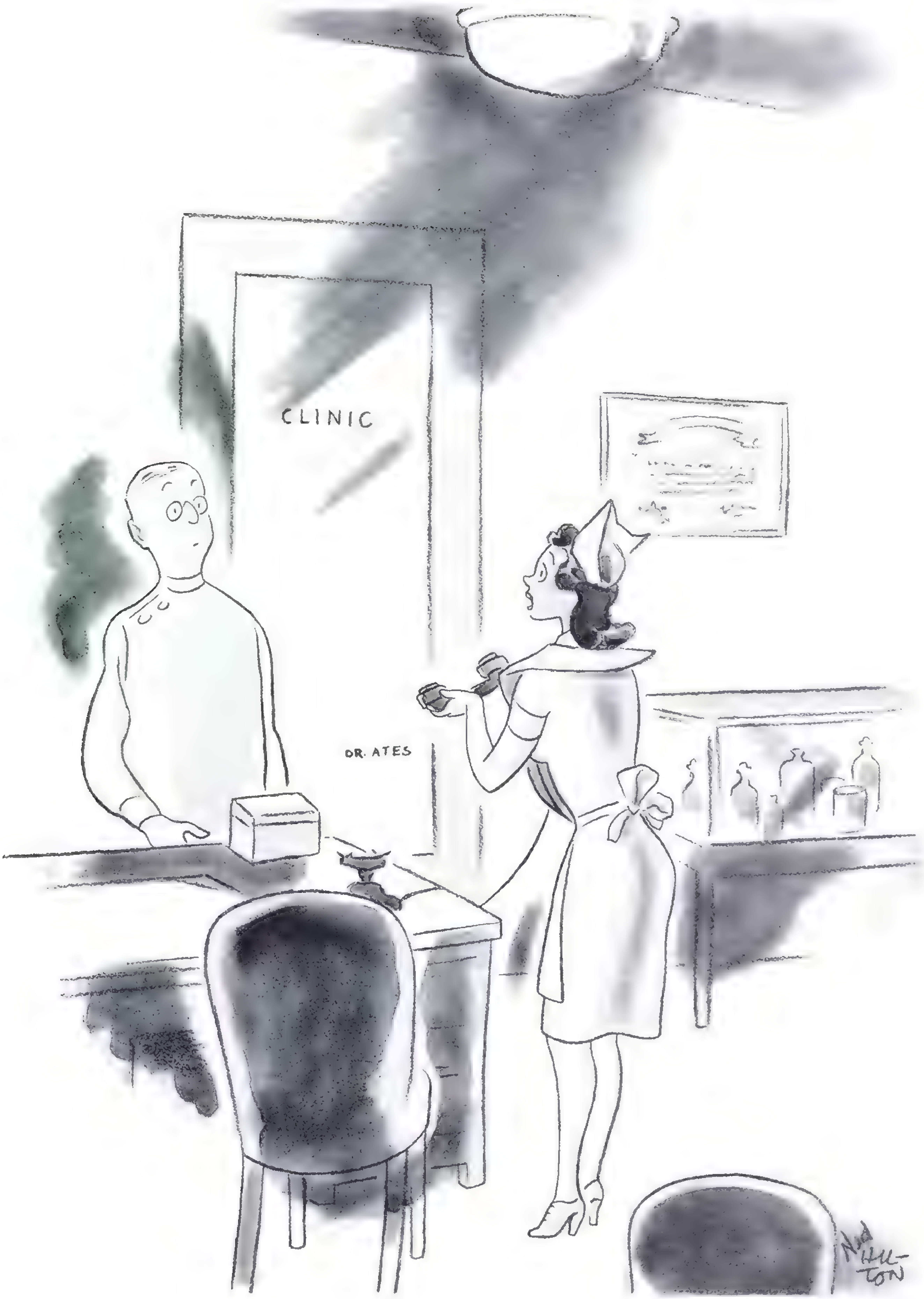


"It dignifies labor and enhances our morale!"


CLINIC
DR. ATES
Ned Hilton

"Mrs. Kingsley says she just unwrapped the bandages and it isn't her husband"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Listing some novices worthy of watching and championing the sparsely praised *Claudia*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

A FEW years ago, one of our esteemed national periodicals published a series of articles under the title, *Stars of Tomorrow*, nominating those young men and women in a variety of fields who seemed to possess qualities which were destined to make future names for them. As I recall the series and if I may be so impolite as to say so, the boys and girls chosen either had already made pretty good names for themselves or, as subsequent developments proved, inconsiderately disappointed the predictions of the clairvoyant. Avoiding the first hardly brain-racking dodge, praying that the records in the second case may turn out to be slightly more beneficent, and confining myself to the theatre of the last two and a half seasons alone, I herewith enter into a similar business of divination and peddle some small guesses.

I

First, let us take the novice actresses. Claire Niesen, a young girl who made her first stage appearance early this season in *Cue for Passion* and who has since been seen in *The Talley Method*, strikes me as having something that distinguishes her from many other beginners. Whether radio training has or has not had anything to do with it, I don't know, but she has a peculiarly modulated vocal pitch that induces an undeniable impression in a theatre audience, as was amply proved in the case of *Cue for Passion* by the testimonials of the reviewers. More, while not the generally accepted notion of a pretty girl, she has at least a suggestion of that sympathetic physical delicacy which once inspired James Branch Cabell to observe that no man can really love a woman unless he reflects how very easy it would be to murder her. But more still, and more important, she can read lines with a fragile understatement that makes their content all the more emphatic, her stage manner is casual and natural, and her features readily and easily adapt themselves to what she is saying, and generally with none of the mechanical eyelid fluttering, eye popping, brow wrinkling and première danseuse smile so often affected by the average stage young woman. While I am not foolishly talking of future stars or anything of that toplofty sort, she nevertheless seems to have something potentially valuable in her, even though bad direction in *The Talley Method*, which led her into strained over-emphasis, caused some of the less analytical reviewers to eat their first words about her.

There is another youngster from radio named Joan Tetzel who appeared once and briefly last season in the revival of *Liliom* and who deserves a break. She is attractive; she has an uncommonly smooth speaking voice; she seems to have a nice sense of drama; and there is about her an engaging air of forthrightness and honesty that appeals to an audience.

It is always a little difficult to tell just where a young actress begins and the director leaves off but, inasmuch as Martin Gabel has never proved himself much in the business of direction, I take a chance and call attention to a tyro named Perry Wilson who appeared this season in Lynn Riggs' inexpert tragedy, *The Cream in the Well*. Handicapped by material not far removed from travesty, she indicated considerable dramatic force and suggested some equipment for future better dramatic roles. Poor direction was here again doubtless responsible for a tendency toward overemphasis, but just the same the girl offered hints of acting competence.

Adele Longmire, who appeared this year in *Old Acquaintance*, got her first chance in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* in the 1938-39 season and had an insignificant bit last season in *Two On an Island* that didn't count. Resembling to a degree a young Katharine Cornell, she is gifted with a pleasing voice, good stage address, the valuable asset that goes all too haphazardly by the name of sincerity, and definite symptoms of intelligence. While at times inclined to indulge in the facial, physical and hair-tossing breeziness that is known in critical circles as acting of the "eagerness" brand, she gives evidence of resource and, with proper counsel in the selection of roles, has about as much promise as any of the young girls who have shown up on the local stage in the period covered by this treatise.

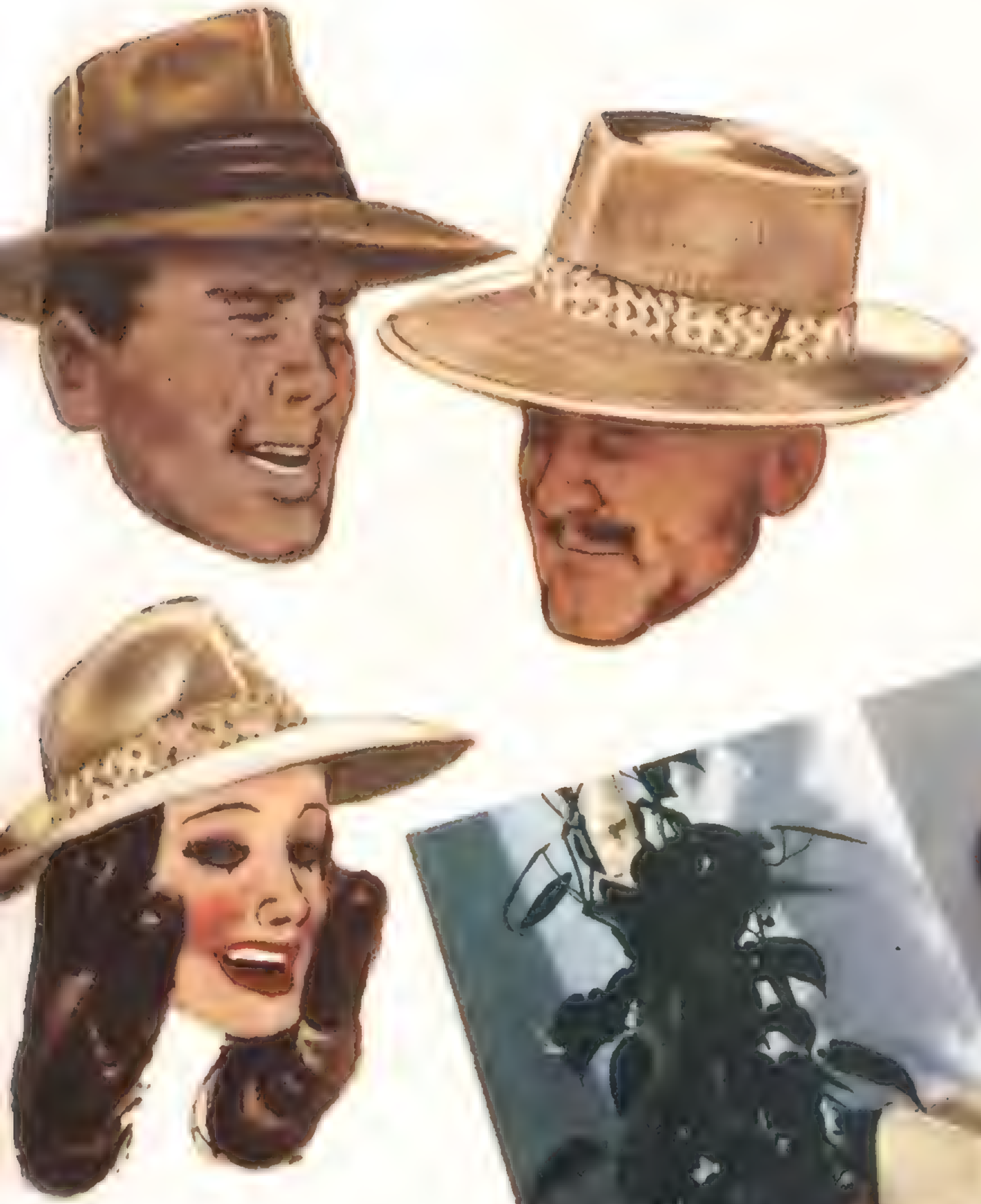
The eccentricities of the Barrymore family are such that any critical fortune-teller had better cross his fingers for safety's sake before making any prognostications, but if young Diana of the clan will take her profession seriously she should bring further fruit to the family tree. Making her New York bow this season in a shabby biographical play, *Romantic Mr. Dickens*, and doubly handicapped by being forced to play opposite an actor of even considerably less than the average competence—and average competence is, at that, a euphemistic way of putting it—she nevertheless gave a performance surprising in its general proficiency. In addition, she made and makes a beautiful stage picture; she has that precious stage asset called charm; she reads lines intelligently; and, though still a little awkward in the department of gestures, her carriage is better than that of any of the other novices nominated in the present tea-leaf reading.

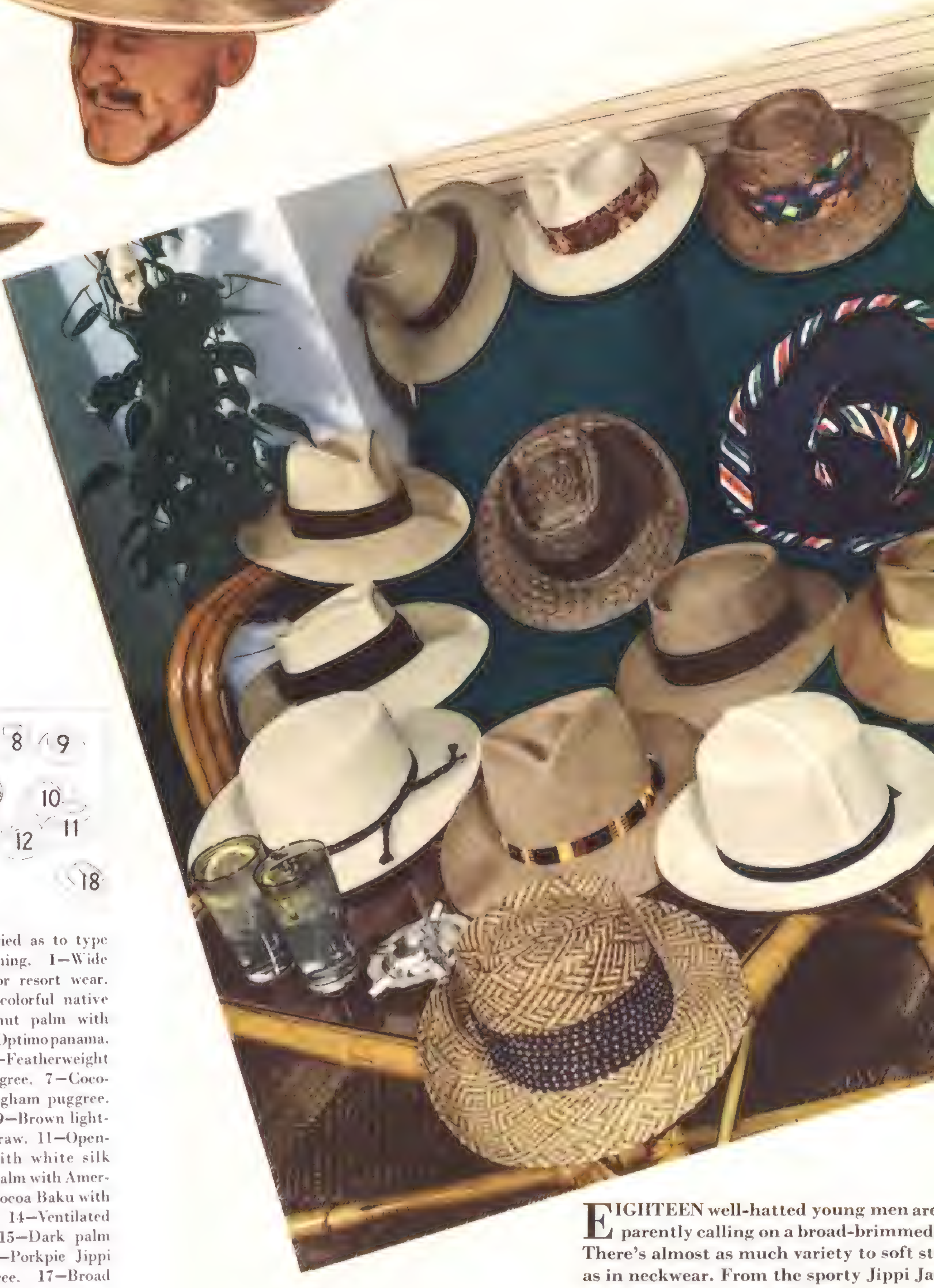
This Diana looks so much like and so much suggests Ethel Barrymore as a young woman—the Ethel Barrymore who in that day was the words in the bubbles of toasting champagne—that, at her first entrance on the stage of the Playhouse it took eyes only half closed to see again the young Ethel herself of the far years ago descending the gangplank of the ship in *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*,

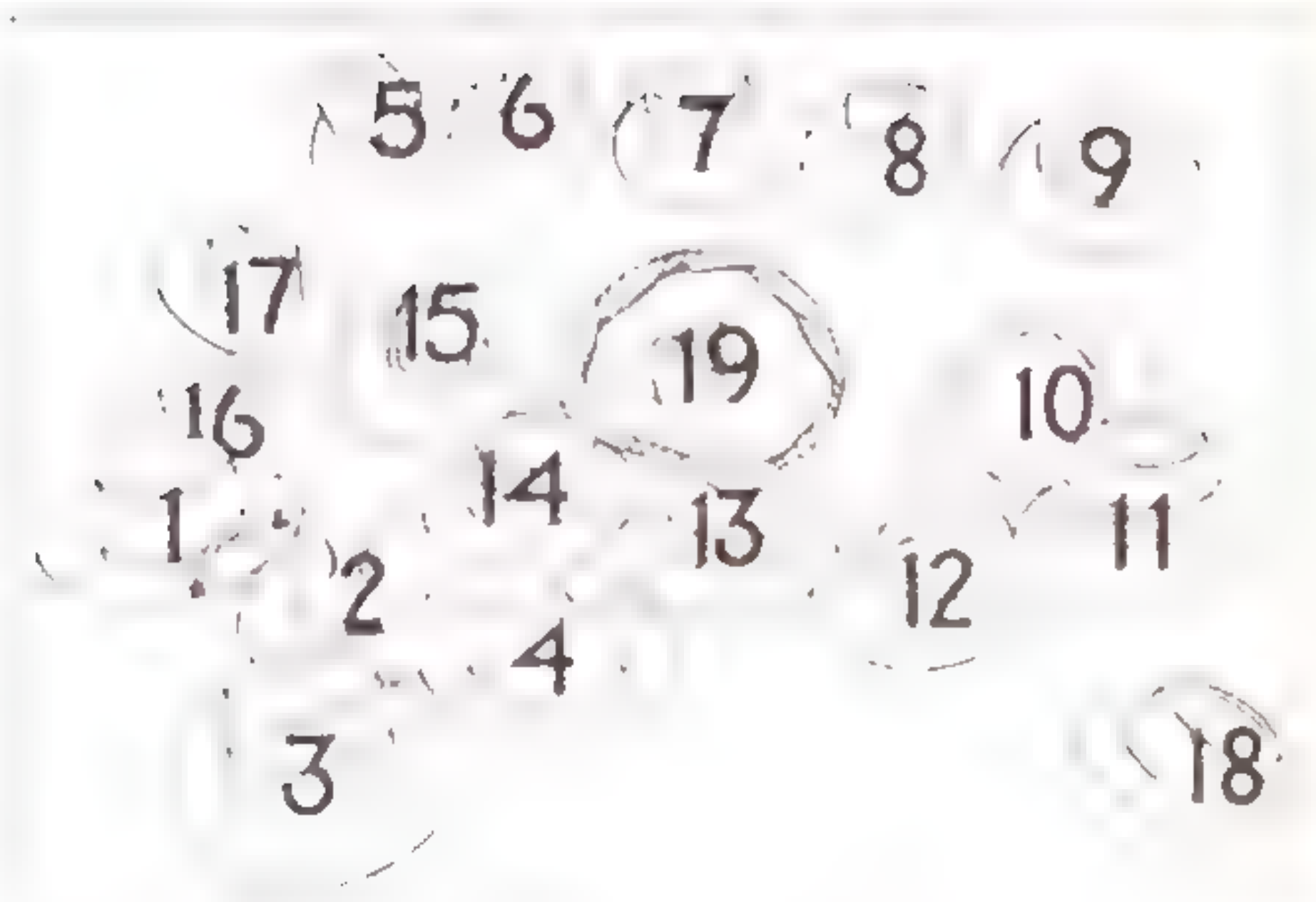
Continued in center of page 110

"Go ahead and answer it, it might be the 'Pot of Gold' program"

lightness overhead

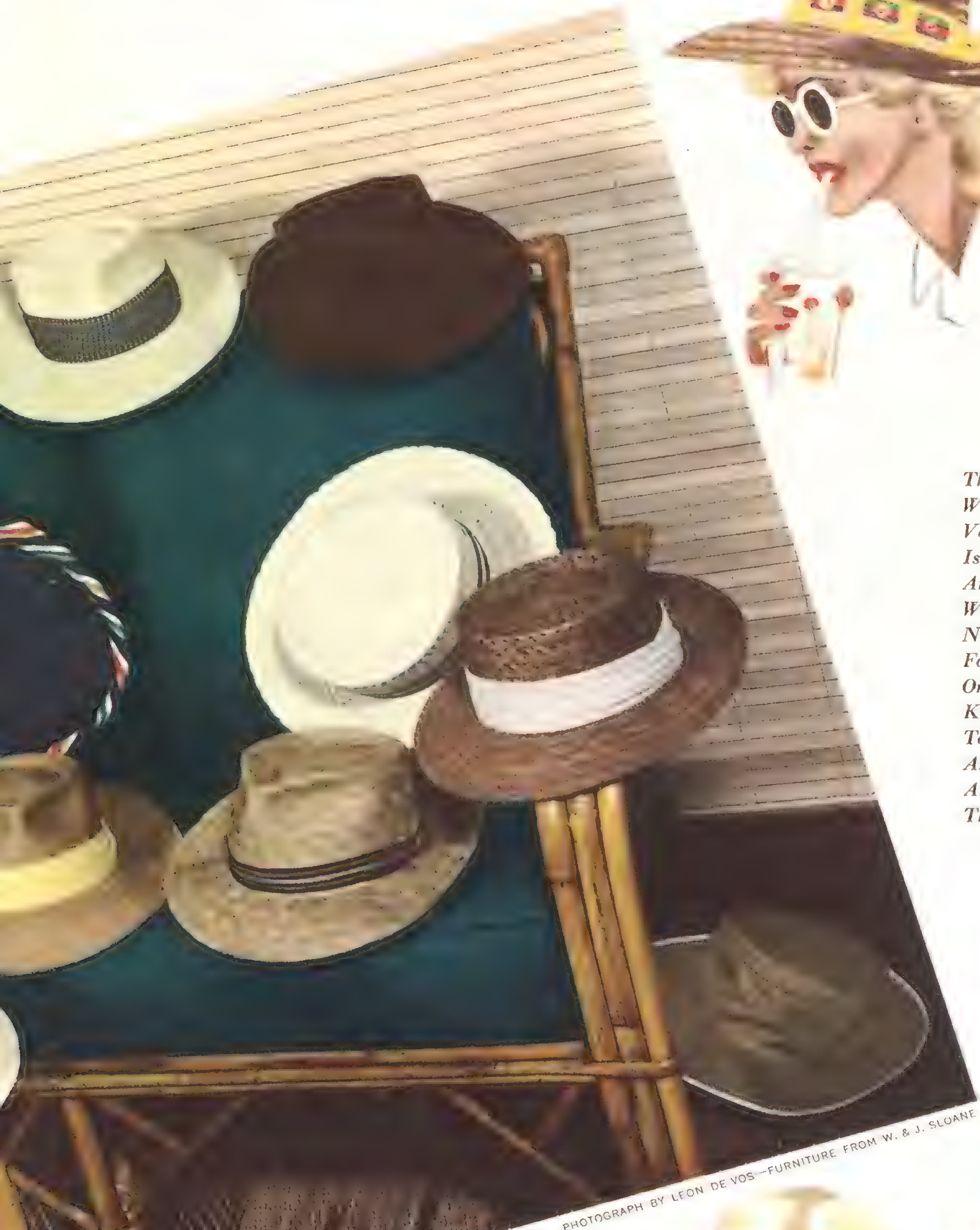




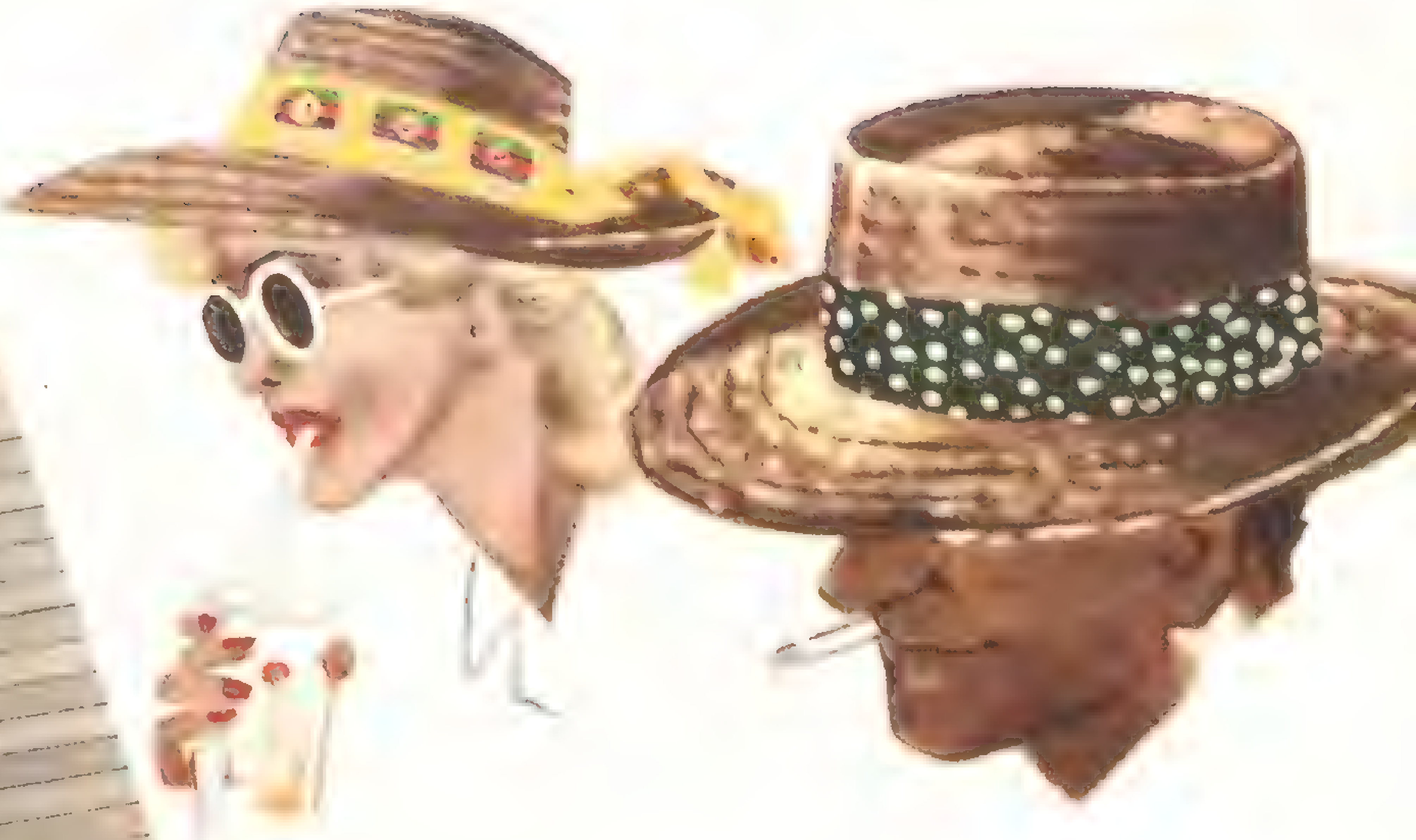


Hats for summer are varied as to type of fibre, shape and trimming. 1—Wide brimmed Montego hat for resort wear. 2—Brown panama with colorful native band. 3—Two-tone coconut palm with Americana silk puggree. 4—Optimo panama. 5—Slope crown panama. 6—Featherweight Baku with Javanese puggree. 7—Coconut palm with bright gingham puggree. 8—Open-weave panama. 9—Brown lightweight felt. 10—Sennit Straw. 11—Openweave coconut palm with white silk puggree. 12—Watersilk palm with Americana striped band. 13—Cocoa Baku with Sandune colored puggree. 14—Ventilated crown brown panama. 15—Dark palm with green puggree. 16—Porkpie Jippi Jappa with green puggree. 17—Broad brim hanoki with maroon crepe puggree. 18—Tan cotton porkpie for golf. 19—Blue raffia woman's hat, striped linen trimming.

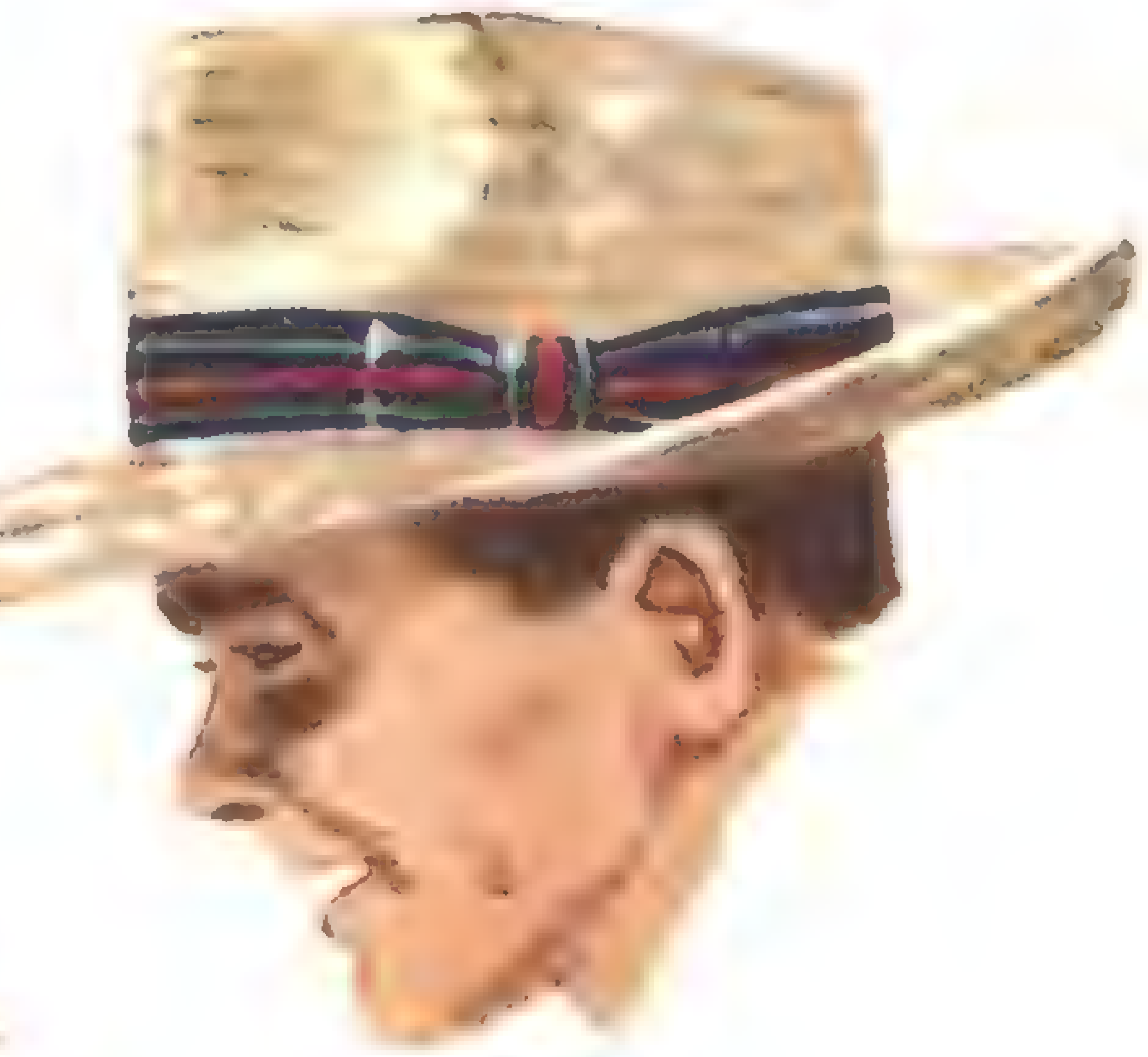
EIGHTEEN well-hatted young men are
parently calling on a broad-brimmed
There's almost as much variety to soft st
as in neckwear. From the sporty Jippi Ja
and coconut palms to the staple panama
sennit is a wide zone of fashion. In betv
come cocoa and light brown panamas



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON DE VOS—FURNITURE FROM W. & J. SLOANE



Though Grandpop wore the selfsame skimmer
When snow would fall or sun would simmer
Variety, to coin a phrase,
Is quite the spice of life these days,
And all these hats before you spread
Will lighten up your overhead;
Now you're the very type who may go
For a Baku or Montego . . .
Or discover you can trap a
Knockout with a Jippi Jappa . . .
Take your pick of shapes and sizes,
Any straw vote proves they're prizes . . .
And when Dog Days start in doggin'
They'll be cool upon your noggin!



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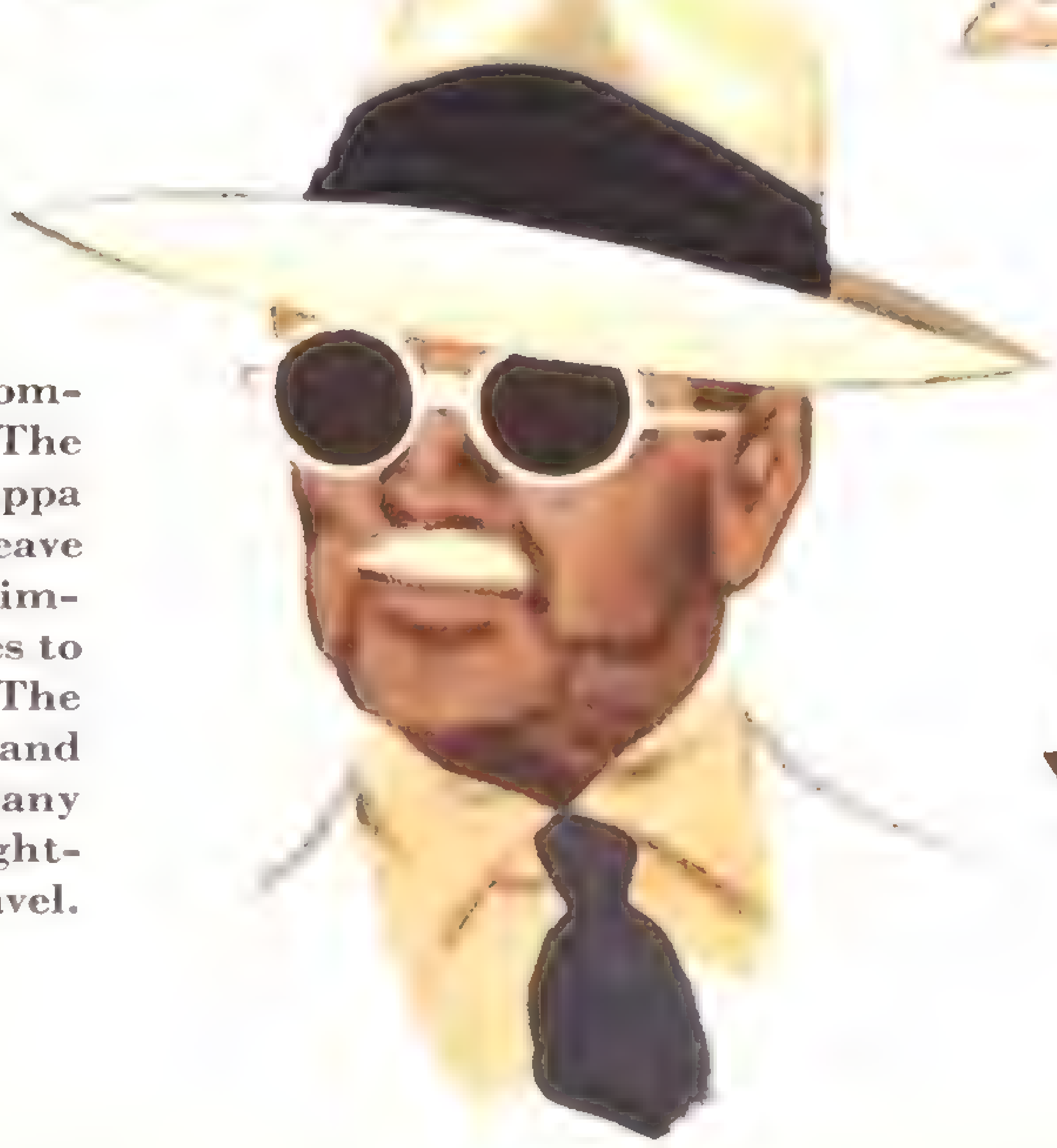
bakus. The white puggreed coconut palm combines with the summer dinner jacket. The broad-brimmed Montego and Jippi Jappa have a special appeal for resort. Open-weave crowns subtract weight and add comfort. Trimmings run the gamut of plain silk puggrees to native prints and patterned ginghams. The Americana theme shows up in red, white and blue effects. The tan cotton hat has many staunch advocates among golfers. The lightweight felt hat is commendable for travel.



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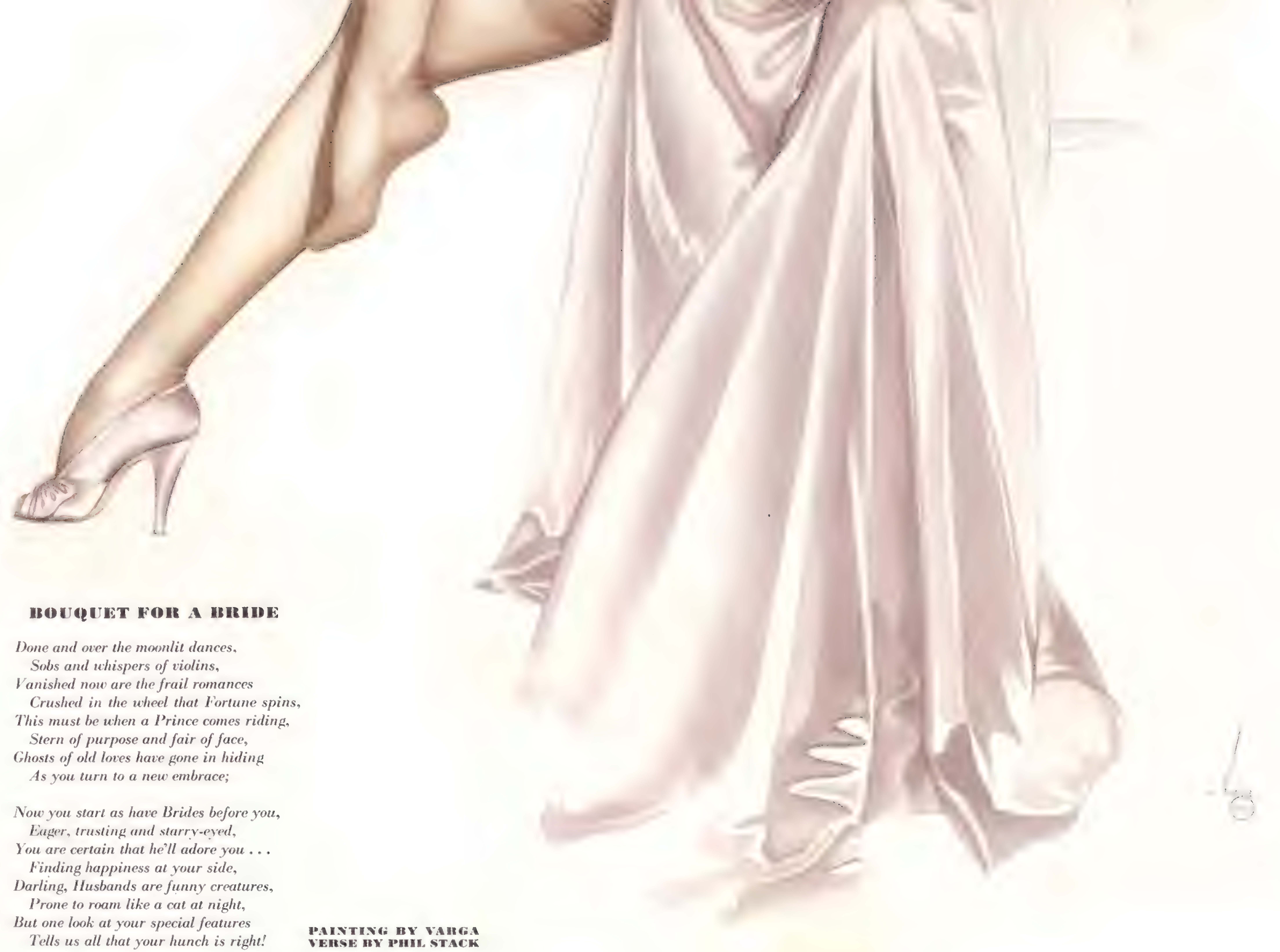


BOUQUET FOR A BRIDE

Done and over the moonlit dances,
Sobs and whispers of violins,
Vanished now are the frail romances
Crushed in the wheel that Fortune spins,
This must be when a Prince comes riding,
Stern of purpose and fair of face,
Ghosts of old loves have gone in hiding
As you turn to a new embrace;

Now you start as have Brides before you,
Eager, trusting and starry-eyed,
You are certain that he'll adore you . . .
Finding happiness at your side,
Darling, Husbands are funny creatures,
Prone to roam like a cat at night,
But one look at your special features
Tells us all that your hunch is right!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Maintaining that Booth Tarkington's novels are true social documents—although the characters are normal

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

In November, 1917 I was on my way west to give a lecture at Evansville, Indiana. The town, the river and the people made on my mind an indelible impression. I remember walking out in the pale dusk with Mr. Foreman to see the mighty Ohio River not far from its union with the Mississippi. There was no wind; and through the twilight (what the Gullahs call the First Dark) on the other side of the river gleamed the evening star. This is the nearest I have ever been to seeing the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi. But I shall see it some day, for I have within the last three years seen the junction of the Mississippi and the Missouri. I am more than a little mad about rivers; I do not think anyone loves them or books about them more than I.

On my way from New York I read the two volumes of Lord Morley's *Recollections* which I still believe to be one of the finest autobiographies of the twentieth century. I left New York late in the afternoon of November 26th immediately after I had visited the Punch and Judy theatre where I heard Bauer and Thibaud play three sonatas of Beethoven for piano and violin; the last one was the famous Kreutzer, unfortunately made notorious by Tolstoy. Freud and D. H. Lawrence, who saw sex in everything, were anticipated by Tolstoy, who in his novel *The Kreutzer Sonata* suggested that such terrifically sexual music should be forbidden public performances.

Our friend Doctor Traprock says that Columbus, Balboa and others should not receive any credit as discoverers. "Columbus discovered America, but how could he miss it? Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean. Standing on a peak in Darien, it would have been a miracle if he had not discovered it; whereas I, Doctor Traprock, discovered a bird that laid dice for eggs!" He might well have added, "No dice for Columbus!" Perhaps, after all, those who discover what does not exist (subjective discoveries) get more interesting results. Hundreds of thousands have listened to the *Kreutzer Sonata* vainly endeavoring to hear something sultrily sexual.

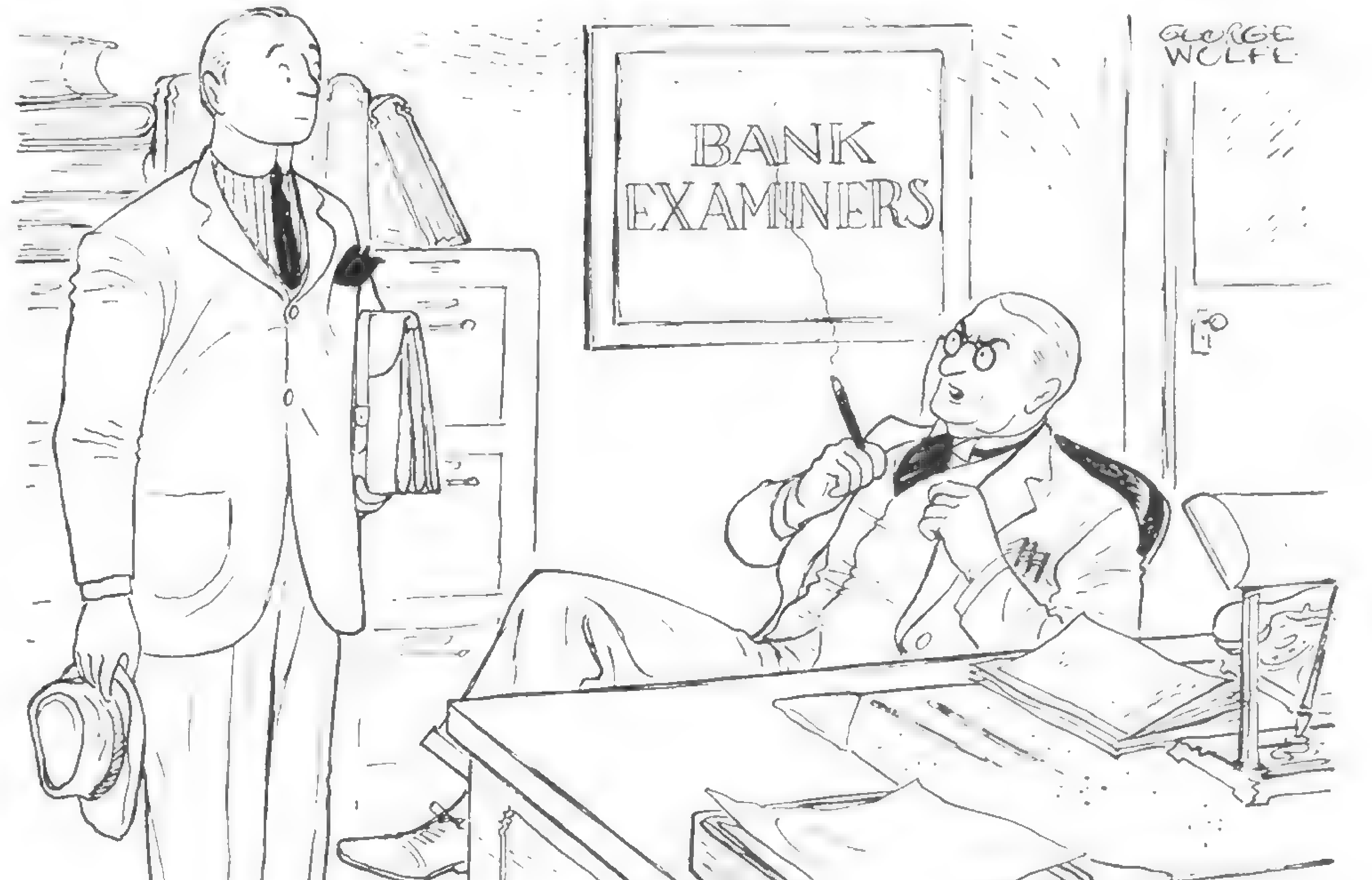
On this occasion in New York, what I got out of it (apart from delight in the music) was a sore throat which accompanied me during the entire journey. For after lecturing at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, I (still reading Morley) pushed on to Springfield, Ohio, where my cold was much worse. I remember that lecture better than its title; because at the end of it a lady came up and said, "You have a fatal disease; I can tell by looking in your eyes." I replied that I had a bad cold. "Ah, do not deceive yourself; my husband had exactly what you have, and he died." The next day I reached Indianapolis where there was a five-hour wait for trains. I went to a club, looked over the books in the library, took out *The Two Vanrevels*, one of the earlier works of Booth Tarkington which I had never read, and used it as an agreeable anesthetic. I read the entire book through in a little less than five hours and forgot my cold.

Booth Tarkington's first novel scored a hit. *The Gentleman from Indiana* appeared in 1899, *The Heritage of Hatcher Ide*, his 42nd, appeared this year; he has therefore averaged one book annually. (He has also written several successful plays, *Clarence* (1919) introducing Alfred Lunt and strengthening the reputation of Helen Hayes which had begun the year before with *Dear Brutus*.) *The Gentleman from Indiana* is a very good first novel; and its successor in 1900, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, a shining romance, will be well known for the next fifty years. He himself became the Gentleman from Indiana, for in 1902-1903 he was a member of the Indiana Legislature; and it is said that his only speech was a motion that the House meet daily one hour later than had been the custom. After his initial two successes, Mr. Tarkington wrote a number of anesthetic novels, valuable for the same reason as *The Two Vanrevels;* so entertaining as to fill prescriptions for convalescence; *The Conquest of Canaan, The Guest of Quesnay* are typical. I remember one newspaper review saying, "Mr. Tarkington's Spring novel is—" like being in style. His depreciators, of whom there were many, were partly justified in calling him not an artist but a caterer.

Well, about the year 1914 came a revolution in his work, so great that he entered and has remained in the front rank of living American novelists. *The Turmoil* was a realistic study of the effect of industrial changes in cities and in city life. I myself well remember (Detroit) solid, quiet, expensive private houses reaching nearly to the junction of Woodward and Jefferson Avenues. After 1914 *Penrod* and its sequels gave us the most truthful stories of the American boy since Mark Twain; and Penrod's Negro friends Herman and Verman, old Genesis, and others are amazingly accurate and charming portraits. And I do not know where can be found the tortures of adolescent love together with its side-splitting humor more accurately portrayed than in *Seventeen* which is a minor classic. Everyone over forty should read that book; for no one who reads it will ever want to be seventeen again. That boy had no fun at all.

This new novel *The Heritage of Hatcher Ide* deals with the eternal theme of the younger generation and specifically how the younger generation has been affected by the financial depression. This, as in all the author's books, is a good *story;* it is not a treatise, it is a story. But the characters are real; and if the heart-

Continued on page 122



"Cass, we'd prefer you hand in a more complete report on the Third National Bank than 'Everything Okie-Doke'!"

The Long Embrace

The old man kept coming through the fog and pain, a crazy figure dancing down an endless corridor

by MARK SCHORER

• FICTION •

℞

The accident took place on a foggy evening, at about six o'clock, just outside the city, and very near one of the big municipal hospitals. It was no time at all before the ambulance had picked up the patient, who was unconscious, and had her in the hospital. In the operating room her eyelids began to flutter, and the attending surgeon, an elderly man, ordered ether. "Keep her under," he said. "This looks like a long job. And get Carver at once to handle that pelvis. I don't want to touch it, and there's plenty to keep me busy. Checked the heart action?"

"Abnormally slow."

"Prepare adrenalin."

The fluttering eyelids of the patient opened wide just before the ether mask covered her face. In her condition, she submitted to the anaesthetic without struggle, in fact, as it seemed, eagerly . . .

. . . you might have been under the sea. The trees had lost the spininess of earth, had been turned to veils which undulated gently and with infinite luxuriance in the slow currents that ceaselessly brush across the incalculable bottom of the sea. It was late afternoon, and there was a green light in the air still which intensified this sense of a submarine world, and only the greenness saved vegetation from monstrous appearances. And somewhere the sun was shining, curiously, and sending strange, horizontal beams of light, pink and yellow, through the thickness, rays which died in the very act of penetrating the fragile, inexorable barrier of fog, but which, still, before they died, hurt badly, cut like spears, sheared like knives, grated cruelly like bone splintered in the thighs, the stomach and the chest, the very head and brain. And yet the fog saved her from the ultimate, grinding pain, blurred things softly, and let pain swim in almost dreamlike waves against her, as she herself swam dreamlike, boneless, in the fog, in the remote depths of water.

Then, out of the billowing gray, a voice began to come. "Back her up," it said flatly, distantly at first. "Back her up, back her up, back her up. There you are, there you are, there you are."

Through what immeasurable depths of ocean did this familiar repetition of sounds float? "Back her up, back her up, back her up." The cold and metal voice, the dying, dropping sound? "Back her up, back her up, back her up," and, "There you are, there you are, there you are." This was a dead, metallic voice which she knew, a voice which made no effort to lift itself above the steady, monotonous hum of motors which was like the deadened roar of waves on a distant beach, yet effortlessly detached itself from the whole background of throbbing sound and flatly said, "Back her up, back her up, back her up." The voice was empty of everything but metal words, no fear, no pity, no dread of catastrophe, no love of it either, was merely catastrophe itself, articulate and cold: "Back her up, back her up, back her up."

In the glistening, slightly tilted mirror she saw behind her how, in that subaqueous world, a corridor appeared, empty and cold and infinite, its narrowing length beyond the power of the mirror to tell, but infinite, infinite, white and gleaming and cruelly empty, endless as it narrowed down to a point no eye could truly find, stretching endlessly through the gray, green, billowing world. And, "Back her up, back her up, back her up," the voice said relentlessly, over the rising roar.

Then, as dread accumulated and mingled with the already experienced pain, these two illogically mixed, the fear and the fact which was feared; then, as all the motion of the world took on both violence and order, the green fog swirling now into patterned arrangements of wheels and wheels and wheels, and the rays of curious sunlight suddenly swinging up, much brighter, as from points of earth and wheeling out in patterned revolutions piercing the fog but never finding sky; then, as all sound came together in the powerful and helpless drone of one motor, and that somewhere above, lost in the depths, and for which the lights made their vain and ordered search—then, fixing her glance with sober frenzy on the mirror in which the endless corridor stood askew, she began to back, back, back, first fearfully, and slowly as the voice was slow, then, as gradually it spoke more rapidly, terrorized, and faster, faster, faster; and at last the machine was moving backward with such terrific speed that she knew that she was no longer driving it, but that it was compelled, pulled back by space itself, the magnet of space fixed on the helpless object of time, which now charged back and back and back, as still the voice said, "Back her up, back her up, back her up," and dread became an unendurable ecstasy of suspense. And then abruptly the voice changed, and it was the old man's voice, quavering and uncertain, yet speaking the same words; and as the machine fled ever backwards, the old man himself appeared, a crazy, yellow figure dancing like fury before her, down the limitless corridor, forever down, and always faster, faster, faster. But with the change in the voice, dread dissipated itself, and now she was laughing at the joke, and the old man, dancing in his painful fury before her, laughed too, with his toothless gums, in his yellow, ancient face. And then at last, with an effortless transition from concrete to air, the machine lifted itself from the ground, from the corridor, from the old man, was in the fog itself, and, in the revolving lights, found its own orbit at last. Then there was once more the infinite luxury of submarine motion in her body, and all pain was gone; only the undulation of the orbit itself, in the bright light, as the light went ever out and out into space, and the orbit with it, the marvelous magnetized arc in space which held her, orbit in space dipping, dropping, rising, falling, out, out, out into the darker air, the sound of the motor above fainter and fainter, the voice retreating, retreating, a vast silence preparing itself for the secret she was to learn at last out here, in space unendurably cold yet not felt as cold, as the orbit was graying, then was lost, and fog lost, sea lost, sound lost, voice lost, only cold and black left as out, out, out toward knowledge she comfortably moved.

The mask was lifted from the face. "Under," said the attendant. "Observe the heart action closely," said the surgeon to the nurse. A young man, black eyes alert above his mask, came into the brilliant, shining room.

"Hello, Carver," said the older man, and with his glittering instrument he indicated the patient's pelvic region.

The young man grunted and glanced briefly at the face.

Quite suddenly, and, as it seemed, not curiously, she was on solid earth again, in a familiar world. Her hard heels struck sharply on the sidewalk as she went rapidly down the street from her mother's house to the garage where she kept her car. It was a late September afternoon, heavy with fog, and she was anxious to get to the airport where, she knew, Dave was soon going to make a landing that would not be easy. He would not be pleased to see her there again, but it was a funny thing the way you got over shame, over the most terrific insults to your pride, got over your pride itself, when you were really put to it.

She pushed the heavy garage doors apart and slid in through the aperture. Ether Voice was scraping spark plugs at the repair bench. "Heigh," she said.

"Hello, Miss Walton. Going out?"

"Yes."

"It's a bad afternoon."

"Not too bad."

"Pop'll help you out."

The old man was beside her, bobbing up and down a little, his zany's grin on his parchment face.

"Hello," she said to him, and, smiling to herself, walked back along the rows of cars to her own, with the old man limping along behind her. Sometimes she wondered why the old man amused her so, what it was about an old man with yellow skin, no teeth to speak of and one foot in the grave that was funny. Most people would pity him, she supposed, so old, and having to work still, and in a garage that was not any too warm and cozy in winter, sleeping in a chair through long winter nights in the drab, concrete office, which is what he had to do when he was on night duty, and that was most nights, because his son had to get real sleep to run the place in the daytime when the real work was done. It was that he was both so old and always so foolishly chipper that was funny. She was fond of him, as one might be of someone mildly defective, and she had a pet name for him, and one for his son, too. To herself she called the father Old Death, and what an archaic clown he was! The other, because of his flat, monotonous voice, like the emotionless voices one hears under anaesthetic, she called Ether Voice. Their real names she did not know.

She edged her way through the narrow space between her car and the next and climbed in behind the wheel. The old man stood in the clear space in front, his hand up, prepared to signal her to come ahead. She started the motor, glanced at him, smiled, and heard him say in his high, croaking voice, "All right, bring her out, bring her out, bring her out." His bony old hand beckoned her in a circular motion.

She put the machine in gear and let it move slowly ahead. Almost at once it scraped up against the fender of the car on the right. She pulled on her brake and stopped short. The old man was grinning helplessly and shaking his head, and Ether Voice, who had looked up sharply came toward them at a run.

"By God, Pop, you gotta watch what you're doin'!" he said in his metallic voice, from which one could not have known that he was angry.

"I thought them wheels was straight," the old man wheezed.

"Okay," said Ether Voice, and, looking up at her, "Half our profits the old man uses up in the fenders and bumpers we gotta repair. He can't get a car in and he can't get it out without somethin'."

She put her head down on the steering wheel and laughed. "Every time," she cried, "every time! He doesn't miss a chance!" Something in these little accidents, these parodies of catastrophe, for which the old man was always responsible, seemed almost unbearably amusing to her; now she was laughing so hard that tears came to her eyes.

"It ain't funny any more," Ether Voice said, and looked briefly at the old man who stood there grinning, ashamed of his ancient incompetence, and, with his good foot, kicking at a post like a schoolboy.

"All right, Miss Walton," Ether Voice said. "Turn your wheels sharp and back her up."

She put the car into reverse and straightened the wheels.

"All right, back her up," he said in his flat tone, his hand waving her back. "Go on, back her up, back her up. There you are."

She was about to move the car forward again when they heard the telephone in the office ringing loudly.

"Wait," said Ether Voice, "till I answer that."

He trotted up to the front of the garage, disappeared, and in a moment came back again. "It's your mother. Wants to know if her daughter is here. Wants you to come home a minute."

"Oh Christ!" she said.

Ether Voice said, "All right, now. Bring her out, bring her out." Slowly she edged the car out of its space, and then swung it round to face the doors, which the old man was straining to open. Ether Voice walked along beside the car and said, "Now take it easy, Miss Walton. It's bad driving."

"Okay," she said, and, waving to the two of them, slid out into the gray-pink fog. Once she had heard him say to the old man, "Any dame that drives like that one's got somethin' eatin' at her," and she could remember the old man's meaningless grin which almost suggested relish. And now, in her impatience, she pressed her foot hard on the gas and drove the few blocks to her home swiftly, recklessly through the mist, pulled up in front of the house with a jerk, jumped out, slammed the door, and ran up the steps. She went directly to the sitting room where she knew her mother would be, and there she was, sitting heavily in the firelight on a little settee which she seemed to crowd, a decanter of sherry and two glasses on the table before her, her fat legs stuck rather ridiculously out, the great knees apart, and her little hands folded tidily in her lap. Something in the neat arrangement of waves in her mother's hair, something about the genteel gray hair itself, so well-kept and glistening in the firelight, outraged her.

"What is it?"

Her mother smiled with studied patience. "Sit down, dear."

Marge gave a tug at her hat. "Well, what?"

"Sit down."

Impatiently she sat down on the edge of a chair. "What?"

"Darling, you're looking lovely. That blue, fuzzy wool becomes you—your eyes, and your hair. It makes your hair positively yellow! I like it combed down that way, around your shoulders. Makes you look like fifteen."

"Come on, mother, what is it?"

"Don't always be so sharp, dear. It's only that when I saw that you'd gone out, without saying anything, I was worried. That's all. Where were you going?"

"For heaven's sake!"

"I'm serious, Marge. Do take off your hat. Have a glass of sherry with me. Be my daughter for a change."

"Daughter! What rot. Come on, mother, what do you want?"

Her mother hesitated, and then, in a helpless little voice which was comic in a woman so heavy, she cried, "Oh Marge, what's wrong with you? Tell me. What is it?"

"If you didn't have a pretty good idea, you wouldn't be worried."

"No, Marge. Just your driving. That's enough to worry me enormously."

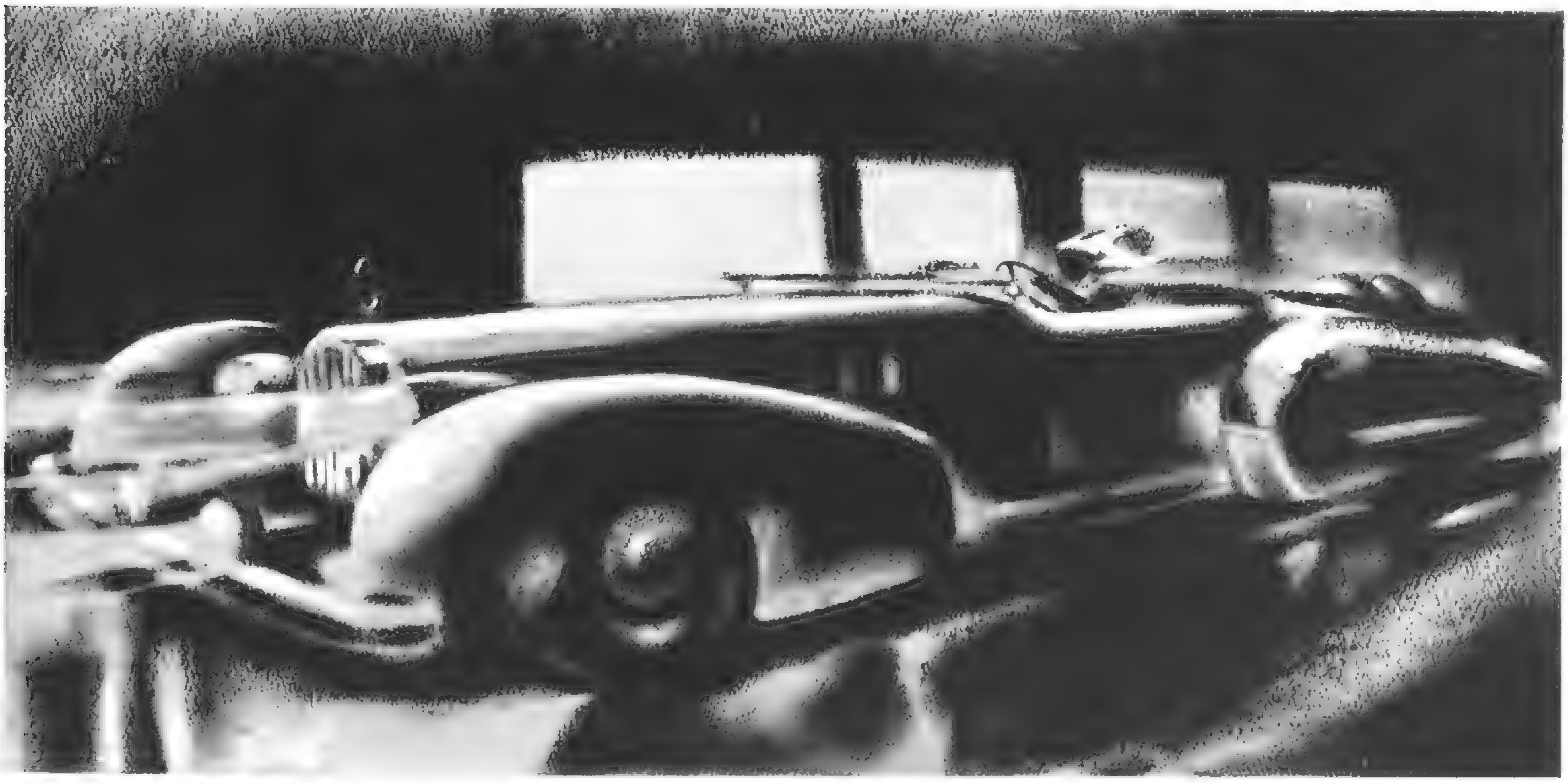
"What about my driving? I like to drive, that's all. I like machinery. I like to make it go."

"But you're so reckless."

"Anybody who knows how to handle a car can't be reckless. Now what is it, really?"

Her mother bent over and poured sherry

Continued in center of page 141



DRAWING BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Man the Kitchenette

Once a Russian nobleman and still Prince of Epicures, Serge Obolensky recommends, and cooks, these dishes

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

For a long time I have been wanting to write about the Art of Eating, a matter that is usually neglected by Americans who dash through their meals thoughtlessly. I now feel that perhaps the best way to explain this art intelligibly would be to draw a word-picture of a true epicure, and show how he lives, gustatorially and otherwise. Let us take, for example Serge Obolensky, one-time Prince of old Russia and officer of the Russian Imperial Guards, today buck private in the New York State Guard, but also member of the executive board of the St. Regis Hotel in Manhattan.

I don't dispute the fact that there are American epicures, however few they may be. I know some of them, but they fail of perfection, and we need a very paragon of gourmets. For years Serge Obolensky excited my imagination—because he is the true man of the world, and excellent material for discussion in a man's magazine. When I found out that he enjoys cooking, himself, I felt that he definitely belonged to these pages.

But before actually discussing eating or cooking, let me describe Serge Obolensky to you. He is of middle-age, tall, as a guardsman must be, with an extremely well-proportioned figure. Talking and shaking hands with tall men gives us short guys an inferiority complex, yet Obolensky's height does not make you uncomfortable. When he meets you he bows from the waist, trying to reduce himself to your own dimensions in a queer sort of polite way, no matter what your social or economic position may be.

He is extremely amiable and naturally polite in a simple and sincere way. His manners are effortlessly kind, and this fact is not irrelevant in painting the portrait of a man of the world and an epicure. Mind, I don't know much about his private life, and I don't wish to—these lines are written about a gentleman as a gastronome.

To proceed with the description—his features have the powerful beauty of ugliness. It is a very strong face with a light olive complexion; chestnut-brown hair, without a trace of gray in it; a small military mustache of the same color. Blue, and rather cold eyes look straight at you with a curiously direct gaze. His lower jaw protrudes slightly when he smiles, and he smiles often. Radiantly and pleasantly.

His suits are exceedingly well cut by Davis (the late George V tailors) of London, and by Breckenridge, also in London. Obolensky smilingly lamented to me the tragic state of his British wardrobe; he has nothing but old suits, wearing out slowly but surely. He has but one new suit which was dispatched by Breckenridge the day before that tailor's workshop was bombed out in London. His shirts are the tab-collar type, his ties are usually dark. I forgot to ask where he has his shoes made, but by looking at them I judged that they must be everlasting, because the leather looked old and worn but the shape remained.

Obolensky rises each morning exactly at eight o'clock and gulps down a few glasses of warm water, because, as he puts it "you wash yourself outside, why not inside?" The warm water drinking habit is a patrimony Serge's father taught his children the internal bath trick.

Soon after this he has his breakfast, more simple than you could ever imagine: a large glass of grapefruit juice and a couple of vitamin tablets! He eats no solid food until lunch. In his office—he handles some of Vincent Astor's real estate, besides his job at the St. Regis—he chews gum, just as mechanically and with just as much relish as one of his typists or any of the bellhops in the lobby. He smokes only a few cigarettes a day.

Obolensky rarely eats meat for lunch. He takes a cup of chicken broth or consommé, a fish or a vegetable dish, Melba toast and butter, and a large cup of coffee with cream. The crowning of the lunch for him, as it ought to be for other men, is a good cigar; and a nonchalantly used toothpick, wrongly condemned by snobs. He never eats lunch alone, and more often than not, with Vassili Adlerberg, who also serves on the executive board of the hotel. I have seldom seen more harmony between two men than between Serge Obolensky and Vassili Adlerberg. Their height is about the same, as are their manners, their unaffected politeness, their outlook on life. Adlerberg, who is younger, also served in the Czarist Guards. The two men are silently although manifestly devoted to each other, changing countries, like the *izgoi* (exiled) princes in ancient Russian history, but sticking together wherever Fate may put them.

Serge's dinner does not start with caviar, although he was almost brought up on it, never thinking that it was a delicacy, back in Russia. Today he does not often indulge in it since an epicure must know how to observe abstinence. His dinner begins with oysters if they are in season, clams, or mussels. Often a soup follows, borsch, or a Russian fish soup, an entrée, like Poularde á l'Estragon (chicken with tarragon), saddle of lamb, or sashlik. Obolensky's favorite dish is Poularde Rôti en Serviette, with truffles. (You'll find some recipes at the end of the article.) He seldom eats cakes, puddings or strudels, although the St. Regis has the best apple strudel in the whole world. Serge takes a sherbet or stewed fruit at the end of the dinner, another cup of coffee, and lights another good cigar. In the way of drinks he takes one or two very dry Martinis before dinner, a glass or two of wine, and now and then a brandy after dinner. He likes to mix his own cocktails. He undereats

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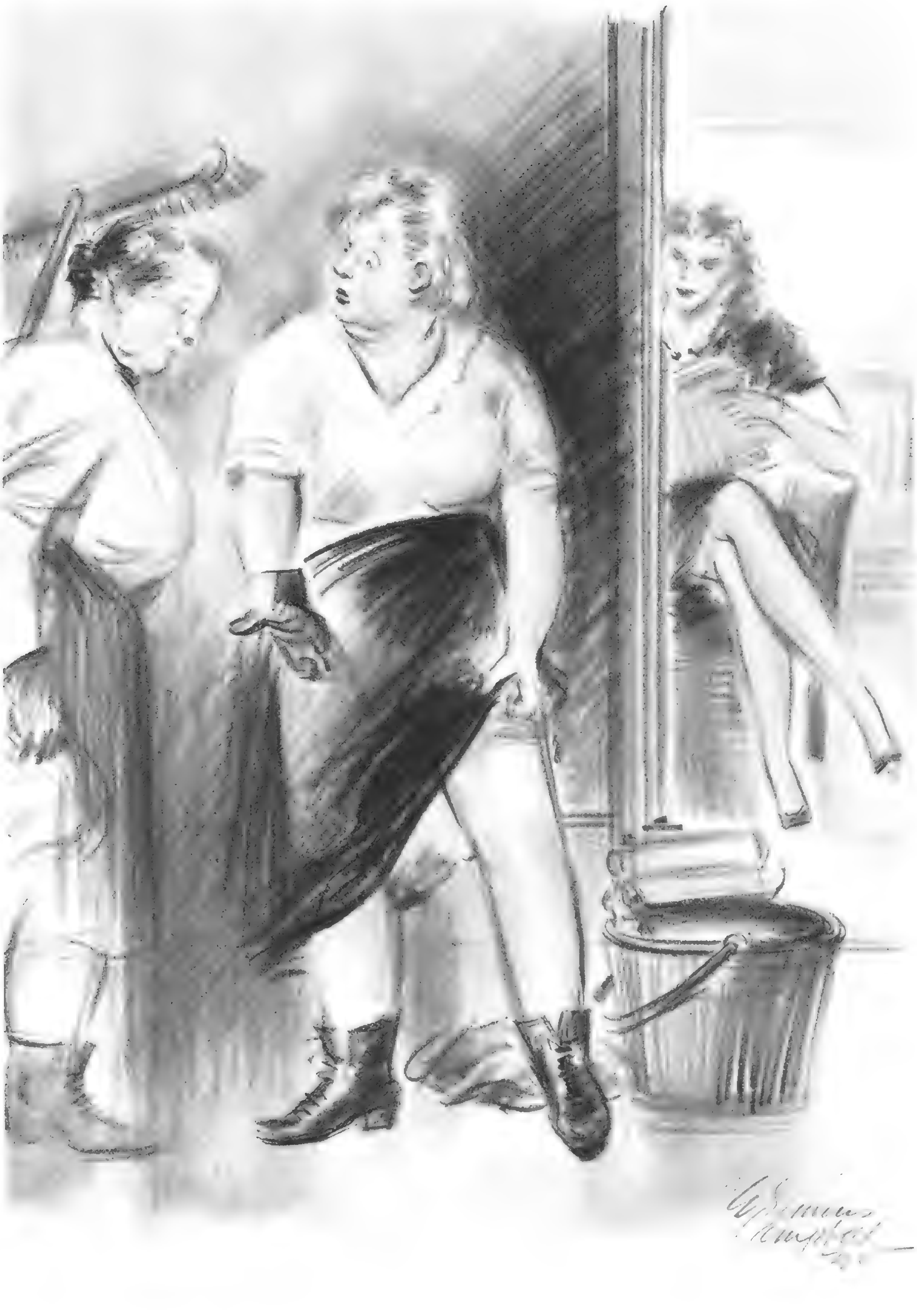
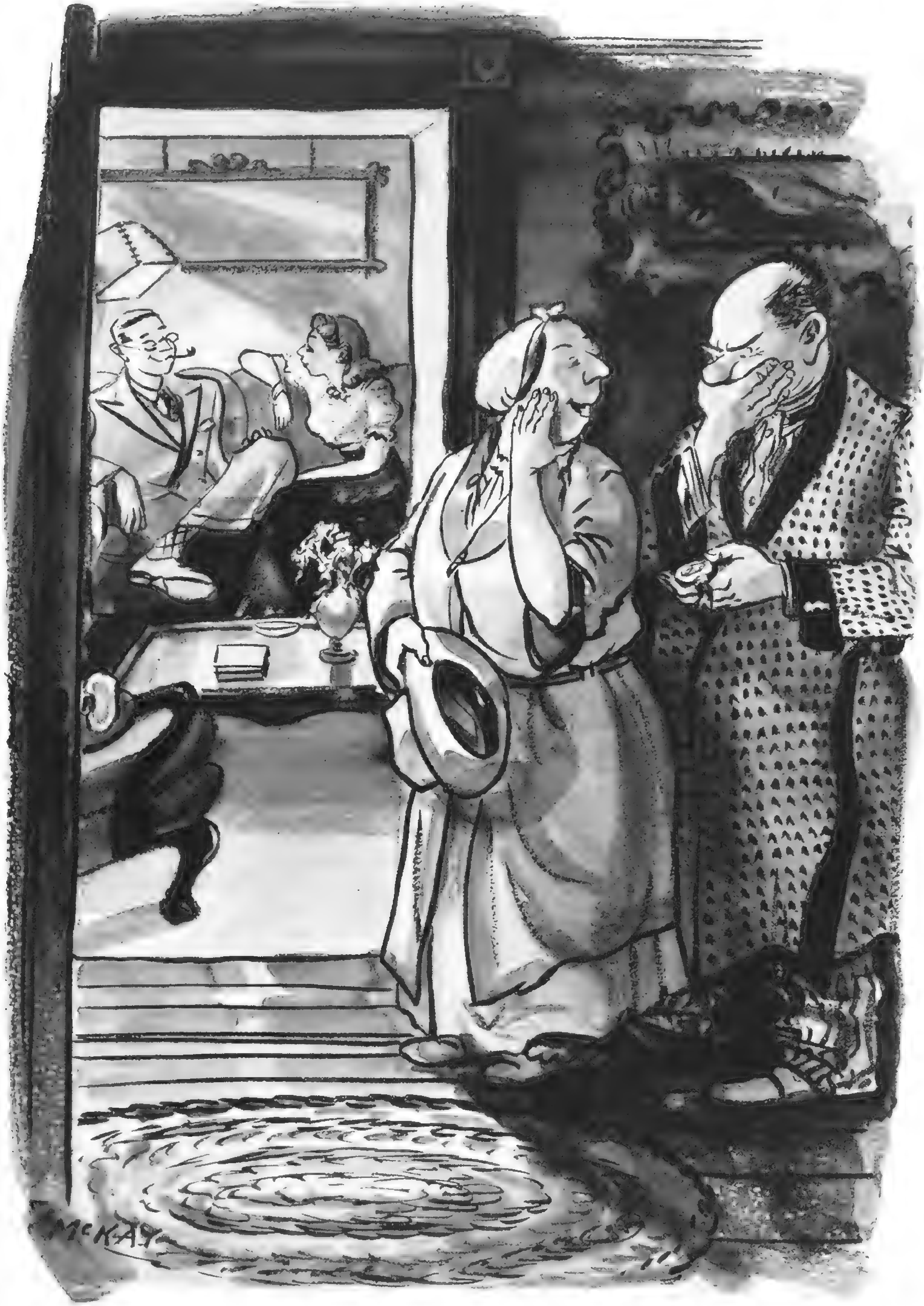
"Sometimes I think there are more important things in life than eating, but by the time the dessert course comes, the thought goes away"



"I wanted to be a stenographer too once't—but my teacher said I'd never make it with these legs"



"You whistle the national anthem and when he stands up I'll hand him his hat!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Attempt to reform the boys in the pit, flying prima donnas, ladies' lids and so-called popular songs

by CARLETON SMITH

MUSIC

On a Monday evening something took my attention away from the fact that I am Esquire's music critic. I have remembered it only this moment when it is too late to start anywhere in search of a performance to write about. Therefore, there will be little musical criticism this month, as I have resolutely determined to check my tendency to discursiveness, and to confine myself, as most artists are convinced I should, to a simple, direct statement of current happenings.

It is evident that people do not spend fifty cents to read about my private affairs and opinions; and since I have missed most of Bruno Walter's performances at the Metropolitan, the principal reason for going to opera this winter, I had better restrain myself until I have something to say about them. I really regret missing the unique spectacle of a first-rate conductor in the Metropolitan pit.

I had that rare privilege once this season when Mr. Walter conducted *Fidelio*. What an occasion! The Metropolitan orchestra which, under the run-of-the-mill mediocrities who direct it, resembles a body of non-combatants trudging wearily along their six hundredth mile, suddenly turned into a willing band of heroes, comprehending everything and intent on giving their utmost.

It was gratifying to find that Mr. Walter did not take command as if he were General Drum. Nor did he head the charge like Leinsdorf. He simply gave the men plenty of time to turn round in and trusted to the rightness of his own feeling.

Needless to say, he got the best out of both singers and orchestra. They surpassed themselves not only in quality of tone, but in what may be called sensitivity to inner phrasing and inner meaning. I suspect considerable trouble had been taken by everybody concerned to secure the results: they were worth it. A jumble of notes became living, meaningful music. *Fidelio*, if not perfect, was the finest, best integrated, and most thrilling performance I have heard in the Metropolitan. I did not hear Toscanini when he conducted there.

Performances at 39th and Broadway are improving, though most of them still put me to sleep. Prima donnas and tenors bounce in from the airport, dress themselves in costumes no human being, at any period of the earth's history, ever thought of wearing, and throw their voices into the galleries with hardly the ghost of a reference to the characters they are supposed to impersonate. Most of them make no attempt to play any other roles than themselves, and they lack intelligent direction. They should be made part and parcel of the show, not an inappropriate distraction. Of artistic discipline, they know nothing.

The Metropolitan orchestra is competent. Its members are more often trying than guying, but they go stale during endless repetitions of operas that contain no durably interesting orchestral detail nor any challenging technical difficulty. Often, their accompaniments degenerate into mere rum-tum. Their fortissimo chords are Broadway crashes, in which they play any note that comes handy, and then smile to one another. The joke is kept from the audience partly by its own ignorance and partly by the fact that the jokesters are in the minority. Most of the players go along grinding out the notes set down because it is the easiest thing to do. When they have a conductor whose authority is not to be trifled with and whose artistic self-respect they admire, things are different.

Now I know that so far as the opera management is concerned there are worse things than foreign invasions, worse things than foreign conquest, worse things even than the extinction of England as a nation. But if I were Mr. Johnson and his assistants, I would face them. Having made a good beginning with Mr. Walter, I would see to it that Toscanini, Reiner, Rodzinski, and Stokowski are landed in the Metropolitan pit.

It may, as a member of the management said about Mr. Walter, be like putting an electric limousine on Fifth Avenue: it will stop traffic. But now is the moment to stop the pretensions in our operatic bill-of-fare. The public demands great performances.

Let the Met concentrate on a dozen great works, require star singers to restudy their parts, start chorus and ensemble rehearsals now . . . and put into the pit directors whom everybody in the house fears and admires as well as loves and respects. There will be more repetitions of each performance . . . and a new era of operatic glory.

* * *

To come back to the distraction of Monday evening. It was the Supreme Court. Sitting in solemn conclave, nine old men outlawed the efforts to stop the wholesale copying of dresses and hats.

Now it may not concern these gentlemen how their girls dress. But it does me. I insist on being able to recognize mine in a crowd without keeping her in a bathing suit. I like to display her allure in an "exclusive" creation. Let other girls dress alike.

Of course, I have not studied the law. And the Court may be right: the scheme to protect fashion and millinery designs probably is in restraint of trade and contrary to some statutes. And I agree with Justice Black it is difficult to find any "utilitarian purpose" for most women's hats and that they "are a constant source of humor to the men of the nation." Still they attract attention.

Precisely how protection for the creators of styles and tunes can be best accomplished, I do not know. That is for the lawyers to tell us. What scant dealings I have had with

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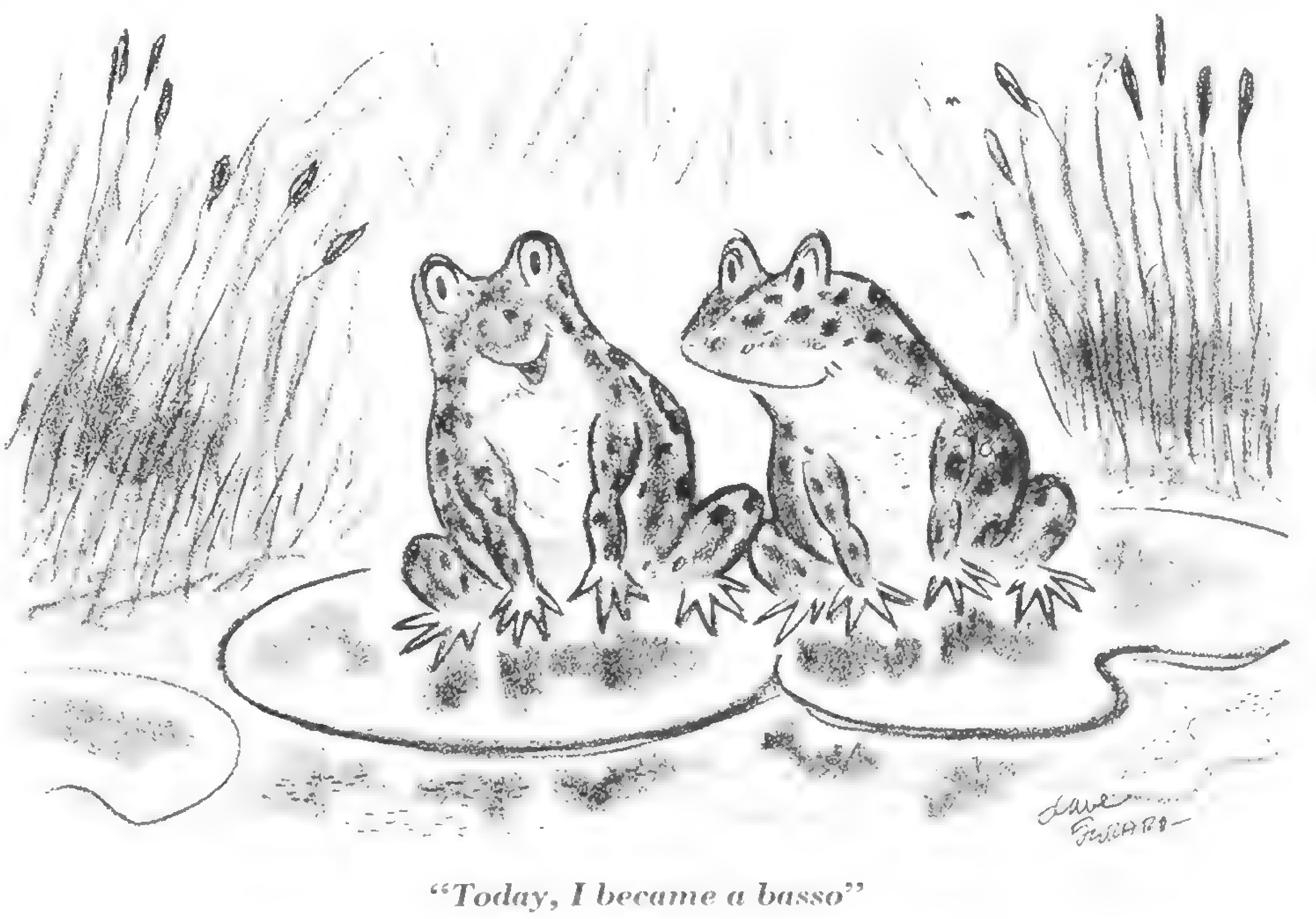

"Today, I became a basso"

Cikovsky: Out of the Steppes

He endured famine and war for the compensation of learning from Russia's finest teachers

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Somewhat more than six hundred and fifty years ago, so the story runs, an Italian peasant lad named Ambrogiotto di Bondone was tending his father's sheep outside the village of Vespignano, north of Florence. Giving the sheep no more attention than they deserved, he paused for a moment to sketch a lamb on a rock, probably with a piece of charred wood. Who should be coming down the lonely road just then, but the great master painter Cimabue who, in wonder and delight at the perfection of the sketch, pressed the boy to his bosom and persuaded his father to sell him into a state of apprenticeship. The young man grew to become the famous Giotto (1266-1337).

No great master looked over the shoulder of the Russian lad Nicolai Stepanovitch Cikovsky, toward the beginning of this century, as he was sketching while officially engaged in leading his father's cows to pasture. In one way Nicolai was much luckier, even if less gifted, than Ambrogiotto. He had paper on which to sketch and pencils instead of charred sticks. And even if there was no great master near Pinsk to whom he might have been apprenticed, even Pinsk and certainly the neighboring town of Vilna, in Lithuanian Russia, had academies in which a promising peasant boy could gain free instruction provided he had no serious objection to starving during the process. At any event, the boy sketching the landscape outside Pinsk, in slighter degree than the Italian peasant lad of centuries ago, was destined to become an artist of distinction and merit: the Russian lad, in a land thousands of miles from his birthplace.

The boy and the youth Nicolai were shaped by the contradictory influences of revolutions and academies. A combination of revolutionary accidents and personal purposiveness gave him one of the most thorough and one of the most lengthy schoolings in the techniques of painting and drawing as well as in the correlated skills. It was his personal good fortune to be trained under some of the finest teachers whose services were then available in Russia. It was his national misfortune to pass through his formative period during the cold and famine years of revolution, civil war and blockade. When, in 1924, at the age of thirty, he stepped off the boat, he could pride himself on having won as thorough a schooling in hunger as in art. I think that it can be said that until he came to the United States to claim an inheritance left by an elder brother, he did not know the American equivalent of a square, and hot, meal. Nicolai Cikovsky has lived through two lives: the first, in Russia, was an education in art and adversity; the second, in America, was one of orientation, both in art and the problem of making a living, while the third, recently begun, promises to be a life of happy adjustment, that is already blessed by wife and child.

The setup, the milieu, into which Nicolai was born late in the year 1894 was not one calculated to grease the ways for a man of art. But genius chooses strange mangers. This particular berth contained eleven children and parents whose means and intelligence were insufficient to cope with the consequences of their easy fertility. Nicolai's father made a hazardous existence for his family out of his fishing net and a small piece of land. Except for an elder brother who migrated to the new world in 1911 and prospered sufficiently to leave a small fortune behind upon his untimely death, Nicolai was the most ambitious, the most eager, and the best educated.

At the Pinsk school he distinguished himself in art, singing and literature and disgraced himself in mathematics. Almost as a child he had started to sketch, copying such old masters as he found in the books and periodicals then available to him. Through a schoolmate, a precocious poet of twelve, he was introduced to a knowledge of the revolutionary movement, to the story tellers and artists of the new age—Gorky, Andreyev and Kuprin, among others. He heard of the movement of the Narodniki—back to the people—and of the Peredvianiky—the artists who exhibited their work throughout the country in an effort to reach the people, the source of art. Inspired by this movement Nicolai himself went deeper into the countryside and made sketches of humble folk and of their cottages and landscapes. Curiously, around the same time, in New York, there was arising a similar movement among American artists whose intentions and program were caricatured in the phrase, the ashcan school of art. Cikovsky's earliest influence was the artist Repin whose back-to-the-people sketches he found in a magazine called *Field.*

At the age of fifteen—in 1910—Nicolai struck out on his own, taking his ambitious spirit to the neighboring city of Vilna which possessed a school of drawing supported by the Imperial Academy. He paid five roubles, roughly equivalent to two and a half dollars, for his first year's tuition, and that is all he ever paid for his art education, for, following the first year, he became a scholarship student. The nervous and brilliant Chaim Soutine was a fellow-student. So was the less famous Savely Sorine. The Academy was headed by Professor Trutnicff, an almost blinded octogenarian who could hardly see the drawings he corrected. The students had not yet heard of art for art's sake; the gospel which poured its electrifying juices through their almost starved bodies was art for the people's sake. The boy Cikovsky lived with three or four other students in a small room on the most meager allowance from home. Bread and

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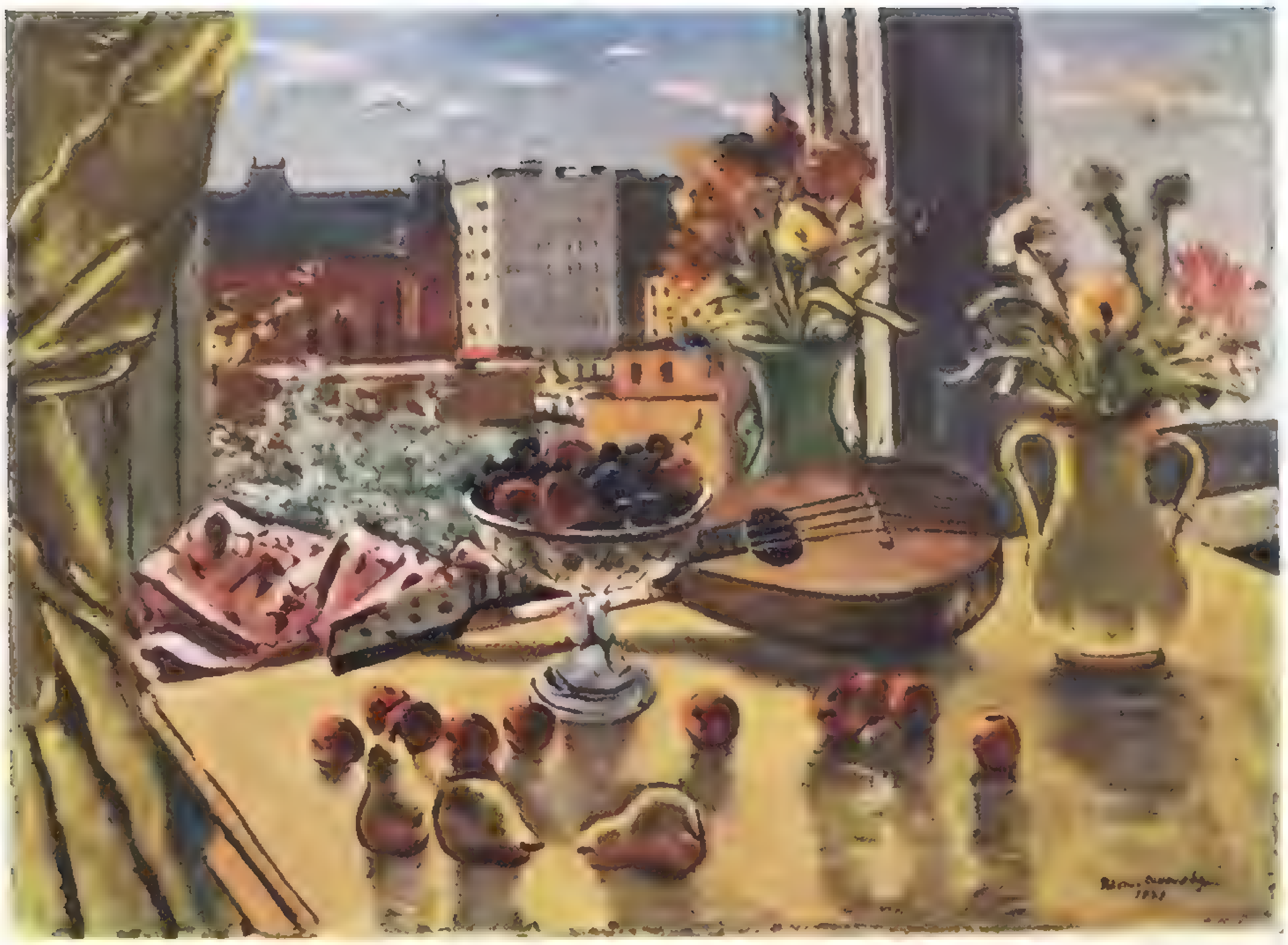
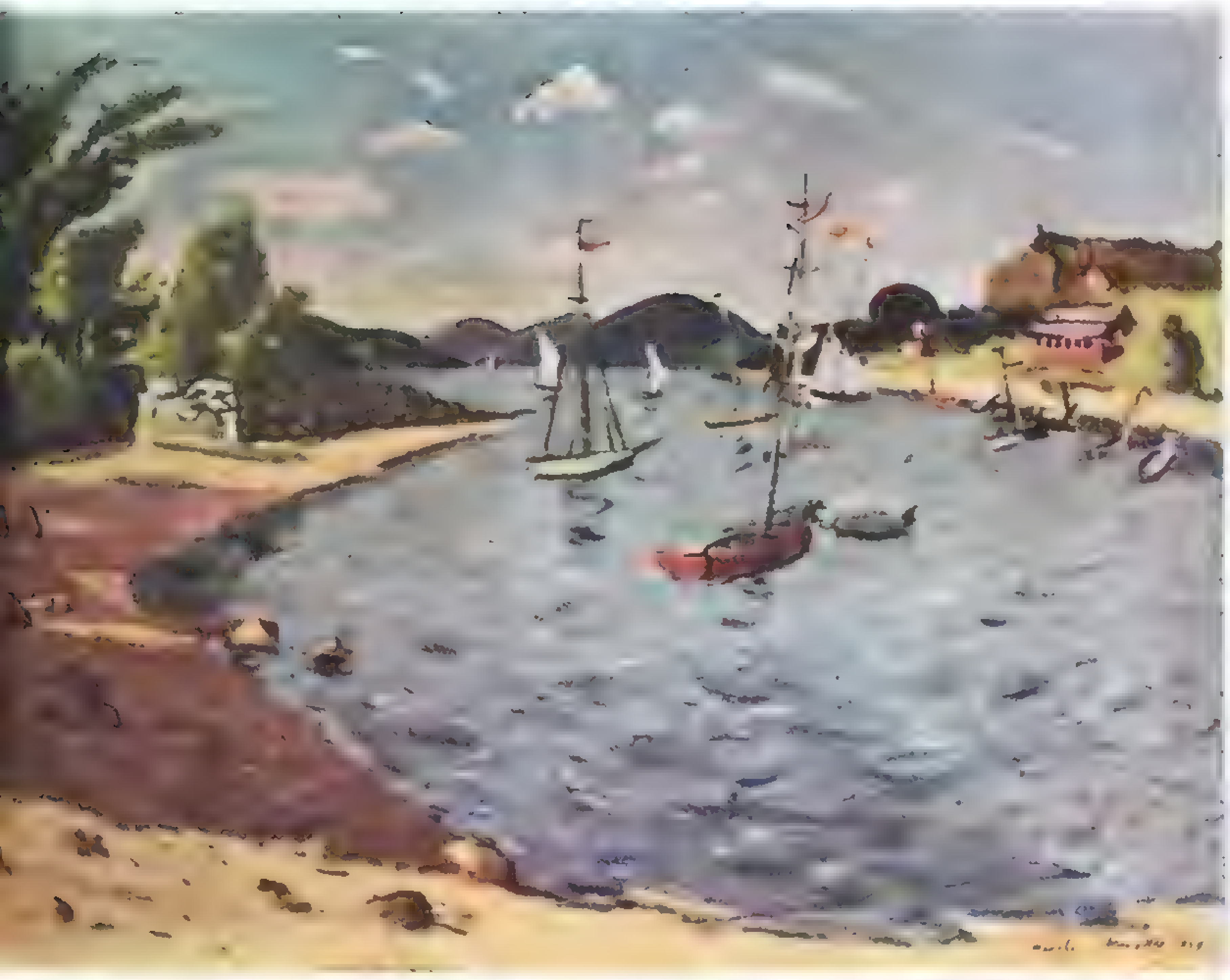


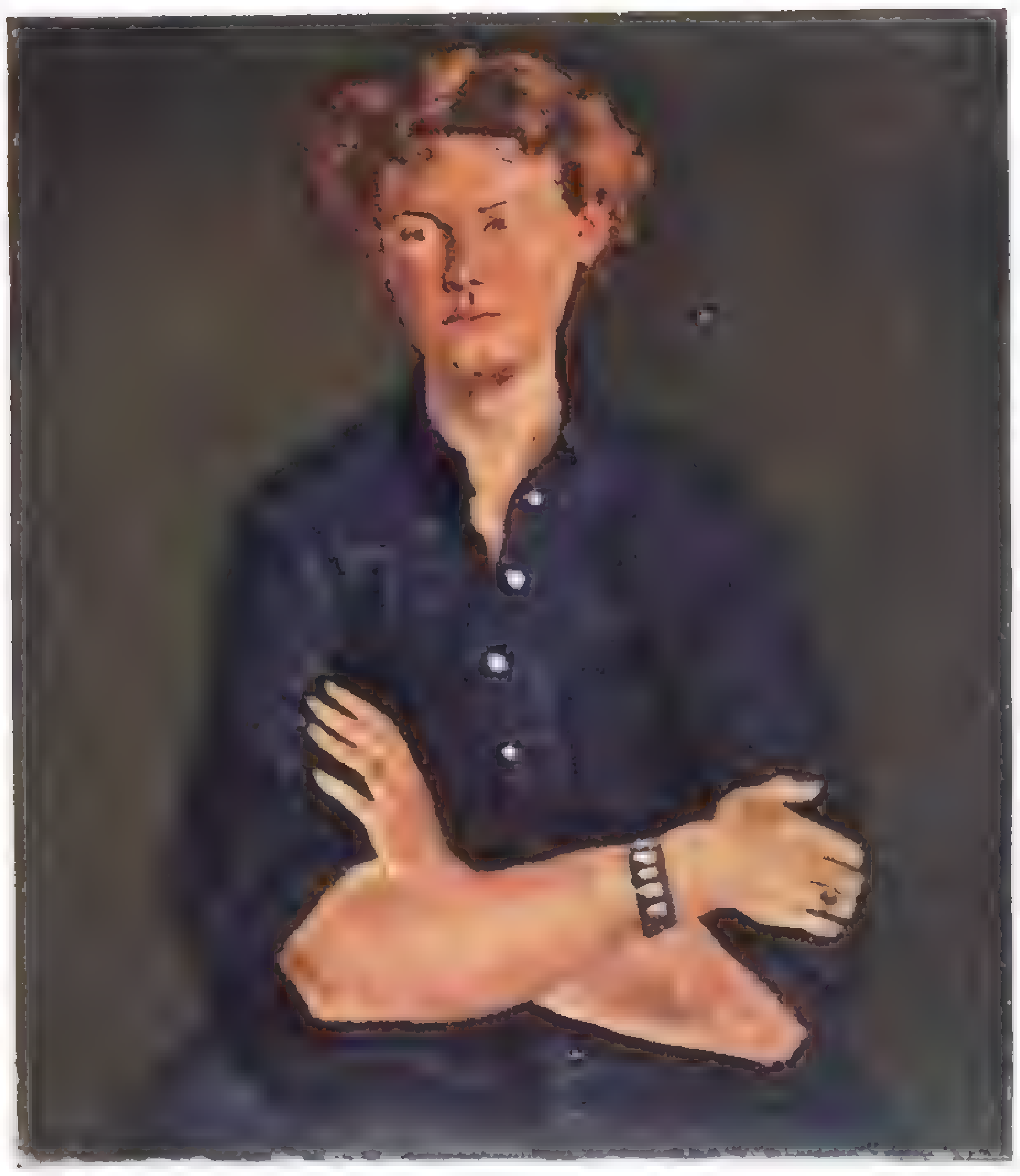
MANDOLIN AND CORCORAN

A Group of Paintings

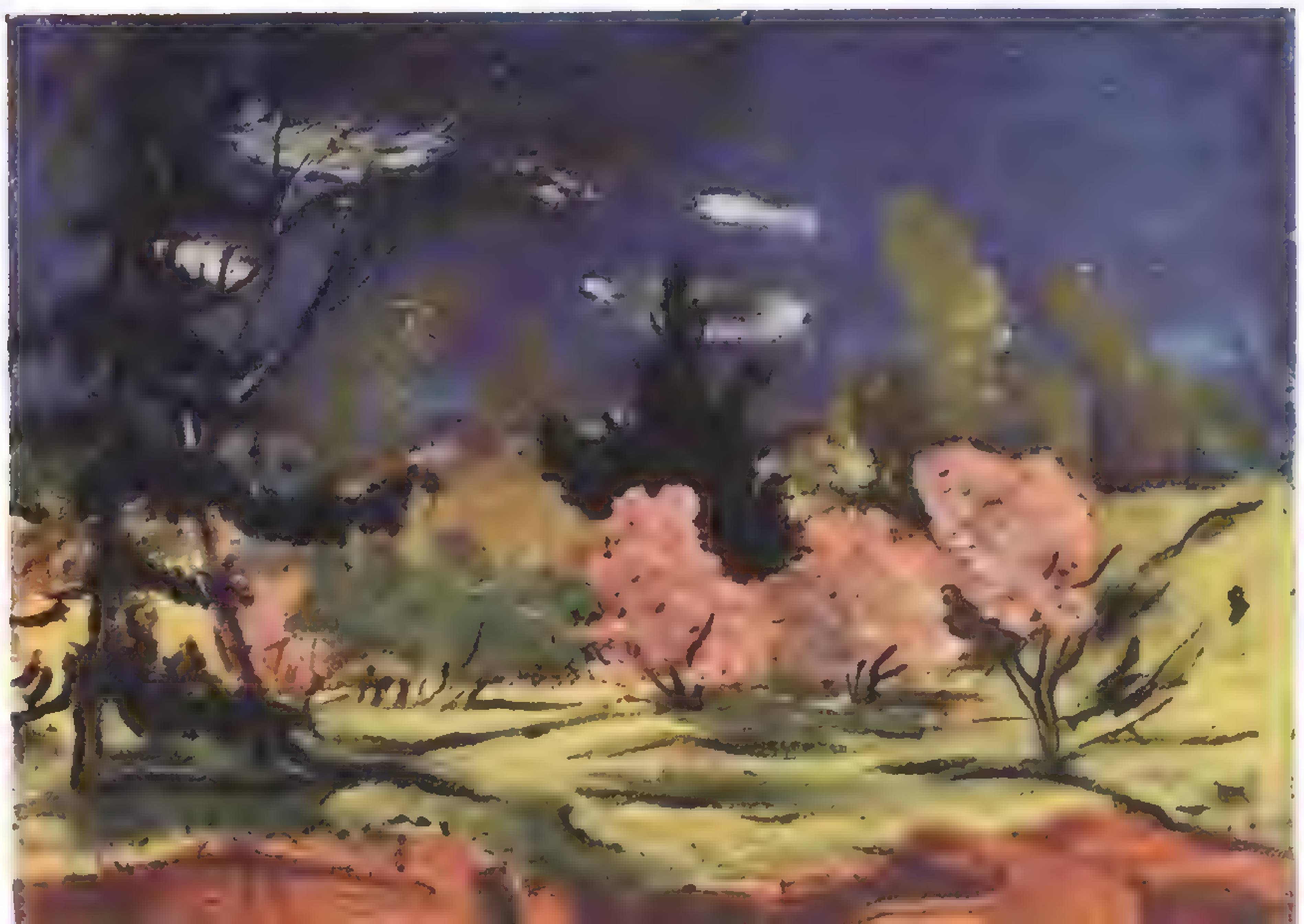
by NICOLAI CIKOVSKÝ



CANDLEWOOD LAKE NO. 2

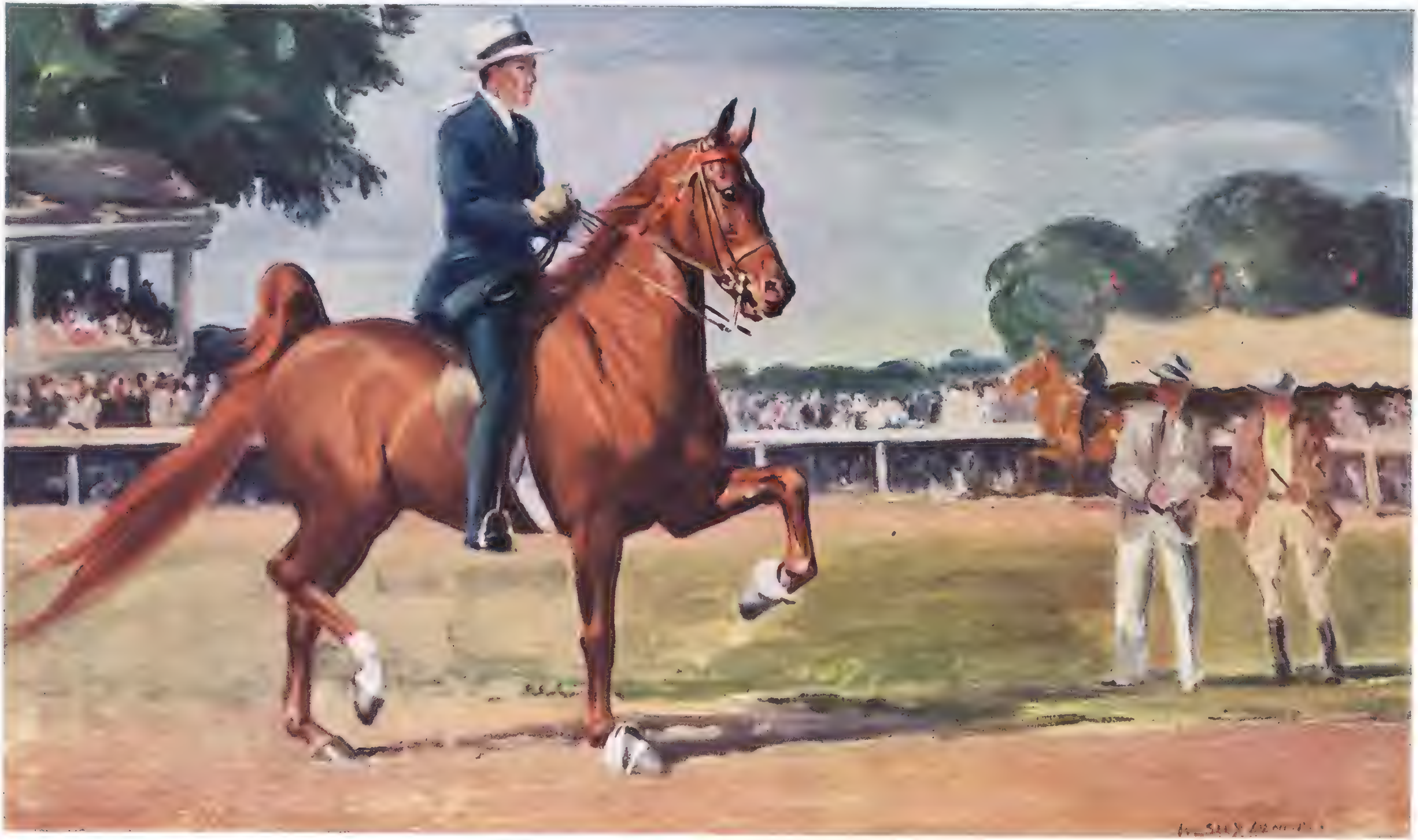


SILVIA



WIND-BLOWN MAGNOLIAS

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Sensation

Sensation (chestnut mare, seven years old) is this country's finest five-gaited saddle horse. Ever a champion, last year she was entered in five shows, won five championships. She already boasted three 1940 championships when she won the $10,000 stake in the annual horse show at Louisville, Kentucky.

Fresh from that triumph, she cantered confidently on to win the championship, as well as the mare-class ribbon, awarded at last year's horse show in Madison Square Garden, N. Y. This aptly-named mare is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Reid Albee, of Larchmont, Long Island and is ridden by Mr. Earl Teater.

NO. 2 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Esquire on the Record

For some collectors the only good singers are dead ones while other eccentrics indulge a label fetish

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

RECORD sales have reached an all-time high, topping even the boom days of the twenties. Every month they increase. At pressing plants extra shifts work night and day. Decca's New York office has been so swamped with orders, it temporarily stopped servicing reviewers. Distributors and dealers have enlarged and modernized their quarters: a shop across from Carnegie Hall has installed long rows of turntables behind its counters. Customers choose their records and retire to an air-cooled, sound-proof booth to listen. They regulate volume and intensity without the nuisance of bobbing up and down to change records. The new speakers render at least an approximation of what is cut on the disc instead of producing grumblings, hissing, and distortions that would cause a sensitive person to take refuge in an institute for the feeble-minded.

It is a pleasure to select a library in a modern record shop. When engineers devise a mechanism that will play an hour without a dozen breaks, a recorded concert will be an unmitigated joy.

Remember the "country club" days of the last war when an ornate mahogany Victrola stood imperiously in the living room, symbol of middle-class prosperity. Remember its crank, the inevitable quartet from *Rigoletto* (six dollars for a single side), and the *Lucia* sextet for seven dollars, sung by Tetrazzini, Caruso, Jacoby, Amato, Journet, and Bada. Who would have guessed then that a generation later Mischa Elman's *Träumerei* or the Flonzaley Quartet's *Andante Cantabile* would be passed over for Brahms's First Symphony or Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun?* Not even the most far-sighted watcher-in-the-tower thought that the 1941 Yankee would pass up Kreisler's *Liebesfreud* and *Schön Rosmarin* to buy the Beethoven Violin Concerto or would neglect Rachmaninoff's C sharp minor prelude for his piano concertos.

Today it is easier to sell a complete opera than an aria from it. Lawrence Tibbett or Kirsten Flagstad sell five times as many copies when they record a work of major importance as when they sing a musical tidbit. Music counts more than it did then. Nowadays buyers at a record counter usually ask, first, for a specific composition and then inquire who has recorded it. Having learned that Bach and Mozart have something to say—something personal and human that is important and easily understandable, they prefer it to hearing the competition of over-advertised extraverts whose chief desire is to attract attention.

Radio has brought great music to the common man who, until the last decade, existed in an absolute vacuum. After grubbing around for a time like a blind puppy in the light, he has at last opened his eyes and seen. Possessed of integrity and more genuine aspiration than vapid snobs who still pretend they are ordained custodians of the art, he at once showed his preference for great music. Lovers of Petty girls found Mozart's music entertaining and useful. And today, believe it or not, Bach sells better than Dvorak, Mozart better than Chopin, Sibelius better than Tschaikowsky.

In addition, the 1941 record buyer is willing to explore. He buys Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, Bach's "Peasant" Cantata, the symphonies of Boyce, Purcell's and Rameau's chamber music . . . music seldom heard in a concert hall. He also tries Copeland's *Music for the Theater* and *El Salon Mexico*, Shostakovich's *Fifth*, Sibelius' *Seventh*, and Roy Harris' *Third*, Bloch's *Schelomo*, quartets by Bartok, Hindemith, and Schönberg.

Current catalogues offer a cross section of the music of our time, pieces you would never hear in years of public music making. Record enthusiasts have a more discriminating, and usually a more catholic taste, than those whose knowledge of music is confined to what itinerant purveyors hand out at two thousand dollars per dose. Most recitals contain the same dozen numbers I heard as a lad of six.

* * *

Though commercially negligible to the industry, record collectors furnish its folklore. Like illiterate buyers of first editions, they pay twenty dollars for a disc and then never play it. They collect labels, as others collect buttons, glass, dolls, baby carriages, stamps, furniture, or Esquires. One guy collects only *Liebestod's*. Another buys only records pressed before 1904. A third will have only twelve-inchers; he can't stand the sight of a ten inch.

One meticulous label fancier wouldn't have Columbia records because of the color in the center. When he bought one, finally, he steamed off a Victor label and pasted it on.

For most collectors the only good singer is a dead one. Nothing would revive interest in Louise Homer's discs, to cite an example, as much as would her death. Experts contend old-time singers were better than those of today. Whatever their offences against artistic propriety, the old gals spent years training their voices and preserved them for years. Also, the public and the life didn't demand so much. Schumann-Heink used to say, "You can have a figure or a voice, but not both."

Idols of the Golden Age of song concentrated on beautiful tones, not on the meaning of what they were saying. They would have been horrified and offended if they thought their listeners for one moment lost sight of them and became pre-occupied with Marguerite or Juliet or Violetta. They expected every aria to stop the show. Patti, it is said, got up to bow in the very agony of stage-death if someone so much as dropped a stick accidentally. But Patti could sing and, according to those who buy only her records,

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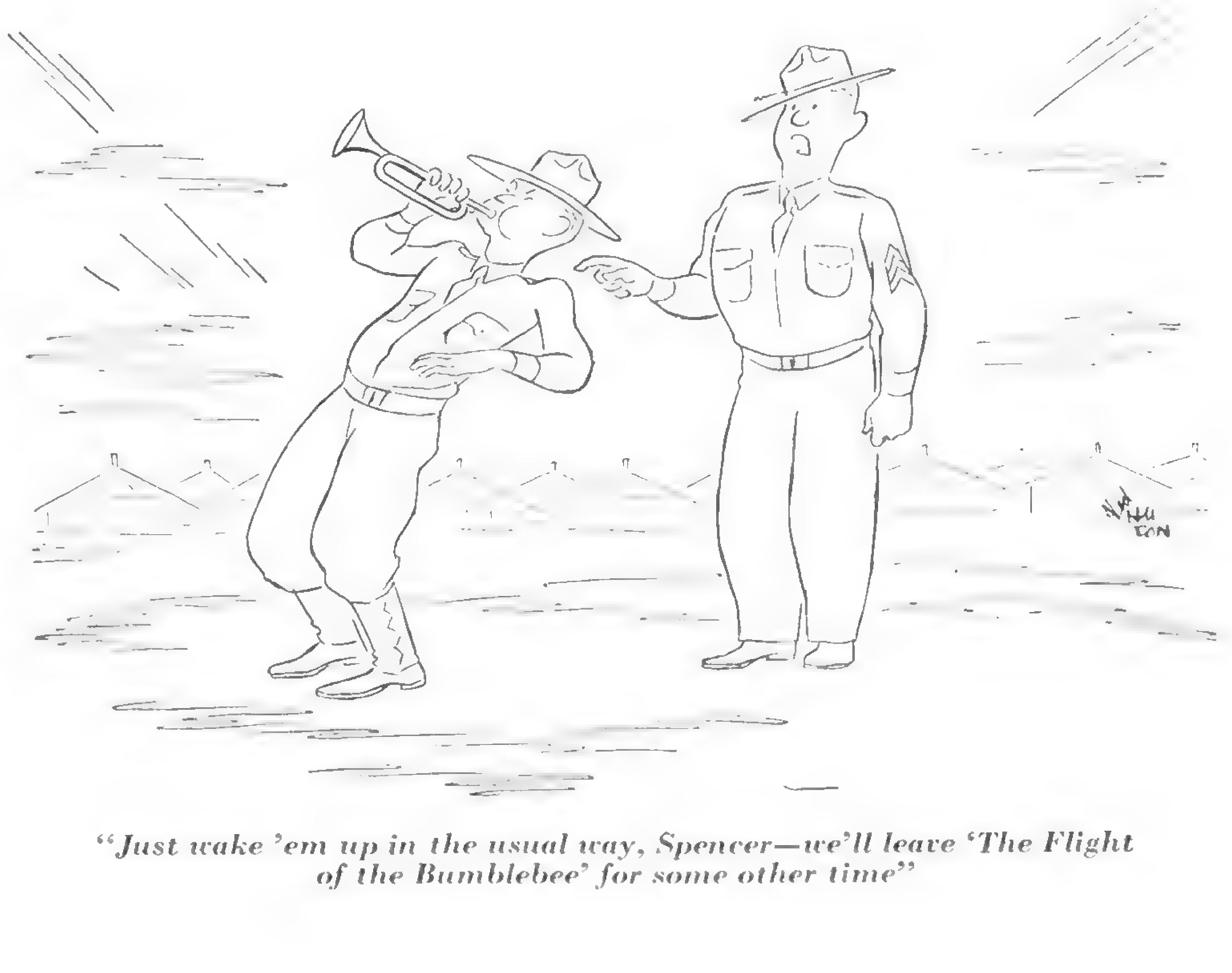


"Just wake 'em up in the usual way, Spencer—we'll leave 'The Flight of the Bumblebee' for some other time"

Quentin Reynolds Can Take It

Continued from page 41

"glamour boys." Actually the glamour for the wars that currently speckle the globe is provided not so much by the men of the RAF as by the American correspondents. From Clare Boothe to Ernest Hemingway, each possesses an admirable front. Alfred Hitchcock did not overestimate the breed when he selected Joel McCrea to play the title role in *Foreign Correspondent*. There are men in the game who compare quite favorably to McCrea and, measured purely in terms of romantic personality, considerably outshine the movie star. When Leland Stowe with his young face and Paul McNutt hair took to the lecture platforms the lady habitues of the lecture circuit must have forgotten, for the first time in a long while, Richard Halliburton. Before him Vincent Sheean had proved that a man can be tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome and still be a good reporter. John Gunther proved the same thing. All in all, it is a fallacy to assume, as so many old-timers do, that the day of the story-book reporter is dead. There are at least a dozen around today who could give glamour lessons to Richard Harding Davis.

Quentin Reynolds is six feet one inch tall, weighs approximately 225 trim pounds, and is definitely at his best in mixed company. He is an important figure in café society. He knows everyone. He fits his own description of Ernest Bevin in *The Wounded Don't Cry*, for he "has always had the knack of attracting people to him." There is hardly a reporter, doorman, or waiter in town who does not claim to be an intimate friend of Quentin Reynolds, and in most cases with perfect justification, for Reynolds is the friendliest man in town.

In the language of the psychologists he is an "energist," a person who can keep going day and night without rest, just like Eleanor Roosevelt. He subsists on very little sleep, which is an admirable knack whether you happen to be trying to sleep in London or trying to stay up late in New York. In London his ability to get along on forty winks a night served him well. When the bombs were bursting so loud that sleep was impossible he was just as content to stick it out in the bomb shelter of a pub or to play cards and crack bottles with his friends. One of his proudest possessions is the flask presented to him by the RAF. Under the official insignia is inscribed, "To Quent—the ace of drinkers." As a matter of fact, Quent stayed on the wagon for his last month in London, although in the first three days he was back in New York he managed to take three showers with his wristwatch on. On good nights when he finds it hard to break away from the gang he has a favorite expression: "Let's have one more bottle, and go home."

He has been taking his honors lightly. One morning in London when he had fallen off to sleep his man was forced to wake him up twice—once to hand him a letter from Winston Churchill thanking him for *London Can Take It*, and then to hand him a personally inscribed photograph from Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Both times Reynolds went right back to sleep.

Having identified himself so closely with the cause of England, Reynolds can take his place with the truly international characters of his time. But his roots are firmly embedded in Brooklyn. There his father is still an assistant superintendent of schools. There Reynolds went to Brooklyn High School and Manual Training High School, then to Brown University (class of '24). There, too, he got a newspaper job on the now defunct *Brooklyn Times*. There too, his mother, a devout, handsome old lady who taught Bible and ran her family with a fine Irish hand, and who was the love of her son Quentin's life, lies buried. Reynolds is not strictly a native of Brooklyn. He was actually born in the Bronx but the family moved to Brooklyn so quickly after Quentin's birth that all he remembers about the Bronx is its accent. Brooklyn newspapers disregard the place of birth; they continue to embrace Reynolds as a native son.

His real start in the world of journalism came when he got a job on the old *World*. His editor told him then that he had a natural gift for rewrite, which is a gift from the Gods. The *World* is the newspaper to which all old newspapermen still refer with a catch in the throat. Reynolds happened to be around in the last great days, when the *World* was like a proud ship about to be scuttled. He got his soul smeared full of printer's ink. When he got out of law school he never took his bar examination because he knew what he wanted and it wasn't law. He wanted to be a reporter. One of his steps up the ladder was a job on the *Brooklyn Times*, emptying waste paper baskets and exploring the nooks and crannies of Brooklyn, of which there are many.

Then he went to the *Telegram* which had absorbed the *World*. There he worked on the sports page. He had ample qualifications for the job. He knew football—he had played varsity tackle at Brown. He knew aquatic sports—he had been college breast stroke champ. He knew boxing—he had been New England amateur heavyweight champ. And he knew baseball—he was a resident of Brooklyn. His peers immediately set him to the task of writing about the Dodgers, then at their incomparable daffiest. At this chore he excelled, writing some classics that can be found where the best baseball stories of Ring Lardner and Heywood Broun can also be found—in the morgue.

It was this job of chronicling the misdeeds of the Dodgers that brought Reynolds into contact with Broun, the hero of his life.

If there is actually a facial resemblance between Reynolds and the young Broun, the fact must be immensely pleasing to Reynolds. Broun was and is his idol and the idolatry goes back a long time. Like any other neophyte newspaperman Reynolds had become a Broun fan the moment he read his first Broun piece. One day after one of his articles on the Dodgers had appeared Reynolds got a fan letter which was signed "Heywood Broun." Reynolds smiles happily over his Scotch when he recalls that letter, written as though it were from just another reader of the *Telegram*. "That was just like the guy," he says. They met in a Brooklyn speakeasy, in the company of two eminent members of the Dodger team of those days, Lefty O'Doul and Johnny Fredericks. There was mirth and merrymaking and in the course of the evening all four members of the party managed to forget that it was the night before Decoration Day, and that on the following day O'Doul and Fredericks were scheduled to join their fellow Dodgers in the most important Brooklyn event of the year—the annual Decoration Day double header with the Giants. They left the speakeasy just as dawn was coming up like thunder over the Coney Island flats. But the story has the right ironic ending. O'Doul won the first game that day with a home run and Fredericks won the second game—with a home run.

On that first night together Broun suggested that he and Reynolds write a novel. Reynolds was dazzled. They spoke about the book all night. They spoke about it for ten years. They never wrote it.

Broun invited Reynolds to his home for a week end. Reynolds stayed three weeks. Forever after they were inseparable.

Broun had a protegé who could match him in dissertation, libation, and sheer physical stamina; who could make the rounds with him and argue with him on his own level. Both were notoriously soft touches. Both had the capacity for sighing over the woes of the world on the inhale and the plight of the panhandler on the exhale. It was friendship that could later cause Reynolds to write a poignant sentence from London. "Do you think there will ever come a time," he wrote to a friend in New York, "when we will stop missing Heywood?" It was a friendship in which both friends had the same enemies. At a Heywood Broun Memorial meeting held in New York every speaker on the program had two minutes in which to express his grief. Reynolds used his two minutes to pink the flesh of Westbrook Pegler.

After the *Telegram* (Reynolds left when they offered to slice his salary) he got a job doing sports for International News Service. His boss there was Barry Faris. One day Reynolds and Faris were having lunch in an Italian Restaurant. Reynolds, who likes his double talk as much as the next man, started to give his order in German to the Italian waiter. Faris looked up in surprise. "Do *you* speak German?" he asked. "Sure!" said Reynolds, who had picked up a ragged two years' worth at Manual Training. Faris finished the meal in comparative silence. When they got back to the office, Faris held a quick conference with J. V. Connolly, the head man of INS. Faris emerged from the conference, made straight for Reynolds and told him to go home and start packing. "You leave for Europe in twenty-four hours," he said, "you're our new Berlin correspondent." Reynolds went home and packed.

He arrived in Germany on January 3, 1933, the day Adolf Hitler came into power. His introduction to the new *Kultur* was an impressive one. He saw a naked girl being dragged through the streets by Storm Troopers.

Reynolds, of course, is on the blackest of Hitler's black lists, but he attained that distinction long before this war. He attained it during that first 1933 visit to Berlin, when he wallowed in high Nazi circles for nine months. He was probably black-balled when he tried to send out stories that were not entirely complimentary to the Fuehrer, but he undoubtedly became anathema after a little tiff he had with Joseph Goebbels. This occurred at one of Goebbel's *bier abends*, parties given for the gentlemen of the press at which all conversation was strictly "off the record." The correspondents were free to ask any questions they liked. Reynolds asked the affable Minister of Propaganda what he intended to do about the vandalism of the Storm Troopers. No restraint was then being put upon the bands of uniformed men who were traveling about slaughtering and robbing Jews and raping their women. Goebbels smiled a sympathetic smile when the question was put to him. Yes, he agreed, it was truly a terrible thing. But the American reporter, if he really thought about it, would understand. "The German people are like a people just released from prison," Goebbels said. "You know, Herr Reynolds, how in your own country a man who comes out of prison after many years will sometimes run amok—kill, pillage, rape. Sudden freedom is too much for him. The German people are like that." Herr Reynolds probably wormed himself out of Goebbel's affections when he answered the little man. "That is true, Herr Minister," he said,

Continued on page 99

Grooming the Groom

To allay his prenuptial worries over the choosing of formal day clothes, accessories and gifts

by FASHION STAFF
• WEARABLES •

If you are to be a groom at a formal day wedding, these questions and answers about the whys and wherefores of the correct clothes for the occasion may anticipate your doubts and smooth the path to the altar.

Q. For what functions are the formal day clothes appropriate?

A. The oxford grey cutaway coat and grey striped worsted trousers are correct at formal day weddings, funerals, state occasions, church, and other formal occasions. The lighter grey cutaway with matching trousers, considered a sporting outfit, was worn at race meets in England prior to the war and is all right for country weddings.

Q. What is the Ascot tie?

A. It is a formal day tie with broad ends, deriving its name from Ascot, England, scene of the traditional race meets.

Q. How is it tied?

A. The two ends are crossed and a single knot tied. A second knot is tied. Then, one end is draped over the other and fastened with a pearl stickpin. (See sketches.)

Q. What fabrics are used for the Ascot?

A. Black and white, silver grey, sometimes accented with blue, wine or buff, in small patterned or striped heavy silks.

Q. May the four-in-hand tie be worn?

A. Yes, in the same types of silks as the Ascot. Again it is advisable to wear a pearl stickpin. Bow ties offer a third choice.

Q. What are the right types of collars?

A. The bold wing or the starched fold collar is in good taste for wear with the Ascot, four-in-hand or bow tie.

Q. What is the most suitable type of shirt?

A. The plain white day dress shirt with pleated bosom is preferred. This should have single starched or double cuffs, fastened by gold or pearl cuff links.

Q. Should a high silk hat be worn?

A. Yes, it is the correct type of hat for formal day wear. The grey topper is considered right for country weddings, but should not be worn at formal occasions in town.

Q. Are there alternative styles of waistcoats?

A. The waistcoat may match the cutaway coat. Or, it may be of plain grey, buff or white fabric, such as box cloth, cashmere or linen, either single or double breasted.

Q. The gloves may be of what color?

A. Usually grey. If an odd waistcoat is worn the gloves, tie and waistcoat should harmonize. Grey gloves, waistcoat and tie. Buff gloves, waistcoat and tie. White gloves and waistcoat, black and white tie.

Q. What kind of a boutonnière may be worn?

A. Any of a variety of flowers may decorate the lapel. Lilies of the valley, a white carnation or gardenia are among the usual choices. Blue cornflowers or even rosebuds are appropriate for garden weddings.

Q. May a handkerchief be tucked in the chest pocket?

A. A sheer white linen handkerchief with a white embroidered monogram should be placed in the chest pocket.

Q. Who pays for what at a wedding?

A. The bride's father pays for the wedding reception, decorations of the church, music, flowers for the bridesmaids and other incidentals. The groom buys the bridal bouquet, bride's mother's bouquet, his mother's bouquet and the boutonnières for himself, the best man and ushers. He pays the clergyman's fee, usually a check in an envelope presented by the best man to the clergyman, preferably before the ceremony.

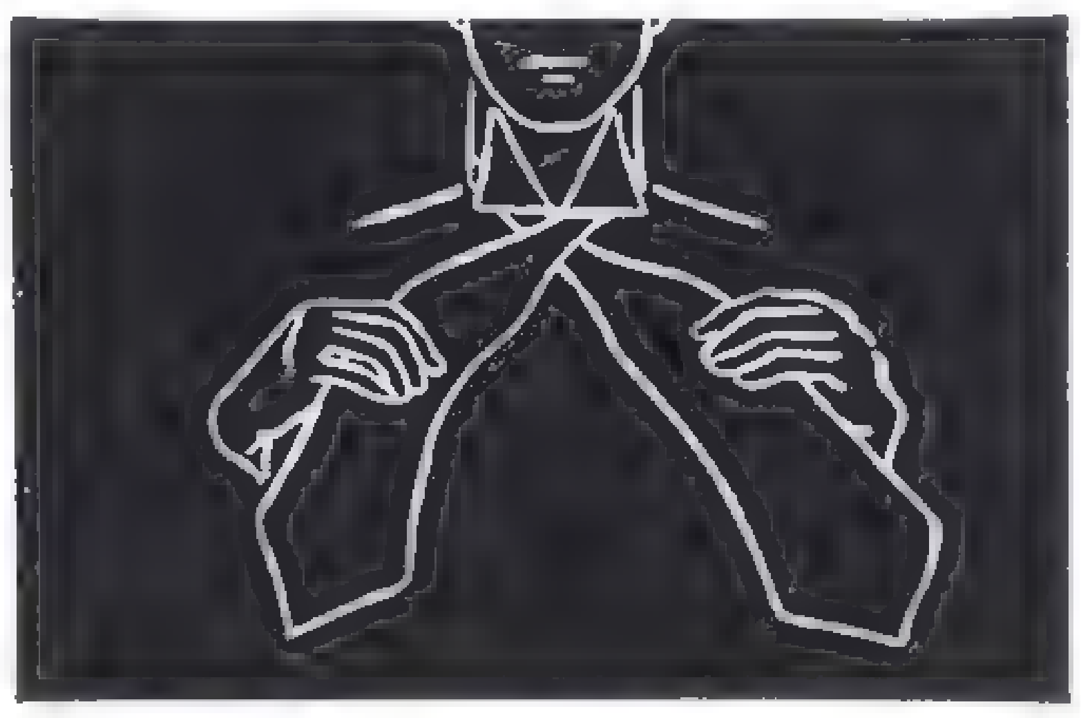
Q. What gifts does the groom give?

A. It is customary to present the best man and ushers with gifts. One article is singled out for the best man, and the gifts for all the ushers should be identical. Suitable are cigarette cases, stickpins, cuff links, lighters, key chains or similar articles. The gift for the bride should be a necklace, string of pearls, pin or bracelet. Some grooms furnish a set, consisting of Ascot tie, collar, gloves all of identical type, to each usher. An odd waistcoat may be included with these.

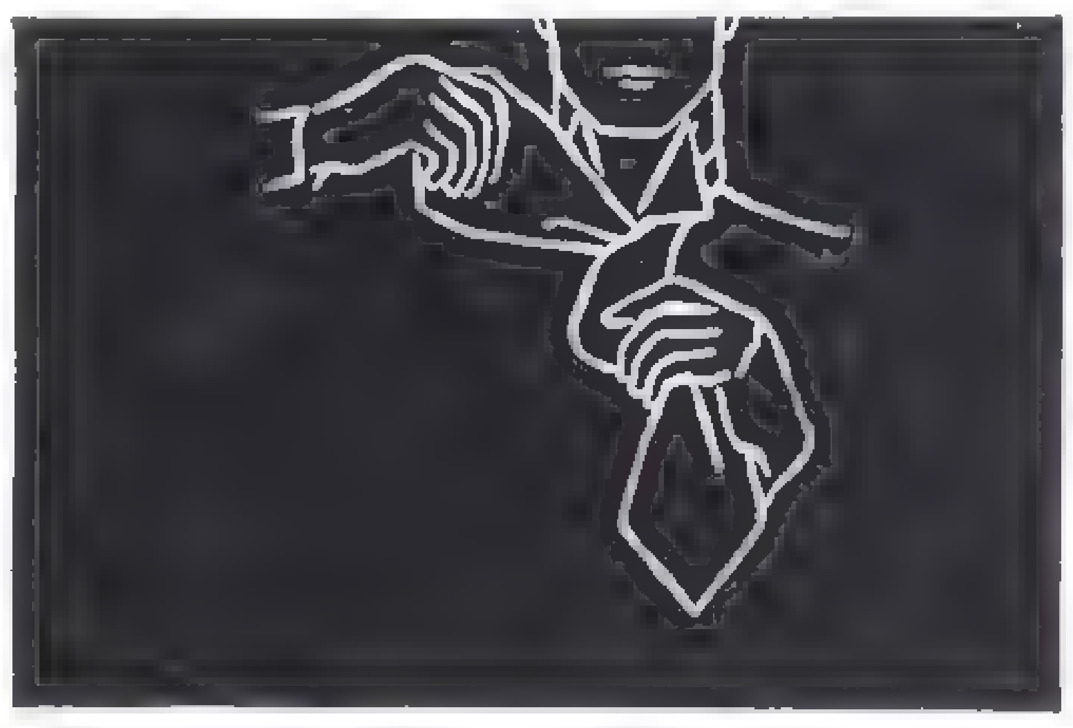
Q. What are duties of the best man?

A. He acts as a guardian and keeper of the groom. Calls for the groom and goes to the church with him, where they retire to a small room at the right of the altar. After the reception, he arranges to have the bridal couple get away safely. Has a car waiting when they have changed to their going-away clothes, and makes sure that all the luggage is packed in the car.

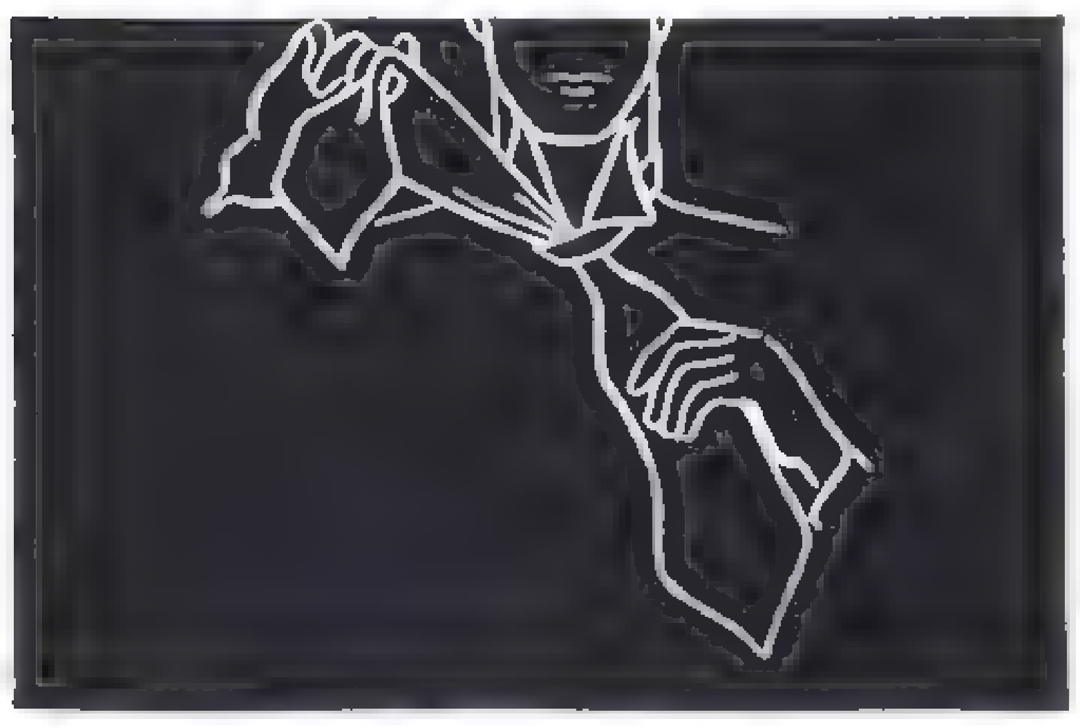
how to tie an ascot . . .



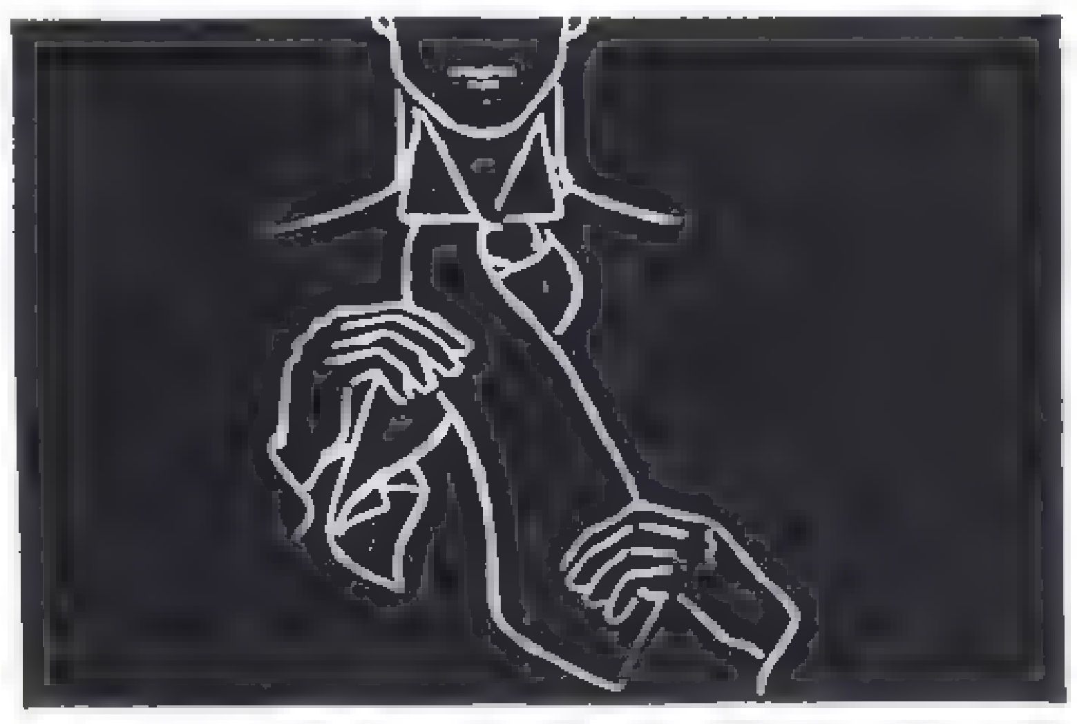
Loop left end over right



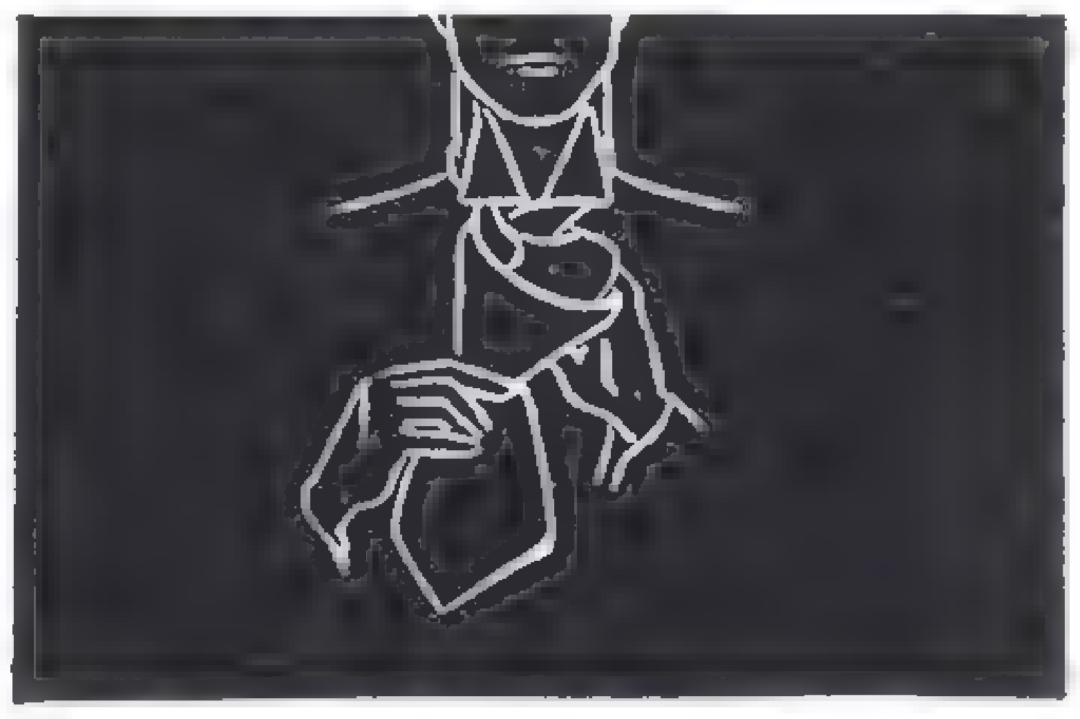
Loop left end around right



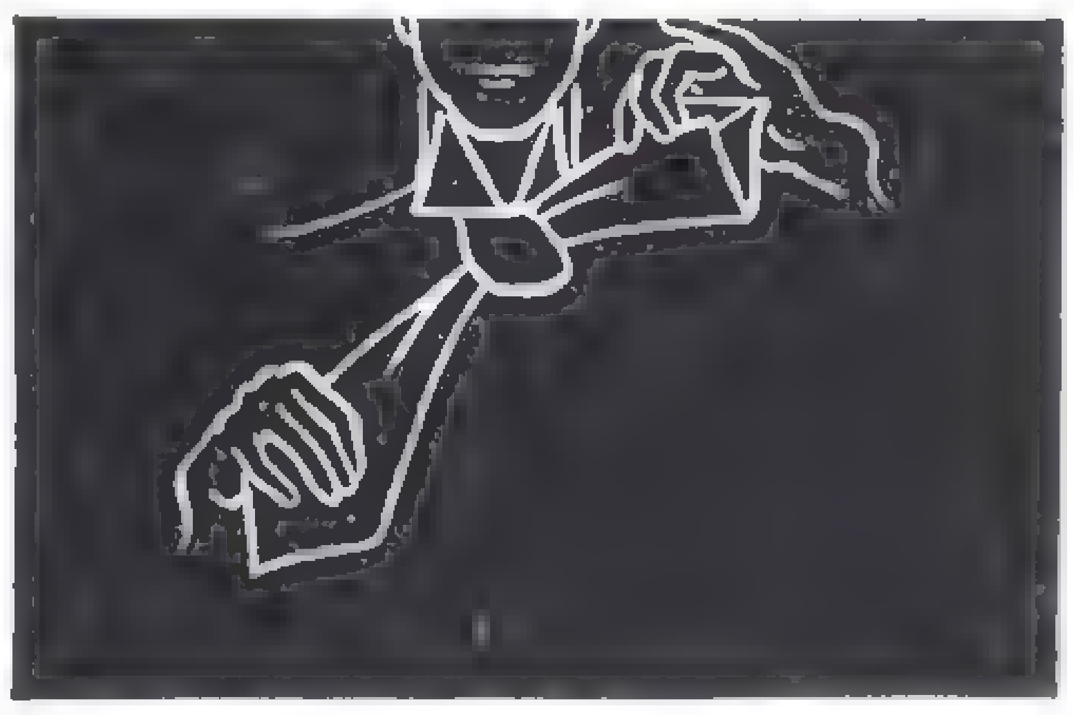
Finish single knot



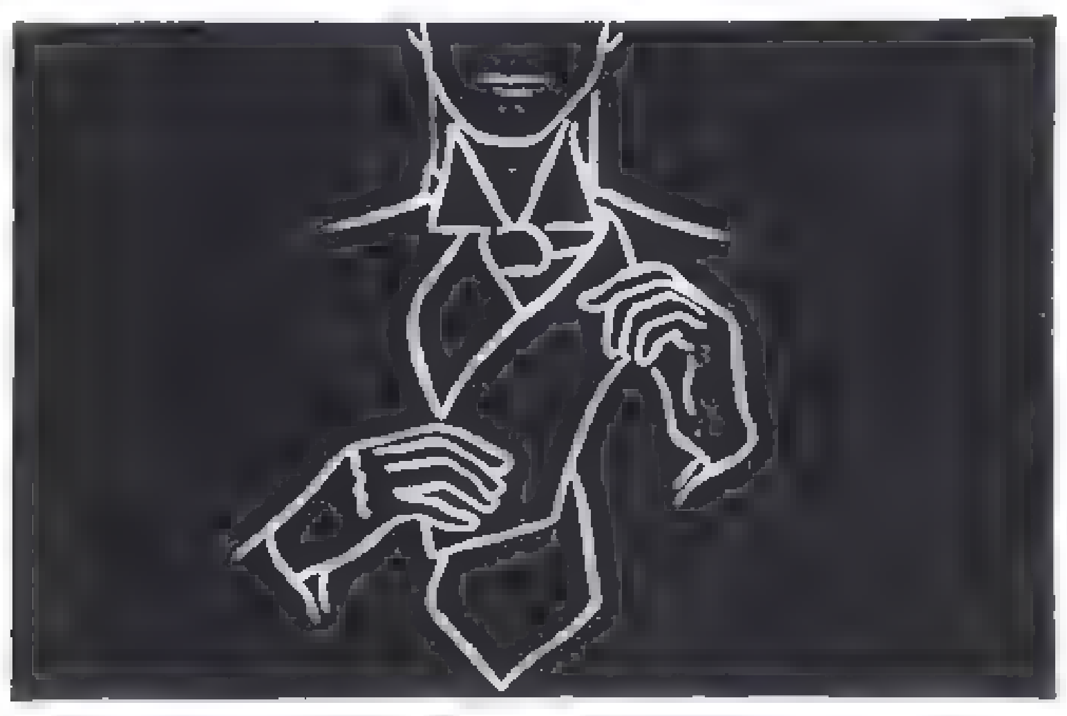
Drape right end over left



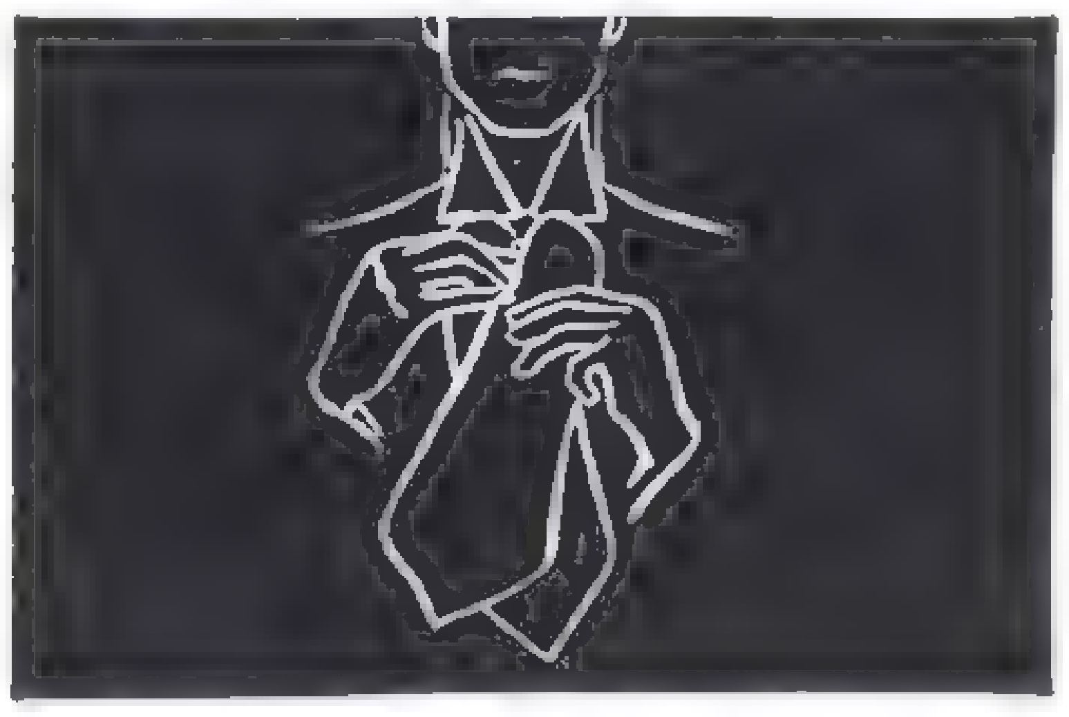
Begin second knot



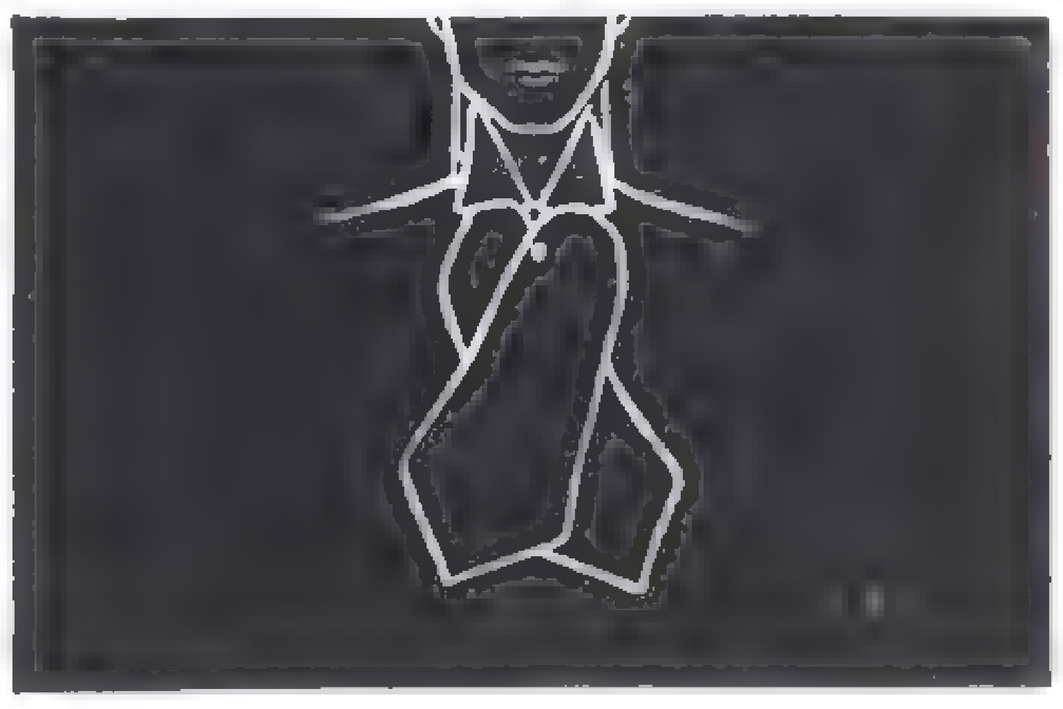
Complete second knot



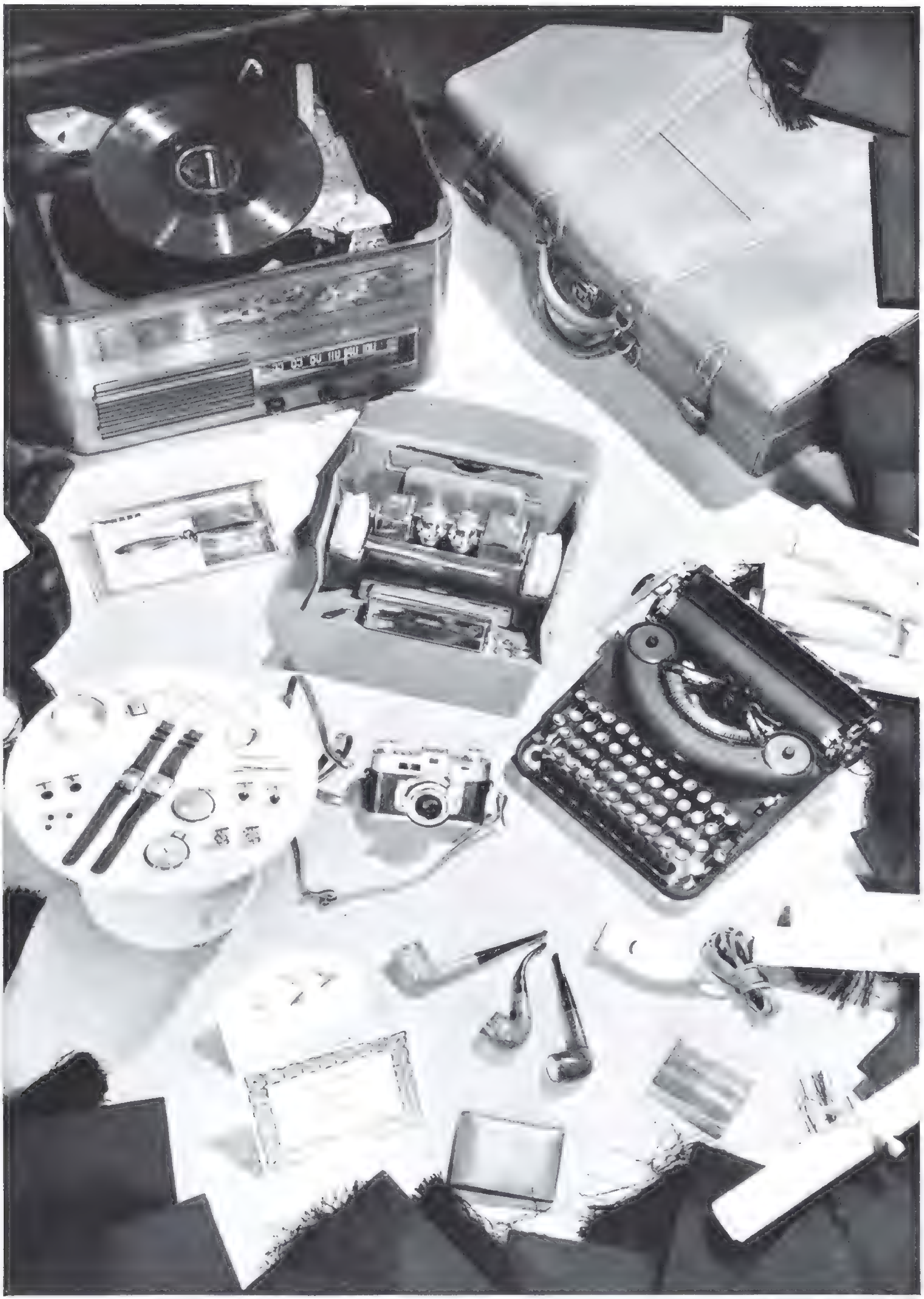
Drape end at left over right



Fasten both ends with stick pin



The Ascot



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON DE VOS

commemorating commencement

With thousands of young men all over the country about to pass in review before university presidents to get their diplomas—gifts as remembrances of the occasion are very much in order. Appropriate indeed are articles of jewelry as shown on the column top . . . pocket watches . . . wrist watches . . . evening dress set . . . identification band . . . key chain . . . stone cuff links with tie clip and collar holder to harmonize . . . knot design cuff links. Acceptable too, are the propeller design glass top cigarette case . . . combination radio and phonograph with record removing device . . . sturdy cowhide suitcase . . . red leather-lined toilet set . . . precision camera with range finder . . . noiseless portable typewriter . . . electric shaver . . . briar pipes . . . cruise or travel tickets . . . automobile gift certificate . . . brown leather wallet . . . tooled silver cigarette case.

For answers to all queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Quentin Reynolds Can Take It

Continued from pages 44-96

"but when that happens in America we put the man right back in prison." Goebbels only said "Bah!"

While Reynolds was still in Berlin, Charles Colebaugh offered him a job with *Collier's*. Officially he was hired to do sports articles, but soon he was writing on everything and everybody, turning in from twenty-six to thirty articles a year, plus some four or five fiction stories, and still finding time to keep up his contacts in the night clubs and sell three stories to Hollywood. In February, 1940, came the assignment to go abroad. At this point in the story his book *The Wounded Don't Cry* carries on. Reynolds went first to France, saw how the Parisian politicians were like so many Laocoons in red tape, visited the Maginot Line, stood in an inoffensive French town while the German bombers blasted it out of existence; drove through No Man's Land, escaped to Bordeaux in a baby Austin, and finally crossed to England in a boat which took four days because the captain was zig-zagging his way through the magnetic mines.

In London Reynolds really found himself. As a reporter he was in on the biggest story of his time. As a *bon vivant* he found himself among friends, big and little. As a humanitarian he was one of the first to understand that this was not going to be a soldier's war, that the front line trenches were in the streets of the towns of England. As an author he could unburden himself accordingly. His dispatches were concerned less with the brass hats than with the home guard. He was concerned with the women who were doing the work of men, with the people living in the underground, with the children. When he writes, as when he talks, he has the trick of making any emotion seem virile; he bites his lip hard so that the tears never come to the surface, never drop upon his typewriter. The wounded, he stoutly maintains, don't cry. He wrote many fine paragraphs upon the heroism of the civilians. Two of his best were the ones he wrote on the little girl killed in the air raid.

"I know it isn't a pleasant story to read," he said. "It isn't a pleasant one to write. It's much better to read and write about the fighting pilots, the 'gay laughing-eyed knights of the air.' Sure, that's what war is. Glamorous and exciting. If death comes, well, it is swift and clean. War? Why war is a line of gallant British battleships plowing through azure waters with flags flying and bands playing and a tot of rum for the lads on the watch at night. Sure, that's what war is.

"But that isn't the war I see in London every night. This is the war I see. If you want a front seat to the war come and stand over the three-year-old child with me. Don't be afraid of the bombs that are falling close or the spent shrapnel that is raining down on us. You want to see what war is really like, don't you? Take another look at the baby. She still looks as though she were asleep. This is war—Fall style, 1940. This is the war that Herr Hitler is waging."

Reynolds was immensely popular with the English. In his apartment at Landsdowne House (later rechristened "Arson House" because it was bombed three times) he kept open house for any RAF men on leave who wanted a drink or a soft bed to sleep in. (There was Eric Walsh, for one, who had dropped about 1,000 bombs over Germany and yet had never heard the sound of a bomb exploding. When he stayed overnight at "Arson House" he got the jitters.) The English liked Reynolds' expansive Americanism, his generosity. Though he is past master of the reporter's art of gaining access to the holy of holies, Reynolds actually had little trouble seeing the important people he wanted to see. This was, again, the triumph of personality over red tape. Among his first friends were Lord Beaverbrook, Arthur Christiansen (editor of the *Daily Express*), Ernest Bevin, and Ambassador Joseph Kennedy. When Reynolds went out on any dangerous assignments he had to sign a so-called "blood sheet" absolving the government of any blame if he were killed in the performance of his duties. One of the questions on this sheet asked the signer to designate his "next of kin." Reynolds would invariably write the name "Joseph G. Kennedy" on this line. It was a good joke for a while but Reynolds claimed it backfired on him, deprived him of the best story of the war. He was all set to fly over Berlin with the RAF bombers. He had signed his blood sheet and full permission had been granted. Then, at the last moment, the permission was cancelled. Reynolds feels sure that his so-called "next of kin" didn't want to assume the responsibility of informing the folks back home that Quentin had splashed somewhere in Berlin.

Another one of his friends was the young lady who drove an ambulance truck at night and worked as a clerk at Selfridge's department store during the day. One night he drove with her through the London streets while the Germans were dropping their bombs and the shrapnel was popping all around them. The girl asked Reynolds if he had been in France. He said yes, he had been in France. She asked him if he had been up at the Maginot Line. Reynolds said yes. The girl took her eyes off the wheel for a second and from the glare of the bomb fires in London Reynolds could see her pale face. "Heavens," she said, "that must have been terrible!"

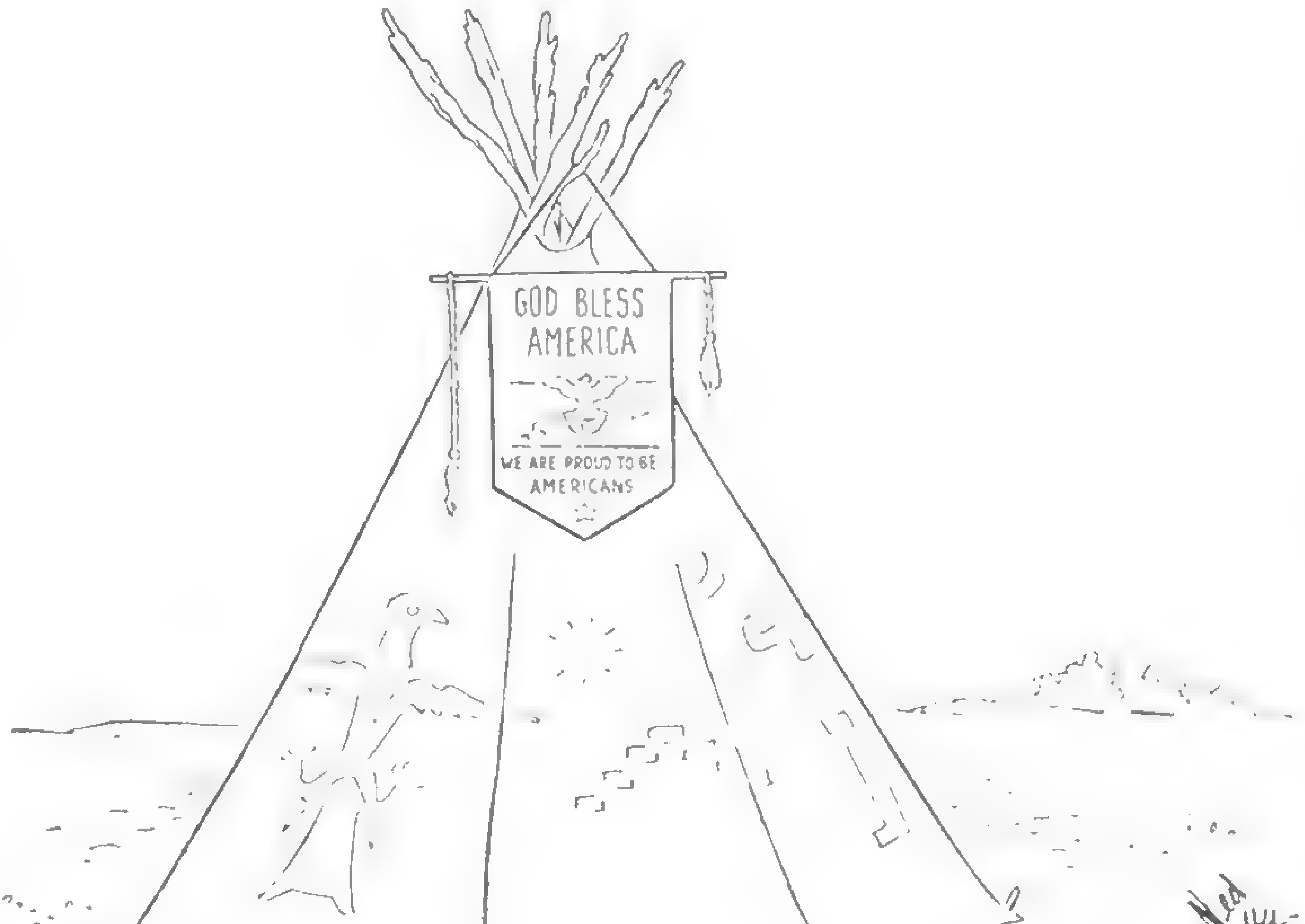
Reynolds answers that one in his book. The most terrible thing that he saw on the Maginot Line, he says, was the general who apologized because the champagne was warm.

On Fleet Street, in the pubs, in the hospitals, on a convoy that ran through the submarine waters from Margate to Portsmouth, Reynolds found the same spirit he found in the little clerk from Selfridge's. It is easy to see what inspired the unabashed Anglomania that caused him to conduct his remarkable one-man campaign. He found the same spirit in Buckingham Palace. On a visit to their Majesties he noticed that the windows of the palace had been shattered by bombs. He asked an equerry why the damage had not been repaired in the home of the King and Queen. The answer he got is one of his best souvenirs. "Because," said the equerry, "it is not yet our turn."

His first words on landing when he came back to this country must have sent his stock still higher in English circles. He came out for the immediate entry of the United States into the war, "for self-defense."

When Reynolds came back he was able to make full use of his oratorical powers. These had been latent in him ever since his college days, when he first took a fancy to public speaking. He has been a popular speaker at local functions but not until he came back as an apostle of the English cause did he command a nation-wide audience. Those who saw *London Can Take It* and *Xmas Under Fire* are familiar with the strong, even pitch of his voice. This was a calculated attempt to give something of the quiet, dogged optimism of the British people. As Damon Runyon said, "he was endeavoring to make American audiences feel something of the magnificent spirit of confidence with which the English are facing the greatest trial that ever confronted a civilized people." But over the gin and bitters or as an after-dinner speaker Reynolds can discard the low, even pitch and grow at least as eloquent as Chauncey M. Depew. At the baseball writers' dinner this year he was one of the principal speakers. His former confrères of the press box were rendered quite limp by the speech he made. He told them about some of the "little guys" he had met in London. He told them about Arthur Davies, who was one of a squad which dug time bombs out of the streets of London. Reynolds told how Arthur and his crew dug down forty feet once and came up with one which could have exploded any minute. Arthur drove the bomb out into the country himself—he didn't want any of the other men to get hurt. Arthur dumped the bomb into an old quarry, lit a cigarette, and left. Reynolds told how the London newspapermen gave a banquet for Davies. They called on Reynolds for a few words. Reynolds merely stood up, passed a quick compliment, and sat down. An English newspaperman came up later and asked him why he seemed so unimpressed by the incredible Arthur Davies. "Oh," said Reynolds, "I've seen brave guys before. I know a guy named Lou Gehrig."

Reynolds went back to the front lines of London in March. His friends, his family (two brothers, two sisters, his father) tried to keep him here longer. It might prove foolish, they said, to tempt the same fate twice. Reynolds always laughed this off with a sentence—just as *The Wounded Don't Cry* was a sentence—out of his book. This one might serve just as well for a title. "Death," he kept saying, "is for suckers." ⧺



The "Fitified" Man

Continued from page 53

you been keepin yourself, Mick?"

"Okay, Jake," says Pa. Jake and Pa shake hands.

Jake is a tall clean-shaven man. His eyes are blue as the sky.

"That's your boy ain't he, Mick?"

"Yeh, Jake, he's my boy."

"He's shot up like a bean pole," says Jake. "It's a sight how fast children grow. They remind me of sassafras sprouts. Sassafras sprouts and youngins are about to take the country, Mick."

Pa looks at me. Jake looks at Pa.

"Get you some chears," says Jake. "Let's sit under the shade and take it easy. Look like you're het up a little, Mick."

"Yes Jake, I'm hot as a rosted tater. I thought I's goin to ketch on fire I got so hot climbin the Collin's Hill."

"It's tough climbin," says Jake.

Pa sits down in a hickory-split bottom chair under the apple tree. Jake sits down in his chair. I lie down on the grass.

"Forgot to ask you fellars if you didn't want to fill your bilers with good cool well-water," says Jake. "Your bilers must be dry."

Pa looks at me. Jake gets up and goes to the well to draw water.

"He ain't talkin nigh right," Pa whispers at me. "He's thinkin o' saw-mill bilers gettin dry. Jake used to run a saw mill over at Cedar Riffles."

"Oh, yes Mick," says Jake, "I'm all right. I know why you've come to see me, Mick. I'm glad you've come. I'll tell you the story. My head is all right."

Pa's face gets red. He didn't intend for Jake to hear what he told me. Pa whispers loud as a lot of people talk.

Jake carries the bucket of water to us. He reaches Pa the gourd dipper. Pa dips water from the bucket. He lifts the dipper to his lips. His adam's apple works up and down on his red neck. You can hear Pa swallow the water.

"Ahem," says Pa. "That's good water, Jake."

Pa tries to turn the subject.

"Yes, it cools your biler, Mick."

Jake carries the water bucket over to me. I get upon my knees from the quilt of cool yard grass. I dip water from the bucket with the gourd dipper. I drink and drink.

"Don't that water cool your biler, Son?"

"It's good water when a man is dry," I says.

Jake carries the bucket back to the well box. He empties the water left in the bucket on the yard grass. He puts the bucket back on the well box.

"I ain't off in the head, Mick," says Jake. "It must be norated all over the deestrict that I am. I've had an awful time, Mick. I've had an awful fight on my hands. I've had to fight the Devil!"

"What do you mean?" Pa asks. Pa's eyes get big when he looks at Jake.

"I've had old Beelzebub to fight," says Jake, "and I live right under the shadder of the Plum Grove Church."

"Tell me about it, Jake," says Pa.

"You remember Esmerelda Sutton, don't you?"

"Yes, Jake," says Pa. "You was sparkin her when I's goin with my wife. We've courted together many a time. Don't you remember when we went to the Ashland Circus in my surrey together? That's when I drove that span of blaze-faced ponies!"

"That's right," says Jake. "I remember it now. I've sparked Esmerelda all my life. She wanted me, Mick. She's been atter me ever since Ma died. She was atter me before Ma died. I couldn't marry her and bring her under the same roof with Ma. I told Esmerelda so. She said if we's ever goin to marry it was time. Said we'd courted our lives away. When Ma died I was downhearted and didn't feel like marryin fer awhile. Esmerelda went atter me the wrong way. You won't believe me Mick when I tell you."

"Tell me," says Pa. Pa pulls another leaf of bright burley from his pocket. He crumbles the burley leaf in his hand and shoves the handful of crumbs in his mouth.

Jake fills his pipe from his burley tobacco crumbs from his hip pocket. He tamps the tobacco in his pipe with his index finger.

"I never noticed it," says Jake as he takes a match from his hatband and strikes it on his shoe—"so much until I went to feed the hogs one mornin—" Jake holds the partly burned match stem to his pipe and wheezes on his pipe stem. He draws puffs of smoke from his pipe. "Mick, I poured the feed in the trough. I thought I was a hog. I couldn't believe I was a man. I got in the hog pen. I tried to eat with the hogs. I started to root with my nose. My hogs wouldn't let me. They had their mouths open. They acted like they's laughin at me. Then they took back over the pint squealin with their tails curled."

"Huh," says Pa. "Sounds like a dream to me."

"But it wasn't a dream," says Jake. "I bought a cow off'n Esmerelda about two weeks before I rooted with the hogs. I heard Esmerelda had a cow to sell. I heard she's hard up fer money. I went down to buy the cow. 'Jake, we ought to jump the broom,' she says. 'You live up there alone and I live alone down here. We've might nigh courted our lives away.' All she talked about was sparkin. She didn't want to talk about the cow. 'I've come to buy your cow, Esmerelda,' I says. 'How much do you want fer her?' 'Forty dollars,' says Esmerelda. I just pulled out my pocketbook and shelled her two twenty dollar bills off'n my roll. It was too much fer the old bony cow. I didn't ast her to sell the cow fer less. Atter she got the money and I took the cow she says, 'That cow won't do you any good, Jake. I'm goin to make a little mouse that will stay with this cow. I'm goin to make a little brown mouse that will tell this cow what to do. If the little mouse tells her to kick the bucket out'n your hand when you start to milk her, then she will do it. If the little mouse tells her not to eat, she won't eat. If this little mouse tells her to go dry, she will go dry. If this little brown mouse tells her not to calve, she won't calve. The little brown mouse will tell her what to do.' I jest laughed and laughed. 'You ain't gettin batty, Esmerelda?' I ast. 'I'm tellin you the truth,' she says. She didn't laugh when she talked to me. She looked at me with mean black eyes. As I drove the cow up the road, I got to thinkin about what she said. I've been thinkin about it ever since."

"How has the cow acted that you got from Esmerelda?"

"Jest the way Esmerelda said the cow would act," says Jake. "She ain't done me no good. She takes spells she kicks the bucket out'n my hand. Then she got so she wouldn't give her milk down. Now, she is dry."

"Did you ever see a little brown mouse around her?" Pa asks. Pa holds his quid of burley-leaf tobacco behind his sun-tanned jaw. Pa's eyes get big.

"Never have seen the mouse," says Jake, "but I believe the mouse is close." Jake blows a thin wisp of blue smoke from his clean-shaven lips. His blue eyes beam at Pa.

"Sounds like witchery to me," says Pa. "I remember that Esmerelda had two old maid aunts that ust to live here at Plum Grove. There was an awful lot of fitified people here in the deestrict then. Men said they's bewitched. Cattle, sheep, and hogs acted funny around here when Esmerelda's aunts were livin."

"That's right," says Jake. "I think there's where Esmerelda got all her larnin about witchery. I remember when Esmerelda's Aunt Phoeby died. She called Mort Higgins, Venny Seagraves, Don Caudile and Brother Baggs to her house. She told them, fer Don Caudile told me, that there was a pot of gold buried on Warfield Flaughtery's pint above the sycamore-tree bottom. Said if anybody went there to dig fer it, one of these four men would haf to be along. You remember how people tried to dig fer it. They'd dig and dig and they couldn't get anyplace. Dirt would fall back in the hole fast as they shoveled it out. You remember that big rock cliff on that pint—right where that grove of pine trees stood—you remember that big pine tree that rooted over the cliff—well, when people started to dig there they could see a big bull walk up this pine tree and he had a head on each end and a big pair of horns on each head. People saw 'im and they'd break runnin fer their lives. When they's start runnin then the chains would begin to rattle. There was somethin funny about all the Suttons. Esmerelda has nearly had me skeared to death, Mick. I get to thinkin about 'er and I want to run and hide. I know what you have heard. You've heard that I was a fitified man."

"Yes, I have Jake," says Pa. "I've said you couldn't be a fitified man unless somethin had happened to you. I remember you in school. You was a pert boy. You was sharp as a shoe-brad. I know it's not the Hunt nature to be fitified."

"I've been fitified, Mick," says Jake, "but I want to tell you how it all worked out. I wasn't shore about Esmerelda even atter I bought the cow and she told me about the little brown mouse. I wasn't sure she was causin my fits atter I got down and tried to eat with the hogs. But I thought somethin was wrong. I would do things that I couldn't help. I didn't have any control over myself. I was havin an awful time here. My bull wouldn't notice my cows. My cows wouldn't give their milk down. My hound dogs thought they were foxes when I took them out to hunt. They'd get in front of the fox hounds and bark like foxes. My mules stood on their hind feet and tried to walk like men. They got to thinkin they were men. I'll tell you Mick I was livin in a different world. I began to wonder if I's asleep or awake. But the thing that brought me to my senses was one evenin when Lute Puckett passed by here goin to the coal bank. He called out to the palins there and started talkin to me. 'Jake, I got somethin to tell you,' he says. 'I know that I ain't dreamin about it either. I know this is the truth. I pass the Plum Grove graveyard every mornin but Sunday mornin. One mornin I heard a woman's voice. She was cryin out to the Devil. She was offerin 'im her soul if he would hep her do the things she wanted to do. I'll tell you the cold chills ran up my backbone. But I walked up closer and I saw the woman there among the tombstones. She was lookin at a red ball of sun that was jest startin to rise. She was cussin the Lord. This happened fer three mornins, Jake. We've got a witch in the Plum Grove deestrict jest as shore as God made little green apples. 'Glory,' I hollered, 'I'm not a fitified man. I know what's the matter with me now, Lute.' 'What's the matter with you, Jake?' Lute ast. 'I wasn't shore what was the matter with me,' I says. 'I've been bewitched, Lute. My live stock has been bewitched. I'm havin an awful fight. I'm glad to know this.' 'It's the first time I've told it to anyone,' says Lute.

'I was afeard they'd laugh and say I's afeard to pass that graveyard so early in the mornin'. I know that Esmerelda has been workin for Beelzebub. It's hard to work against the Devil and a woman, Mick."

"It must be," says Pa.

"But I did know what to do," says Jake. "I had an awful time doin it. I had to find one of Esmerelda's pictures. That was the job. I looked through everything on this place. I finally found a picture we had made together years ago. It was in the bottom of my trunk. I remembered what Grandma told me to do about a witch. I hated to do Esmerelda that way. I jest hated to think that she was a witch."

"I thought a witch had to give you somethin," says Pa, "before she had the power to bewitch you."

"That's right," says Jake, "she does."

"What did Esmerelda give you, Jake?"

"Many kisses," says Jake.

"And you gave her money for the cow," says Pa.

"Yes," says Jake. "I gave her money for the cow."

"Then how did she bewitch your live stock?" Pa asks.

"Murt Hensley passed here one day," says Jake, "when I was in town. She saw Esmerelda saltin my cattle. That's been since Lute Puckett heard her on the Plum Grove graveyard pint swearin her faith to the Devil and cussin the Lord. She saw Esmerelda feedin corn to my hogs from a sack. She saw Esmerelda givin my fox hounds bread. The reason I know it is, Murt thought we's jumped the broom. She norated it all over the Plum Grove deestrict. She norated that we's married and Esmerelda had moved in the house with me. Mick, one little thing has jest led up to another."

"I see, Jake," says Pa. "Now you say you are all right."

"The last spell I took was one night I's out with the men fox huntin," says Jake. "Charlie Gipson come along and ast me to go along. I called the dogs and went. That was before I found Esmerelda's picture. I didn't more than get with the fellars until I tried to stand on my head."

"Gus Martin was there, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Gus was there," says Jake. "Guess he was the one tellin you about me."

"I don't mind tellin you now since you've got all this stopped," says Pa, "Gus told me you tried to stand on your head on a whiskey jug."

"I did," says Jake. "I tried to stand on my head on the jug's stopper. The men tried to hold me. They couldn't do a thing with me. I cussed and laughed. I called my dogs. I tooted my fox horn. I cut some rusty. That's not all. My dogs come to me. They cut all kinds of fool shines. They stood on their hind feet and tried to walk like I did. They would yap-yap like a fox and take through the brush—one bitin at the other's tail. Did you ever hear of fox hounds doin that?"

"Never did, Jake," says Pa. "A good fox hound ain't of that nature."

"And my fox hounds are the best among these hills," says Jake. "I ain't braggin, Mick, when I say this. I won't have any other kind of fox hounds. I've fox hunted all my life. I love to hear a fox chase. I love to follow the hounds. I was terribly plagued the way my hounds acted that night. I was over my spell when my hounds started actin funny. I guess Esmerelda wanted me to be in my right mind so I could watch 'em. The fox hunters didn't know what was the matter with me. They don't know yet. They think I'm fitified. I don't know how I'll ever explain it to all of 'em atter I've courted Esmerelda all of my life. They won't believe me."

"How did you get away from Esmerelda?" Pa asks.

"I took her picture and nailed it on a locust tree back yander in my cow pasture," says Jake. "It was in the afternoon when the sun was goin down. I put the picture opposite to the settin sun. There was Esmerelda's sweet face on that picture. I wouldn't let myself remember the good times we'd had together. I started to thinkin about the fits she'd made me take. I started to thinkin about that little brown mouse she talked about when I bought her cow. I started to thinking about that cow. She's never done me any good. She's kicked the bucket out'n my hand. She wouldn't give her milk down. Then, she went dry. I thought about myself tryin to eat with the hogs. I got mad. I had my hog rifle. I had melted a silver half-dollar fer the bullet. I put in an extra gram of powder. I tamped it good. I shot Esmerelda smack through—and the silver bullet battered in the hard locust wood. Right then it was over, Mick. I'd kilt the Devil in Esmerelda. I fixed her. I ain't had a fit since. Now, I'm a well man. My livestock is all doin well. The cow Esmerelda sold me has started to give milk again."

"That wasn't bad," says Pa, "it jest cost you a half-dollar to get rid of Esmerelda."

"Not bad when it comes to cost," says Jake as he knocks the ashes out of his pipe against his leg. "It's not the cost that hurts me. It will take a long time to live down the crazy things I've done, Mick. I hate to have people starin at me and thinkin I'm a fitified man when I was only bewitched by a woman—"

"A woman you ust to love," says Pa.

"My childhood sweetheart," says Jake. "It's a sight what a woman will do when she loves a man. Now you look at Esmerelda. She sold herself to the Devil to get me, Mick. Esmerelda is still atter me. God knows what she'll try next. She won't have the hep of the Devil now."

"You are a good ketch, Jake," says Pa. "You're a good man fer a woman to look at and you have the finest farm at Plum Grove. I know you have money in the bank. Why wouldn't Esmerelda want you? She is about your age and she lives alone and you live alone."

Pa takes the hen-egg-sized quid of tobacco from his jaw and throws it on the grass. He looks at Jake and Jake looks at him.

"Jest to think about it," says Jake. "Wimmen will be afeared of me now. They'll hear all about this. This news will cover the Plum Grove deestrict like a mornin dew. Everybody will know it. Wimmen will think I'm a little batty now."

"Esmerelda won't," says Pa. "She'll know what was the matter with you."

"That's right," says Jake. "Esmerelda is a purty woman, too. I can't hep it if she did bewitch me. She's the purtiest of the old maids. There's not a widder woman in these parts as purty as Esmerelda."

"Then you are all right, Jake," says Pa as he gets up from his chair.

"Oh yes," says Jake. "I'm certainly all right now."

"If you have any more trouble let me know," says Pa. "I'm your neighbor and friend. I'll haf to be moseyin over the hill. It's gettin about time to do the milkin and feedin."

"Yes," says Jake, "The sun has started down."

"Have you finished with Esmerelda, Jake?" Pa whispers in a low voice.

"If you ever see me with 'er in the buggy," says Jake, "Forget all I've told you Mick. I've been thinkin it over. She'll make a good wife. I've kilt the power of the Devil in her. A lot of wimmen have devils in 'em you know. Don't think anything if you hear our farms are united as one."

"Come over and see me, Jake," says Pa. We walk across the yard toward the gate.

"I will," says Jake. "Come and see me, Mick."

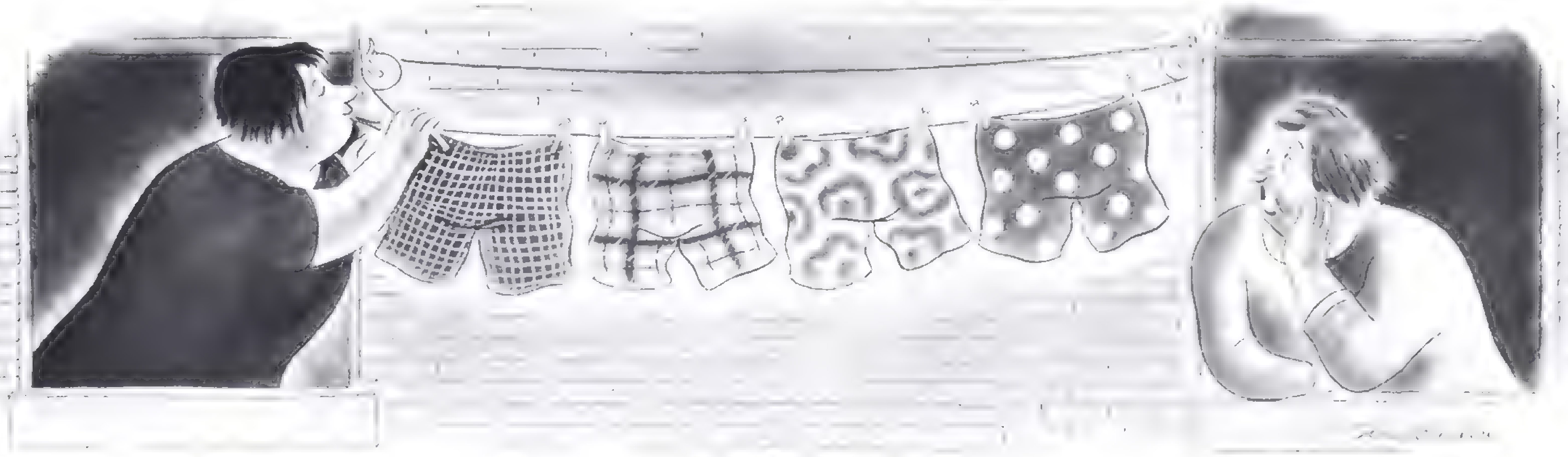
I follow Pa across the yard. He opens the gate and I walk through to the road. Pa walks through the gate. It closes itself behind him. The plow points jingle as the gate swings shut. I look back to see Jake standin under the apple-tree shade reloadin his pipe. He is squintin his eyes toward the sun that is settin over the Plum Grove hills.

Pa laughs and laughs as we walk up the path across the meadow.

"What are you laughin about?" I ask.

"Jake," says Pa. "Look up there at the Plum Grove church house won't you? Jake lives in the shadder of the church and yet a witch got atter Jake."

We walk toward Jake's hills of timber where the evenin shadows are lengthenin from the tall trees out across his grassy pasture land. ##



"Your husband's quite a dude ain't he?"

Bombs, Bosoms, and Billets

Continued from page 34

is, is still no more than a little drop in a big bucket of possibilities. There is no reason why women shouldn't be in the regular army and air force, working, drilling, eating, sleeping, living and dying with the men. This is not written in the spirit of captiousness; but as a gesture of latter-day gallantry, form-fitted to modern conditions. The front line of fighting is the safest place, in modern warfare; it is the women and children and old people at home who are being buried alive in bombed buildings, and who are being maimed, blinded, disfigured by the rain of explosives. It is scarcely reasonable that under the hypocritical mask which holds that "a woman's place is in the home," we should attempt to confine the feminine half of our generation to rubble heaps.

The number of British aviators who have been killed or injured since the war began, is only a fraction of the number of victims of the attacks on the home front. Look at Coventry alone. Now, this is no time for Victorian nonsense. It isn't practicable to save the old people and children by putting them in Aircobras or Hurricanes or Spitfires; but, by all means, gentlemen, save the women.

Basically and fundamentally, the modern girl is "one of the boys." She doesn't thank you any more for spreading your coat over a puddle of water—she can navigate the puddle as well as you; but she is indeed grateful for a glass of whiskey at the right moment. And by the same token, she won't thank you, when fighting starts, to leave her back where the bombs are thickest and the loneliness greatest; but she would be abundantly thankful, at such a moment, for a seat in your bomber and a spare machine gun.

And when it comes to dropping bombs, she'll drop a good many more than Colonel Lindbergh.

* * *

The flying of airplanes has been made, by obtuse publicity, into a sacrosanct art. There is no black art in flying; and anyone who can drive a car through Times Square on a Saturday night can make an airplane stand up on its elevators and beg for supper. And women, demonstrably, can do this just as well as men.

But, to leave the air service for the moment, every other branch of the military is just as much women's meat as men's. What's wrong with women artillery gunners? They can see as well as men; they can use calculating machines as well as men; and certainly they can press buttons or pull firing cords. It is strange that there should be any question; and whatever taboo is in effect in this quarter of the service can only be compared with the rules that once prevailed, holding that women couldn't smoke in public. It took a whole post-war generation to prove to a skeptical world that a woman who could smoke in private was also equipped anatomically to smoke in public.

Look at the Signal Corps, for another demonstration. In business life, fully two-thirds of our communications personnel are women. Count the telephone switchboard operators, the operators who sit up all night to be handy when you need the correct time, or when you have an impulse to swap platitudes with some palooka in Hawaii. Look at the radio and telegraph operators; listen to the portentous signals of the Misses Clare Luce and Dorothy Thompson. Then turn to the Army Signal Corps—100 per cent male. Personally, if my life depended on important messages being transmitted over hundreds of miles of criss-crossing wire, I prefer to throw my fate to the well-tried hands of the thousands of ever-efficient, ever-understanding, and ever-cheerful "Centrals."

Don't forget that this issue carries the "enabling coupon," in the announcement on page 17, permitting you to obtain the long-heralded and now-available Vargá girl playing cards.

Look at the Tank Corps. What is there to a tank that makes it only responsive to a masculine hand? Or is it that the presiding generals feel that no woman should drive in a car alone at night—or in a closed compartment with a man, unchaperoned? Rather death in the cellar, no doubt, than life with dishonor—on the field of honor.

Take the Ordnance Department. Women, every day of the year, control the merchandising destinies of the major department stores of the country, setting standards for efficiency and consumer service never before equaled in the world. Yet, for some quaint reason, the handling of Army stores and equipment are retained as the exclusive province of men, most of whom never held a real merchandising job in their lives.

This breakdown could go on *ad nauseum*. The absurdity of the discrimination is so obvious that even the detailing of it seems like a trespass on the imagination of the reader. Yet, that is the situation as of today, albeit the air is vibrant with sound of crumbling worlds.

The reasons for this curious neglect of half the fighting power of the nation are not particularly obscure. The Army, as everyone knows, is a type of priesthood, cultivating, nourishing, and guarding an elaborate abracadabra of traditions which ensures its own prestige. It is not an organization which at any moment in history, or in any part of the world, has ever been distinguished for its imagination or its progressiveness—a negative virtue of which Mr. Bernard Shaw as well as the captious Gilbert and Sullivan have made literary capital.

Well, any interruption of the rituals which prop up the Old Guard's ego, is looked on with the horror accorded a scoffer at a fraternity initiation. "Experience," says the Old Guard, "has taught us certain things—and these we know for certain." That, of course, is what the late French Army fought with. And the Maginot Line still stands as a memorial to such experience—if not *gloire*.

Army men have devoted their lives to the intimate study of the Army's voice of experience; and for them to part with the fruits of this labor would be as unexpected as a woman with twelve children holding forth on the foolishness of large families. The men of the Army have cornered the military market; they enjoy an exalted sense of manliness and heroism because of it; and that, by God, is what they intend to enjoy as their exclusive right.

Not many Yale men, or Harvard men, or Princeton men would favor admitting women to the undergraduate courses. For they, too, have been sworn into a special priesthood; and they would rather live alone, talk sophomoric nonsense, and sing rah-rah male-voodoo songs at football prep rallies, than live the good and full life—a type of self-abnegation that Dr. Freud has considered, at great length.

And in these two paragraphs we have a common indication why the Army is historically a generation or more behind the best thought of the time—and why so little intellectual fruition ever occurs at Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton. (Billy Phelps please note—you used to pray over us with great fervor, those gloomy mornings in Battell Chapel.)

* * *

Now, to ask a rhetorical question, what is the present status of women in the military setup? There is a warm welcome for nurses, it is true. There is also a call on the books for "hostesses." Surely there is nothing to quarrel about in either of these connections, except, possibly, the idea of limitation. Any man who has been around, or has been vivisected, has nothing but the warmest of places in his heart for nurses—those happy combinations of Venus, Minerva, Mother, and Mata Hari. And the very word "hostess" conjures up visions of infinite delight. Unfortunately there have never been enough pretty nurses to go around; and as for the Army's program for hostess-entertaining, present schemes allocate about one hostess of questionable age to every two or three thousand men—a scheme which must harbor in its secret blueprint the extensive use of conveyor belts.

It is abundantly clear that piddling compromises are of little consequence. Look at the last war. The A.E.F. was overrun with homesick men. And the morale institutes, like the Y.M.C.A., with a genius for inverted psychology, kept reminding the boys to write to "the girl back home," "the folks back home," and to potential Gold Star mothers. Naturally, thinking about home, and that probably lustreless girl (made golden and shining by the sexual over-valuation of distance), the soldiers sooner or later began to look forward to getting there.

But as soon as we have coeducational battalions, the military life becomes, overnight, "the" life. Your living is taken care of, your expenses are guaranteed; and all around is more youth and gaiety and excitement and anticipation than ever was coralled to a college prom. Every barrack is its own Stork Club; every week is a Mardi Gras—and "Zero Hour" is little more than the time for a treasure hunt.

As for dying, who gives that a penny's thought. You have to die sometime; and it's far more civilized to die young and in pleasant company, than to pass on amid the gloom and black and snivelling of the ghost-ridden manse on Main Street. *Le fin gourmet* lives and dies with pleasantness and grace, in war as in peace; the Goths uphold the sacred platitudes, insure their lives, and die by inches.

But if there is anything to the notion that people are influenced by facts, by deeds, and by example, there may not even be so much fighting to do. In the pursuit of self-interest the celibate enemy might well look forward to capture, the way the Italians, at this writing, are looking forward to water and the good life in the British camps of Africa. The Chinese have always conquered their enemies with the good life; and many a Hun, Tartar, and Mongol riding in to conquer, has stayed to pluck the *ch'in*, or scholar's lute, while moon-faced maidens softly sang, under the mimosas.

Arrow's choice for this month . . . cool "*Banff Stripes*"

Without skin-revealing transparency, Arrow's new *Banff Stripes* is as cool a shirt as you can wear. Its durable, lightweight voile fabric is a new development: the yarns are highly twisted, giving a crisp, smooth effect.

The shirt has Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit: sloped shoulders, curved waist, tapered arms. Blue, tan, green, $2.50. Banff Stripe ties, handkerchiefs, and shorts are also at your Arrow dealer's *now!*

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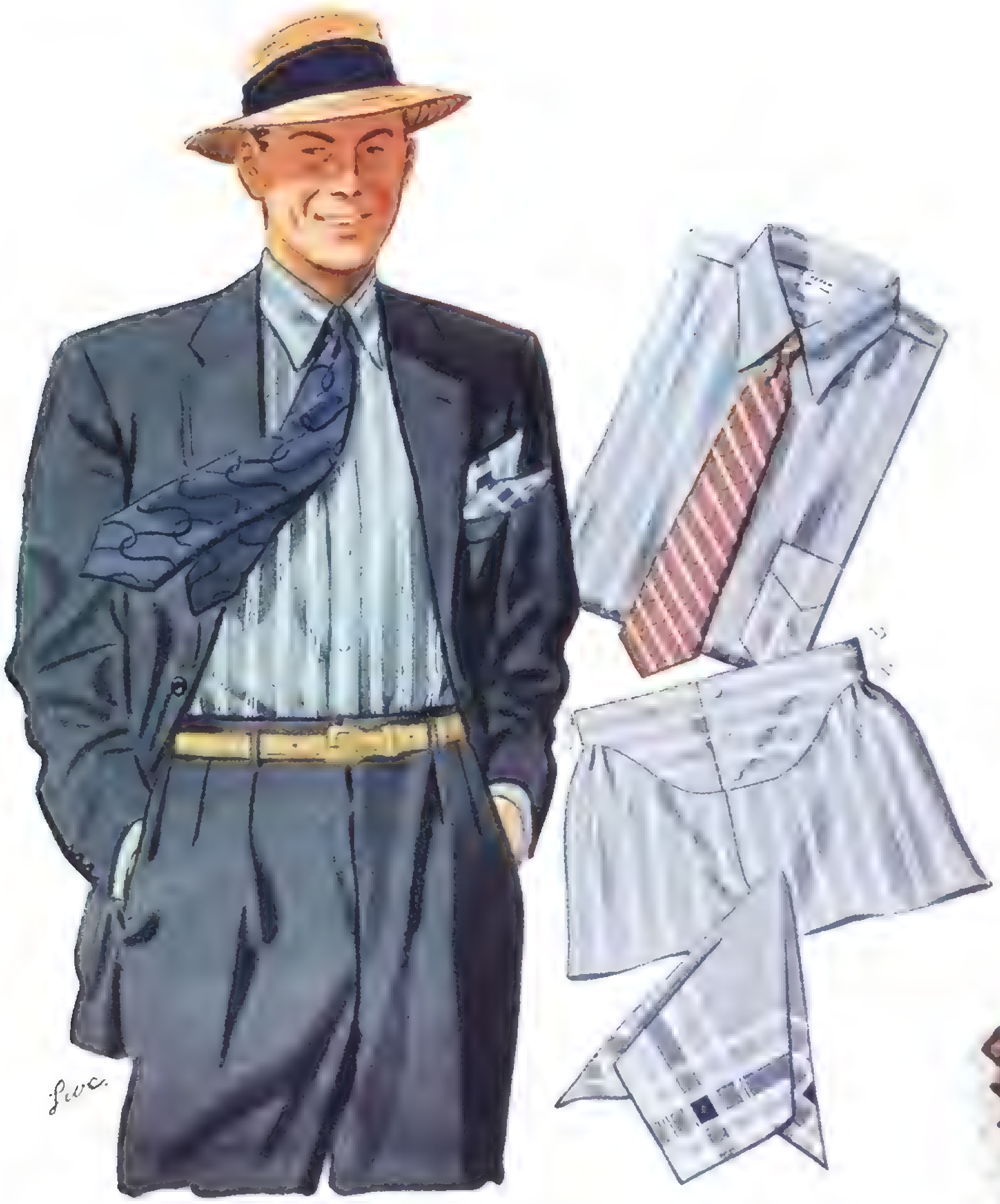
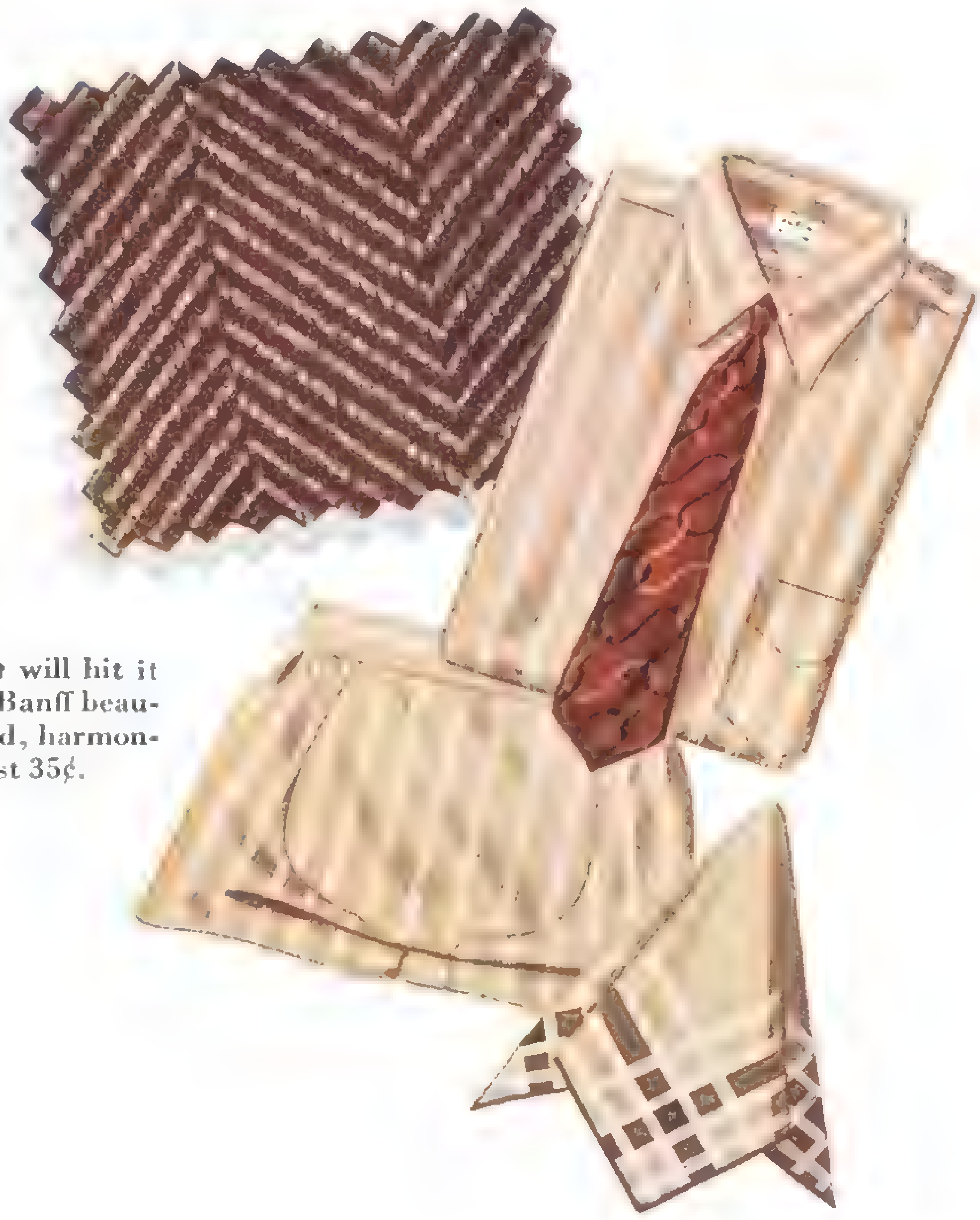
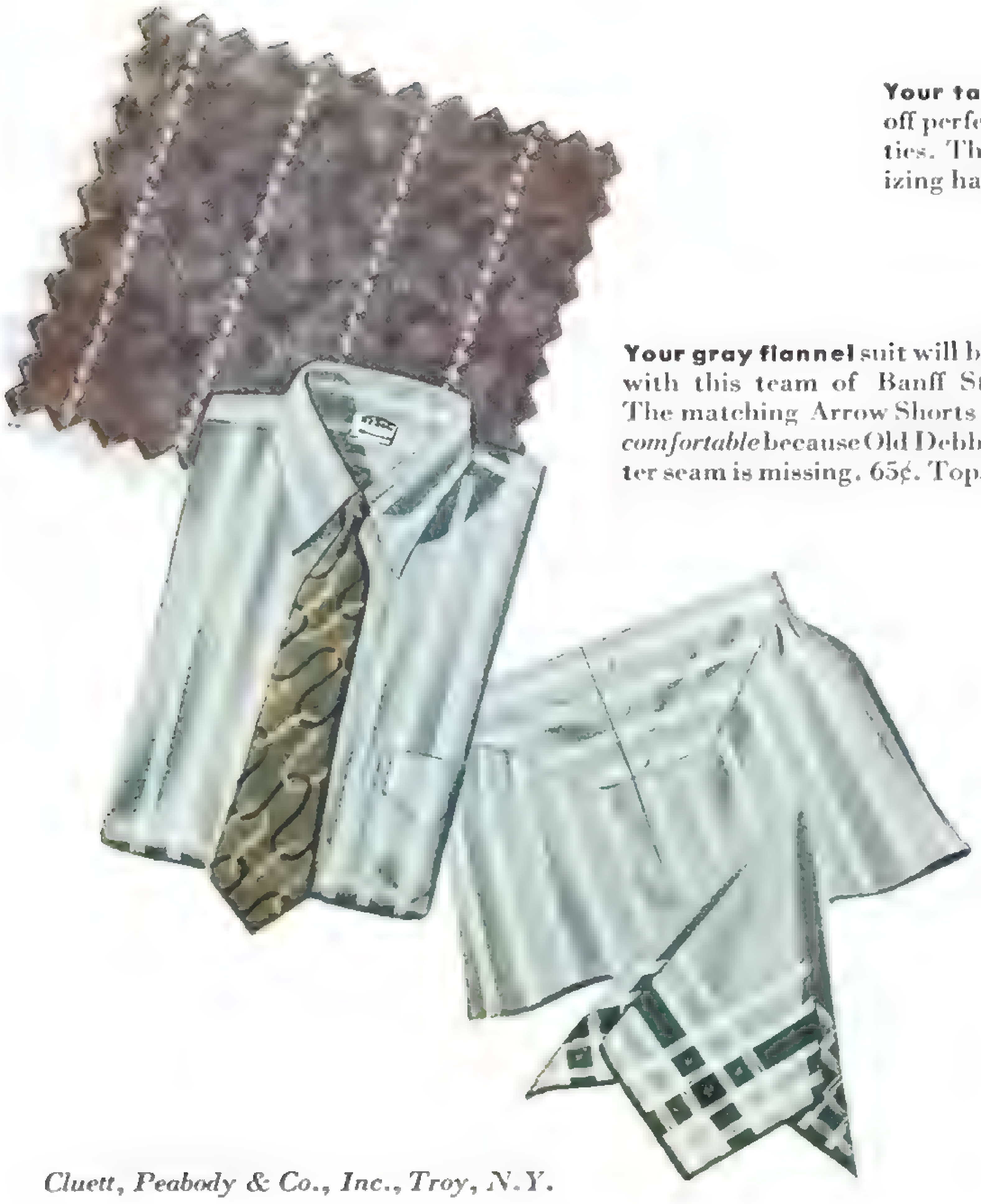


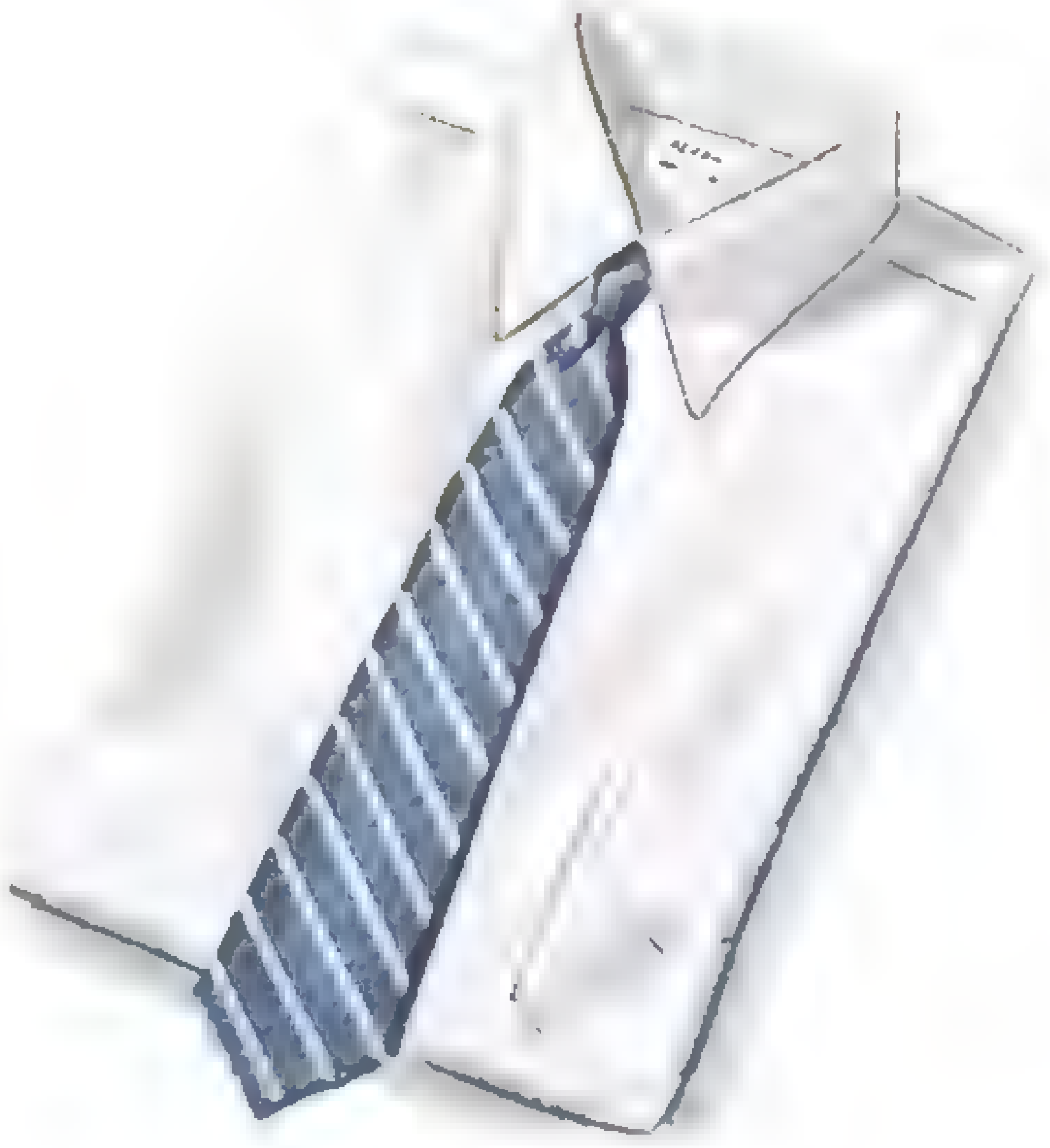
Your blue tropical worsted calls for this Banff array. Arrow designed two Banff tie patterns for the occasion; wrinkle-resistant, $1.



Your tan sports jacket will hit it off perfectly with these Banff beauties. The neatly stitched, harmonizing handkerchief is just 35¢.



Your gray flannel suit will be slick with this team of Banff Stripes. The matching Arrow Shorts are *so comfortable* because Old Debbil center seam is missing. 65¢. Tops, 50¢.



Crisp white always looks good in Summer. Try some Arrow DART shirts whose collar won't wilt! Made of fine broadcloth. $2.25.

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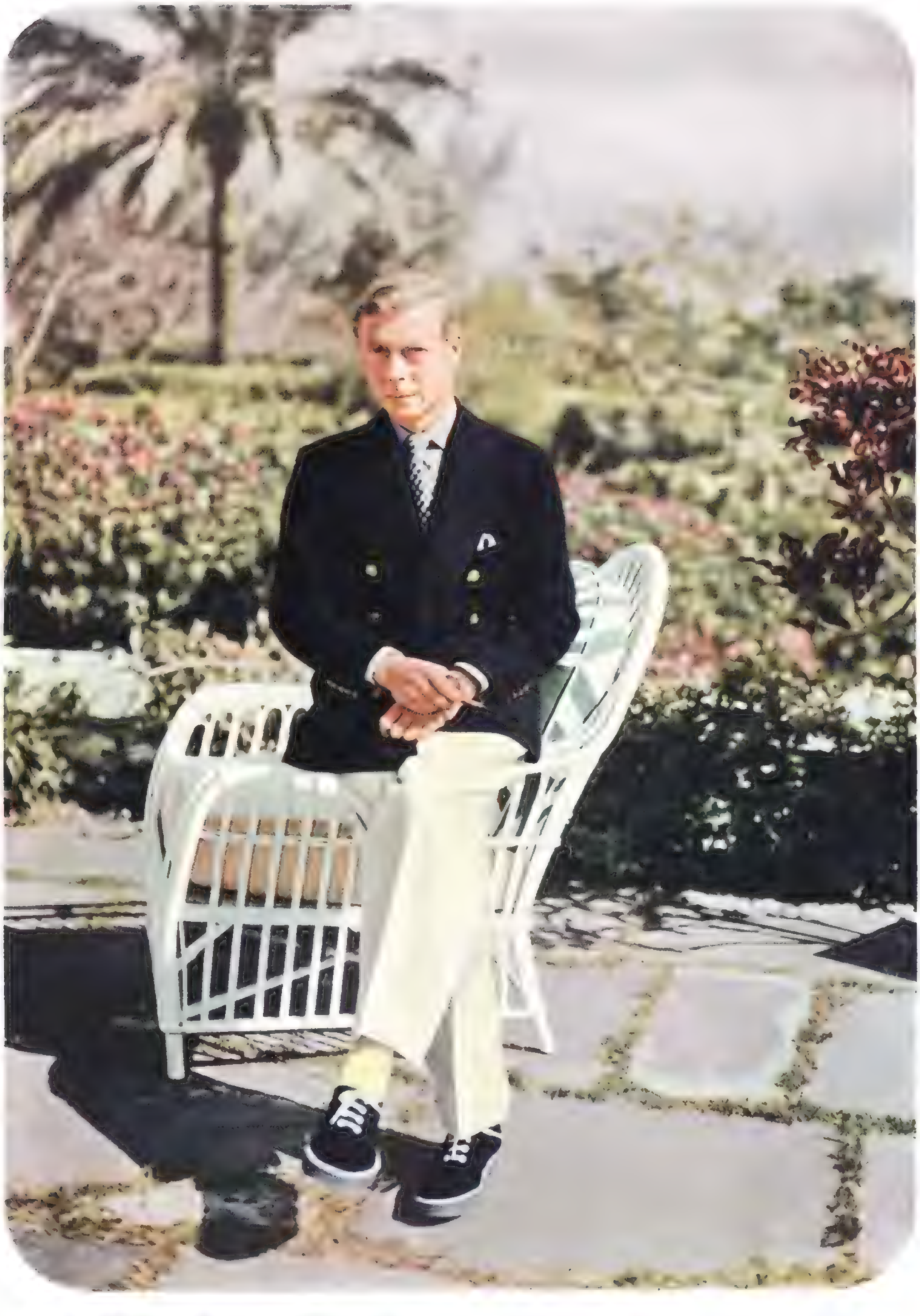
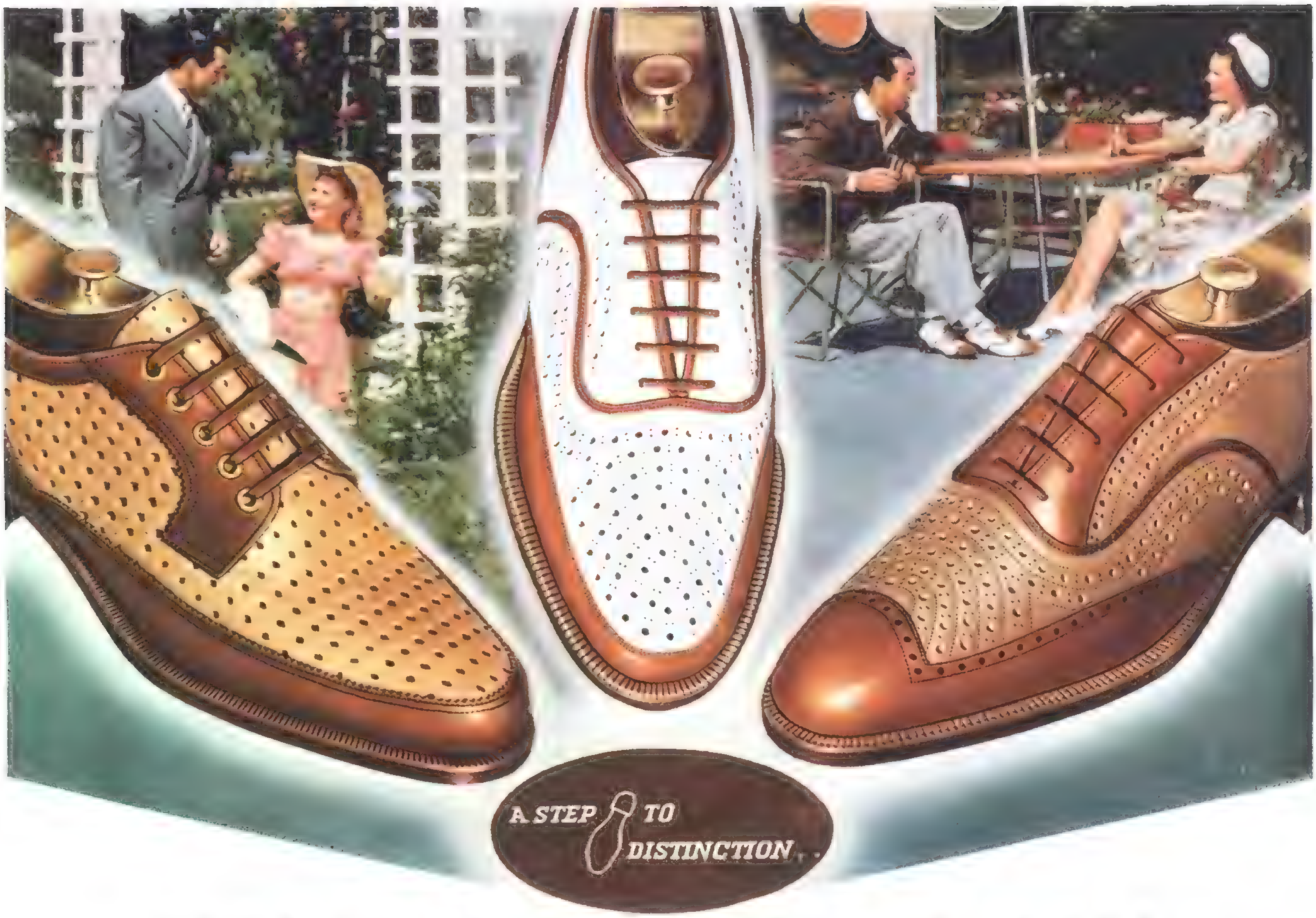


royal fashion mentor

His Royal Highness, the Duke of Windsor, significant sartorial figure for the past two decades, continues to hold an international fashion position. In fulfilling the duties of Governor of the Bahamas, he dresses appropriately for all occasions. He and the Duchess lead simple lives these days, confining public appearances to Red Cross, relief, and other benefits. Photographed in the garden adjoining Government House, Nassau, he wears a dark blue cheviot blazer with buttons carrying the insignia of the Welsh Guards. The five buttons on each sleeve signify that this is a Welsh Guards blazer. Different numbers of buttons on the sleeves denote specific regiments as follows: one button—Grenadier Guards; two buttons—Coldstream Guards; three buttons—Scotch Guards; four buttons—Irish Guards. His blue broadcloth shirt with widespread collar and blue and grey checked lightweight wool tie form a harmonizing combination. Contrasting are the yellowish tan lightweight worsted slacks and Sandune wool half hose. His blue buckskin shoes have thick grey rubber soles with white rubber welts.



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- *(Above — center)* Genuine white pig and tan calf. Piping as favored by the Duke of Windsor.
- *(Above — right)* Fawn and Barcelona Brown, giving a handsome turn to the mudguard pattern.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

NEW YORK PLAYS TRAINS

Unless we miss our guess, the latest entertainment plum to be pulled out of New York's pleasure pie is really going to start something. It's no lavishly-costumed super-production, either. We take that back; it *is* a super-production. And it's called, with admirable reticence, merely Trains.

Trains represents an opportunity never before offered to the general public—a chance to play with a professionally contrived miniature railroad track, complete with dispatcher's boards and signal switches, streamliners and Hudson type locomotives. New Yorkers, hearing about it, have pricked up their ears, gotten a gleam in their eyes, and trotted up to the old George Ehret greenhouse on East 94th Street to see for themselves.

At a good session, all thirty signal boards will be manned by as many heretofore frustrated railroad engineers, whose ambitions were sidetracked into less soul-satisfying, if more lucrative, fields of endeavor. They work more or less as a unit to get the mail train through, while one of the four dispatchers flashes light signals to indicate the route it is to take on the mile-long track. Simple enough to route only one train through, but some signal boards take care of ten or more tracks at a strategic intersection.

With thirty people of varying degrees of experience each operating a different signal board, the railroad system frequently goes off schedule. Collisions are expected occurrences. One of the joys of miniature railroad operation is that collisions at Trains don't represent actual casualties, but they keep William Roulston plenty busy. He has to leap over tracks or crawl under trestles from the scene of one accident to the scene of another to get the trains back on the track again and on their way once more. If there are several signal stations that haven't, for the moment, an attendant on hand, he has to leap from pillar to post to keep an intersection free on Track Six and to keep trains from jamming up.

An impromptu feature of Trains is that it is necessary to crawl under things to get from one section of track to another. The elaborate system crisscrosses the alleys where signalmen stand at their boards, and many a citizen of high standing and dignity bent on playing with trains has gotten down on all fours to get to the switch allocated to him, and merely counted it as part of the gaiety.

Roulston, with his confreres and partners in adventure, Antony Ellis and Ted Mix (a distant cousin of Tom Mix) are old hands at getting under and over, for Trains is not only their baby, but they are all young and agile. Mix, the oldest, is only twenty-six. He comes by his interest in fast transportation honestly, for his grandfather was a pony express rider. When he's not at Trains, he runs a music store on 57th Street. Antony Ellis, youngest of the three, hankers after acting, but feels that Trains is a satisfactory substitute for drama on the stage. Roulston, before he evolved the highly complicated electrical job that has made Trains possible (there are four miles of wiring), was far afield in Wall Street.

What brought the three together was the fact that they had all been to the same school. Part of their extra-curricular activities consisted of visits to the home of a violinist who had created a miniature railroad system at his home on upper Riverside Drive. This was the inspirational forerunner of Trains. The trio, as much smitten with the idea of playing with trains as their own clients are today, practically lived there after school hours. And last summer, while Roulston was recovering from the illness which had conveniently severed his connections with Wall Street, he got the idea of a new kind of railroad venture, more elaborate than any that had been constructed before, and open to the public on a subscription basis. The idea was mutually attractive to Mix and Ellis, and when Trains was officially opened in the middle of March this year, they had actually been working on it since November of 1940, and explaining daily to curious apartment-dwellers in the neighborhood just what they were doing. The green and red signal lights of the system could be seen through the glass roof of the Ehret greenhouse which they had rented, and almost from the first, there was a constant stream of visitors who wanted to know what was going on. One woman whose windows fronted on 94th Street tried to get the FBI on their trail because she was sure subversive activities were going on.

There's nothing subversive about Trains, but there's plenty of activity, both on the part of the management and a public that isn't as hard-bitten as one might expect. There appears to be no end to the possibilities of Trains. Schools send children there for the afternoon session; doctors recommend it to jittery patients (and the doctors go themselves); hostesses take their dinner guests there; and this department is going to get the signal board at the crossbridge licked if it's the last thing we do.

Ranger

The Faraway Atoll

Continued from page 46

fish on the wide reefs. He made traps for lobsters and crabs, and they were always filled. For fish he had his choice of anything from small mullets to tuna and bonito. The pandanus had tender root tips which were edible and yam-like in flavor, and the cone-like fruit contained endosperms, not unlike barley corn in shape, which he ground and made into tasty meal patties. Harry Sexton ate as did the early Polynesians of these atolls and he thrived.

Now for over thirty years he had adhered to a strict routine. Six full days a week had been spent carefully putting figures down in grey-covered ledgers. Habit was an integral part of his life, as necessary as breathing. And he knew this. He didn't permit his mind and body to become torpid. Every morning, after he had gathered his food for the day, he made a careful search of the groves to pick up any coconuts that had fallen during the night. When he had collected a large pile, he split them open and left them to dry in the sun. The half-sections of white meat he eventually spread out on long racks for further dehydration, and then, when they were sufficiently cured, he sacked them in burlap sacks and stored them in a lean-to behind his hut for the call of the copra-schooner, who paid him the syndicate's price of Papeete.

The large rats and coconut crabs did considerable damage in the groves, so he nailed strips of tin high up on the trunks of the palms and thwarted them. Within a few months' time he had cleaned the frond-littered groves and tinned most of the bearing palms. For a man who had spent most of his life in an office, Harry Sexton showed surprising capabilities.

There was, of course, the very important consideration of his sex life. Captain Oro, on one of his calls at Takura, brought with him a lush young Tahitian girl.

"You're presuming too much," Sexton stiffly informed the Tahitian skipper.

So Captain Oro had to transport the huffy Tahitian strumpet back to Papeete. Harry Sexton had been a bachelor all his life and was not particularly lustful, so he didn't care to endanger his almost perfect peace and security by bringing a Polynesian Eve into his atoll paradise. Besides, his financial budget had not included a native mistress. He had never made any erasures or alterations in his commercial ledgers, so why should he here with his life on Takura? He had made certain, through a violent deed, his island kingdom, and he would permit no encroachments.

Harry Sexton realized that Takura was a low island and that, in event of a hurricane, he would be in considerable danger, so he set about building a hurricane shelter, of sufficient height to escape the highest raging seas which might overleap the barrier reefs. Inside would be plenty of storeroom for food. Planks were needed for the forms to hold the mortar of coral rock and limestone. He remembered a sunken schooner on the far side of the lagoon, in three fathoms of water, and he paddled out to investigate its deck planking. In the minute or so he was under water, on its tilted, shattered deck, he saw that he could pry loose with a crowbar some of the pieces. He was about to rise to the surface, when he saw the large pearl oysters spread out on a sandy area at its stern. He quickly ripped up two and ascended to his outrigger-canoe. In the second shell, under the soft fringing mantle of the oyster itself, his groping fingers brought forth a perfect moon pearl.

Harry Sexton was not a demonstrative person. He didn't give a wild shout, nor feel his heart "pound against his ribs." He accepted his good fortune with quiet satisfaction, as if he were entitled to it. He had felt the same way when he had strangled the man and taken the four thousand dollars from his wallet.

He dived again and again, and by sundown he had cleared the floor of pearl oysters in the vicinity of the schooner— and had six more flawless moon pearls.

Just before nightfall, that evening, a cutter arrived from the large pearling island of Hikueru. The Tuamotu skipper had obligingly stopped at Takura to find out if Sexton were in good health and to give him passage to Tahiti, if he cared to go. Most of the trading-schooner captains called at Sexton's atoll because the predicament of a lone white man living on an isolated coral atoll made them solicitous of his welfare.

"And what would I have to take me to Tahiti?" Sexton snapped at the captain.

The marked unfriendliness of the white man convinced the skipper that the solitary dweller of Takura would some day go mad. He had seen white men before try to live like natives.

Sexton was relieved when the sails of the cutter dropped below the horizon. The full sense of his great wealth was beginning to take possession of him, and if the skipper had stayed longer he might have showed him the pearls, and that would have started a pearl rush on Takura.

That morning, after the cutter had left, he went back to the lagoon and began diving for more pearl shell; but, although he explored a radius of more than a hundred yards around the schooner, he found no more pearls. Then he was sorry he had not taken the cutter to Tahiti. It was going to be difficult waiting three more months for Captain Oro's schooner.

Harry Sexton, for a few days, kept up his daily routine, collecting coconuts, keeping the groves tidy, and going ahead with the construction of the hurricane shelter. One morning, while he was splitting coconuts in the south grove, he suddenly gave a dry chuckle. The ridiculousness of his occupation was too droll. Copra each month only netted him about twenty dollars. He left the coconuts to the rats and the crabs. As for the hurricane shelter, by the time the squalls began to sweep across Takura he would be seated on the wide veranda of his home in Tahiti, sipping rum punches.

And that is where Harry Sexton made his gravest mistake. He abruptly forsook the daily occupations which had kept his life free of monotony. He was a creature of habit, and when that slender thread was broken, he found himself floundering in the deep sump of stagnation. The once clean groves became littered with fronds and coconuts. The long racks of coconut meat he no longer bothered to cover with the waterproof pandanus mats against the heavy dew and the copra mildewed. Takura became a small, galling world, made of skeleton-animals, which represented so many nervous steps this way and so many quick, jerky strides that way. Why couldn't Captain Oro, for once, be ahead of schedule?

But something was to come before the *Tamara*—an element of danger which Sexton had foolishly forsaken in the obsession of his sudden wealth—a hurricane. The forerunning squall swept in from the northeast and struck its first stunning blow to the coral atoll just after nightfall. No other islands had weakened its mad rush across the south ocean, and Takura received its full fury. Sexton felt the same wretchedness that a slight error in bookkeeping had always caused him. What a damnable thing to have stopped work on the hurricane shelter!

He stood alone in the heavy, surging darkness at the edge of the coral beach, partly protected by the smooth annulose trunk of a coco-palm and peered anxiously through puckered rain-and-wind-lashed eyes across the wide reef-locked lagoon. The black surface skin of the water was torn up here and there in white spindrift wounds by the flying force of the low, sweeping gale. The roar of the sea over the barrier reefs had become cataclysmic now, and he knew that the ocean had breached across the lower southern end of the atoll and was destroying the mature, bearing coconut palms. Once the loss of coconut palms would have worried him, but now he was sick with anxiety that he had not completed his protection against this very storm.

He fought his way back through the grove to the hut. The weird sirening of the wind in the tops of the palms was affrightening and bent the trunks far over until they strained and cracked. He moved with caution. The gale was sheering off fronds and coconuts and hurling them down with killing force. A direct hit and a man's head would be shattered like an egg shell.

Inside the hut it was close and humid, but he didn't dare risk opening one of the shuttered apertures he used for windows. He turned up the hurricane-lantern and brought his pearls out from the chest in the corner. Wrapping them carefully in separate cloth cocoons, he packed them tightly in a tobacco sack and tied it by a length of fish-cord around his throat. Then he stretched out on his canvas cot and tried to rest.

He slept fitfully through the lull in the storm, which lasted two hours, but when it veered around to the east and began blowing like a thousand trumpets blowing the Judgment Day, Harry Sexton knew he had better get out of his hut and climb a coconut palm, as the natives did when a hurricane struck. Earlier that evening he had prepared a palm, lopping off its fronds with a machete, so its leaves would offer no wind resistance. He frantically put on his sodden clothes again, grabbed up the lantern, and rushed out into the start of the hurricane.

Although the palm was only a short distance from his hut he had to fight fiercely every inch of the way, crouched low, shielding his face against the wind and the hard, driving rain, his lantern swinging violently from the crook of his elbow.

He, at last, reached the palm of refuge and, with an agility born of desperation, scampered up its wet, smooth bole and straddled a frond butt, looping the handle of the hurricane-lantern over another above him. He hoped to have some light in his misery. The wind lifted the lantern and flung it into space like a comet, and an intervening palm smashed this display.

The hurricane built up swiftly and in an hour's time it was laying waste the atoll. Harry Sexton no longer tried to think. He closed his eyes and clung to the palm trunk with a frenzied strength. The typhonic wind almost tore him loose many times, and occasionally the coco-palm bent far over, making a sickening cracking sound, but its roots were buried in deep coral limestone and they held. Below, the boiling seas, which had overleapt the barrier reefs, swept two feet deep over the atoll.

He raised his head from against the side of the trunk, to see if his hut was still standing, and just at this precise moment a flying frond struck him a grazing blow on the side of the head. For a moment, he felt his arms go limp; then, with superhuman strength he gripped the palm tighter and

Continued on page 108

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The Faraway Atoll

Continued from pages 46-107

stopped his sliding descent.

The hurricane blew for seven hours, and then it went roaring off to the northwest. Harry Sexton was still alive and, fingering the small bag around his neck, he still had his fortune in pearls. He slid painfully down the trunk, and when he had his feet on the coral earth, he stood in water up to his hips, holding to the palm, suffering excruciating agony as the circulation of blood came back to his numb, ravaged limbs. Then he stumbled to his hut. One wall had carried away, but the water had drained out of it, and he flung himself, more dead than alive, on the wet cot.

When he awoke, he could hear the sough of the gentle southeast trade winds in the plumes of the palms and the pleasant diapason of the breakers on the reefs. It was dark and he surmised he had slept far into the night. He had to feel his way to the door and down the steps to the ground. The water was now only ankle-deep. He splashed through the swirling, draining water, arms outstretched, so as not to collide with any palms. Then, when he had taken several steps, he stopped short, with a startled cry. He had felt a strange warmth on his face and arms. He walked forward a few more steps, and he felt a coolness strike across his body. Harry Sexton gave one high-pitched scream and sank to his knees in the stinking water. He knew it was not night, but daytime, and that the heat on his skin was the sun, and the abrupt variation of temperature the shadows of coco-palms falling across him as he had walked.

He crawled frenziedly on his hands and knees back to his hut. He lay on the cot, his aching body wracked with sobs, as he pantingly said aloud over and over:

"I'm blind as a bat! I'm blind as a bat!"

Harry Sexton remained in his hut for two days, eating the meat of the coconut and drinking its water, waiting fearfully for his eyesight to return. He had heard of blows on the head causing temporary blindness, and the hope was growing within him that, with a little rest, his vision would return and be as good as ever. But when he was still stumbling about sightlessly a week later, panic seized him. His only salvation now was the *Tamara*. He cursed himself for not taking the Tahitian girl that Captain Oro had brought that trip. Now she could have cared for him and hunted food.

Food wasn't plentiful. He found this out when, for three hours, he explored on his hands and knees the shallows of the lagoon for shellfish. All he could scoop up was a small handful, and the next day he found only three. The heavy seas had torn them loose. The hurricane had also dislodged every coconut on Takura, and the rampant seas had washed them into the ocean. He climbed coco-palm after coco-palm and explored with eager, trembling hands below the frond-butts, but only the naked spathes raked his fingers. Taking his bearing by the sound of the surf (to windward the breakers beat louder), he staggered along the coral strand, hoping to hear a fish trapped in a shallow pool. But most of the time his feet slipped on dead fishes. And he knew it would be suicide to eat their decomposed flesh. Once, he did hear a splash close by, and he sprang desperately headlong in that direction. He arose wet and cut by a growth of coral, tensely listening. Only the rustling of the water and the sigh of the breeze in the palms. Tears coursed down his shrunken cheeks.

Then a day came, when he could no longer leave his cot. He had not found a coconut for four days and his tongue was swollen and black.

"Captain Oro will come for me tomorrow," he kept telling himself, to bolster his waning courage. His complacency toward the last was remarkable.

But the next morning, the *Tamara* didn't put into Takura, and Harry Sexton began to lose faith in human nature. Why couldn't humans add up as efficiently as figures in a ledger? One of his arms had fallen over the side of the cot, and he was suddenly diverted from his dark broodings by a sharp pain at his finger-tips. He raised the throbbing hand, and then he heard the shrill chattering cries of rats and the dry scraping of scuttling crab legs. A rat had been gnawing on his fingers. He had forgotten all about the rats and the crabs, who had lost their food, too, and were starving, and had at last found him.

Harry Sexton began to scream with the last spark of life that remained in his wasted body, and a lone sooty tern in flight overhead swooped low to listen and then circled off toward less damaged atolls for food. The solid mass of green crabs remained motionless, and the rats, closest to the cot, sat on their haunches and preened their nervously agitated whiskers with delicate feet. They waited patiently, until only dry rattling sounds came from the man's swollen lips, and even before life left the frail body in a fluttering little snuffle, they had closed in voraciously. One fat hairy crab even took Harry Sexton's bag of pearls and carried them deeply into a hole on the beach of Takura.

When Captain Oro, two months later, stopped at the hurricane wrecked atoll, he saw what was left of the white man he had brought there, and he crossed himself piously and repeated a few holy words he had memorized in a Catholic missionary school in Tahiti. He had a wild-eyed sailor gather up what was left of Harry

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HARMONY BEGINS AT HOME

Close to, the representative night club entertainer is just what one might expect. Constant exposure to free liquor, love, and speech, cockeyed hours, precarious engagements, may add color to the personality—but not to the complexion. The only well-rounded part of many a celebrity's life is the circles under his eyes.

So the first surprise about the King sisters is that they are not only, individually and collectively, a gorgeous lot, but their mild makeup is not for the grim purpose of concealing a multitude of venial skins. And there's a healthy sparkle in them blue eyes, despite the girls' constant round of night club, stage, and radio engagements. The second surprise is that they've been singing out in meeting since around 1922, though Louise, the oldest presently singing with the quartette, is merely twenty-five. Those were the days shortly before Yvonne, cute as a button and nineteen, used to make an entrance walking on her hands.

What the King sisters were doing on any stage at all when they were barely out of rompers had nothing to do with being born in a theatrical trunk. They were born, most of them, in Utah, before the era of quiz kids and Shirley Temple's comeback. But it *was* the era of Chautauqua and church-going. And of William King Driggs, father of this incredible brood and four others besides. Father Driggs taught music in schools, and then he went home and taught more music to his family. The music has stuck; so has the travel bug, for which Mr. Driggs had an equally contagious talent. The King sisters (they took the name professionally because it's more euphonious than Driggs) claim there isn't a national capital with which they aren't familiar.

There was a double motive to the Driggs' annual three-months' trek. One was that travel broadens; the other was to impart, by example, the joys of a musical home life to church-goers and seekers after the Chautauqua brand of culture throughout the West. Even Aimee Semple MacPherson gave of the Driggses to the faithful, and not a church in Los Angeles but its rafters didn't ring with the Driggs' childlike voices, amplified by refined dancing and their orchestral rendition of *Salut D'Amour*, with Louise playing the harp, Donna the drums, Alyce the 'cello, and Yvonne, as soon as she was able, the violin. They gave sermons, too.

The denominations of the churches at which the Driggs family appeared didn't matter, apparently, any more than the type of music delivered, which was considered O.K. as long as it included a reference to home. Their theme song was *Little Grey Home in the West;* and Alyce's big moment came when she recited Edgar Guest's triumph of miscast words, *It Takes a Heap o' Livin'*.

In view of which, it shouldn't take a heap of believin' to discover that the King sisters don't smoke or drink—and that goes for coffee and tea as well as more potent refreshments. They're Mormons. Descendants of Perley E. Pratt, right-hand man of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormons, they've been fetched up in the ways of abstemiousness, and are church members in good standing, hot harmonies or no hot harmonies. Well, they'd be an asset to any choir, though vocally their professional lives take them far afield from liturgical rhythms.

When Horace Heidt discovered Alyce, Louise, and Maxine singing over KSL in Salt Lake City, he promptly signed them up to appear with his orchestra. Somewhat burned up at being considered too young, Donna and Yvonne worked up a few arrangements of their own and let Heidt hear them sing one evening. From then on it was the Five King Sisters—at least, until the band left for the Drake Hotel in Chicago, leaving Yvonne behind because of her lightweight age of fifteen. She got there, though, when Maxine, who had had to leave a husband behind, got homesick and went back to domesticity. Louise, Donna, and Alyce got their mother's consent to let Yvonne go along.

That's been the setup ever since, even when Alvino Rey left Heidt's band to start his own and took the King sisters along with him. By that time, Louise had already signed up with Rey via matrimonial ties, so it was practically a family matter.

A family matter, according to the Kings, is a great help in a spotlighted existence. Four sisters *en masse* aren't as likely to run into Pitfalls and Temptations as a singleton with no sibling to guide her. But as for love, says Alyce—love is wonderful. At the moment, she's a draft widow, her young man's departure running parallel to the song she was scheduled to sing at that evening's broadcast—*My Prodigal*—which she sent out over the air waves with appropriate tears, while her sisters wrung their hands in sympathy. A member of the orchestra is the light of Yvonne's life. All the girls, we might add, are good cooks, but so far there has been no necessity to decide between hot soup and hot rhythms. They make both.

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The Faraway Atoll

Continued from pages 46-107-108

Sexton in a copra-sack, and off Takura they weighted it with some coral rocks and dropped it into the sunlit sea.

The next afternoon, when the *Tamara* was in the doldrums, the engines broke down, and Captain Oro went below to have a talk with Mopi, his engineer. He found Mopi cursing over a defective fuel-pump. The captain squatted down in the cramped space and said in the native tongue:

"Sometimes I am not so sure all our ancient laws are true. You know, as well as I, the great law of Tangaroa, which says that crabs and rats are the souls of evil-doers, who eat the flesh of those who murder. Crabs and rats ate the little *popaa* Sexton, and he could never have been a murderer. I tell you, Mopi, I think the stories of the old days are false."

Mopi didn't answer. He just wanted to get the fuel-pump fixed and get home to Tahiti, where a fat Tahitian girl waited for him. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 80

to the sentimental thrill of the boys in the Garrick first-night audience, and smiling to the bouquet-laden swains on the dock that odd smile which was destined to warm the American stage for forty seasons thereafter.

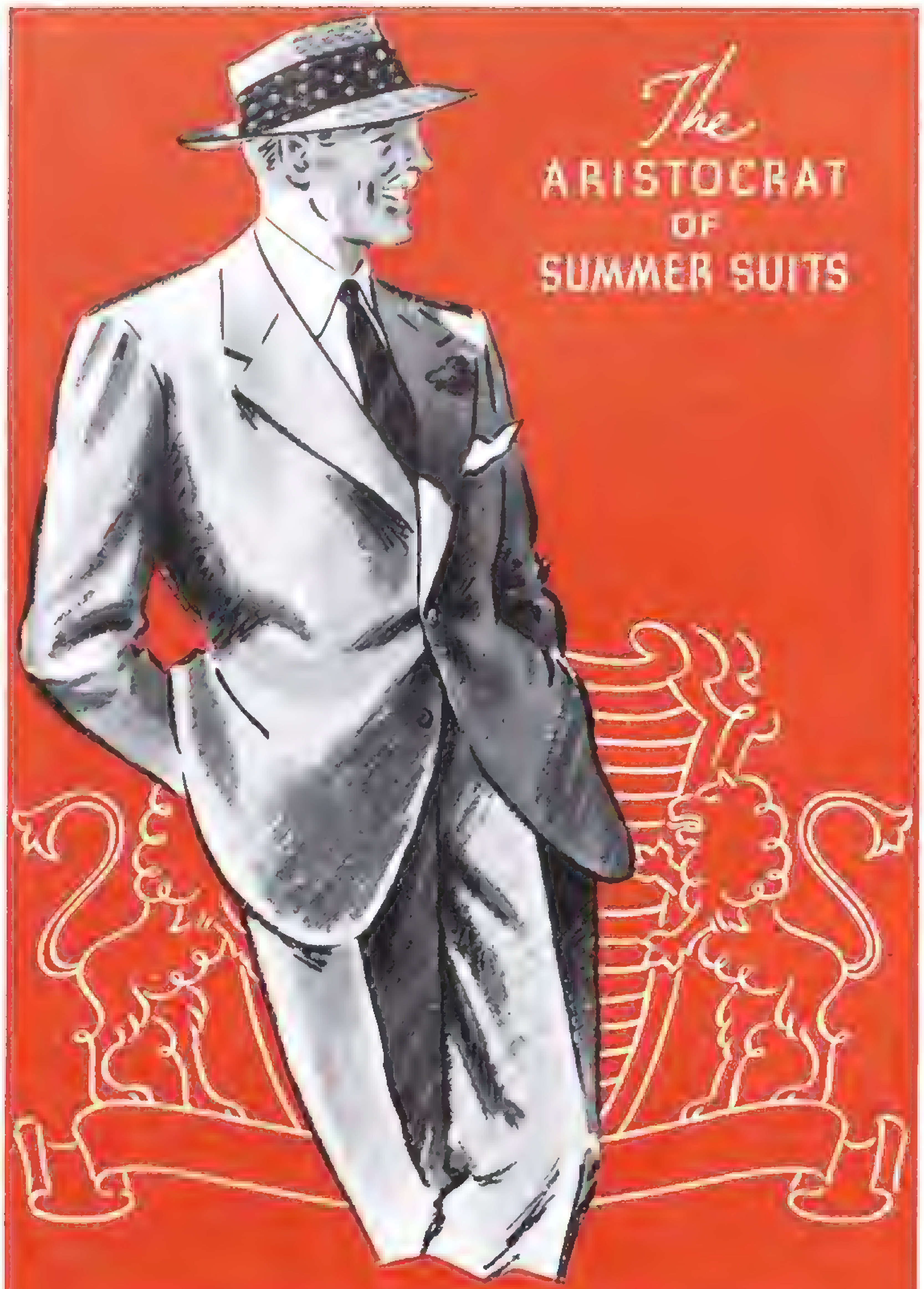
II

Just as one can't tell about direction or the Barrymores, so one can't tell about child actors and actresses. I have seen too many of them in my time who, with all the wonder in them in their kid years, either grew up into nothingness or disappeared entirely from view. There was, for example, a small boy named Tobin who, many seasons ago, gave a performance in Avery Hopwood's *This Woman and This Man* so extraordinary that it took the critics by the ears. It was, indeed, in many respects the finest child acting performance I have witnessed in more than three decades of play reviewing. But that was the end of him; in subsequent years he did nothing to mark him out. There was, too, little Peter Holden who captured the applause of all who saw him more recently in *On Borrowed Time*, but Peter then went the way of the movies and we know what the movies generally do to almost any kind of acting talent. There have been others. Mary Miles Minter, for instance, who after proving herself an unusual child actress in *The Littlest Rebel*, went to Hollywood and was never heard of again, save in Hollywood. And Vivian Tobin, who, though she later gave a first-rate account of herself in matinee performances of *Alice in Wonderland*—she was the best Alice of the innumerable Alices I have laid eyes on in either America or England—developed not at all and vanished from the stage. And dozens upon dozens more. But, too, there have been those who came out of their stage childhood and made acting names for themselves; the list ranges all the way from Mary Anderson and Maude Adams to Helen Hayes.

It is with this somewhat extended apologia that I come to a little girl named Helen Renee—she is somewhere around twelve or so—who took most of the stage from her experienced elders a couple of years ago in *Dear Octopus* and who this season in *Flight to the West* again demonstrated the most impressive talent noticeable in any of the incunabula hereabout. A dark, slender, withdrawn, sad child, this little Renee girl has that peculiar something about her that crawls over the footlights and soon gathers an audience to her. Far from pretty, which as the records of youngster actresses go seems to be a blessing in disguise for her, there is in her composition and personality a haunting quality that envelopes her performances. She has none of the precociousness so irritating in the case of most stage children, and none of the mama-instructed "sweetness," and none of the annoying assurance that once led Mencken to insist that all child actors should be painted on the scenery and their lines read by some adult actor off-stage. She reads simply and beautifully and, being hardly the kid type that Hollywood usually goes in for, should be happily safe from Hollywood's grasp. It will be interesting to follow her career in the theatre.

Although her only metropolitan chance so far has been in the role vacated last season by Gene Tierney in *The Male Animal*—a role she subsequently played in the road engagement—Julie Stevens (who in appearance and manner may be described as an amalgam of that dark girl in brown with the yellow chrysanthemum in the correct section of the football stadium and Katharine Cornell dancing the conga with Katharine Hepburn) has considerable dash and spirit, along with an apparent feel for drama, that should stand her in good stead. Straight drama rather than light comedy is doubtless more exactly suited to her, and with proper casting she ought to amount to something. As for Gene Tierney, it is to be hoped that Hollywood has not completely usurped her and that she may see fit to pursue her likely beginnings in the theatre.

Among the other young girls who stand out from the general run there is Grace McDonald who, though a success in musical comedy, has thus far been given only one opportunity to indicate what she can do in drama. That one opportunity was in summer stock last July in the role of the young daughter of an eccentric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family in a play that left much to be desired, but in the role she acquitted herself so proficiently that her performance was widely commented on. Given half a chance, she should prove herself as telling on the dramatic stage as she has been on the musical.

Teresa Wright, who appears for the first time in *Life With Father*, also bears watching. And in the musical comedy field, young Nadine Gae, currently observable in *Panama Hattie*, seems to be coming along nicely as a dancing belle in the tradition of the happy yesterdays.

III

We come to the young men. The catalogue here is considerably less extensive and inspiring. In the last two seasons this observer has assayed few who strike him as being at all exceptional. Aside from Wesley Addy, who is the best of the new young Shakespearean actors but who does not on the score of his somewhat lengthier stage experience belong strictly in this record, the most valuable newcomer is tall, lanky Arthur Hunnicutt, erstwhile linen checker in the basement of the Algonquin Hotel, who both in Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song* and *The Time of Your Life* (he succeeded Len Doyle in the latter) has justly earned for himself the high praise of critics and audiences. In two wholly dissimilar roles—the one a lazy, scrubby Okie lolling his life out in the California sun the while his multitudinous progeny cavort with luxurious abandon about him, the other a cowboy Munchausen given to a simultaneous telling of whoppers and wholesale guzzling of beer—he has offered capital performances. What is more, although both roles were essentially in the nature of caricatures, there has been in his acting an undercurrent of dramatic sobriety and complete and compelling honesty that augurs definitely for his future position. He is an uncommonly interesting actor, and one who enjoys that quality of "lovableness" so rare in the men of our theatre. I believe that, under Eddie Dowling's direction—it is Dowling who trained him in the two roles he has already played—he might even play to perfection the role of the younger of the two English country squires in Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust*. And if any role in the present drama is as unlike his other two roles as that one is, I don't know its name.

Grover Jones, who showed up this season in the disastrous *Quiet Please* and who, on its prompt closing, was drafted for a less important role in the successful *My Sister Eileen*, suggests not only possibilities as a good comedian but even, as his performance in the first of the two plays noted attested, as something in the way of what is called a romantic actor. Despite a tendency to avoirdupois and a face that is hardly likely to make Errol Flynn, Cesar Romero, Robert Taylor and other such movie pretty fellows bite their nails in anguished envy, the fellow actually registered as a credible, if thematically reluctant, lovebird in his amorous scenes with Jane Wyatt. And in the farce-comedy role he has played subsequently he has indicated himself to be a very fair hand at humorous cabotinage. As in Hunnicutt's case, there is also about him a likable air and manner.

Kendall Clark, who made a good impression in *Big Blow*, which ran into the season of 1939, and who one thought might develop into something, has in his performances since then done little. The same holds true of Arthur Kennedy, another recruit from the Federal Theater Project who in the same season showed all sorts of promise in *Life and Death of an American*. Both these young men have not realized the intimations of talent originally detectable in them.

In conclusion and stretching the catalogue a bit, since they are hardly novices in the sense that the other girls and boys I have spoken of are, I mention as candidates for the future, Arnold Moss, on the score of his performances during the last two seasons in *The Fifth Column*, *Journey to Jerusalem* and *Flight to the West*, and Richard Waring, who showed absolutely nothing in Eva Le Gallienne's company, *The Man Who Killed Lincoln* and other plays: but who shows something in *The Corn Is Green* (maybe it's only Herman Shumlin's direction). And returning to more authentic novices, I put in a mild prognosticating word for Macdonald Carey, who has been doing his stuff with Gertrude Lawrence in *Lady in the Dark*; a strong one for Gene Kelly, which is by way of cheating since he has already made a sufficient name for himself in last season's *The Time of Your Life* and in this season's *Pal Joey*; and, to revert to the girls, a hopeful one in the matter of character roles for Thelma Schnee, who in *The Corn Is Green* indicates she has what it takes in that department.

IV

Before turning to a direct consideration of two or three plays, I should like to revert momentarily to the above motif and call attention, in Rose Franken's *Claudia*, to the young actress named Dorothy McGuire. Getting her start two seasons back as understudy to Martha Scott in *Our Town* and playing the role after Miss Scott went to Hollywood—and appearing briefly since then, and without much discernible effect, in small roles in such failures as *Medicine Man* and *Swingin' the Dream*—this McGuire girl surely belongs in any catalogue looking to the acting future. She has presence, conviction, a considerable share of attractiveness, honesty, and a quality that definitely removes her from the commonplace. Her stage deportment is still a little gauche—she plays with her arms

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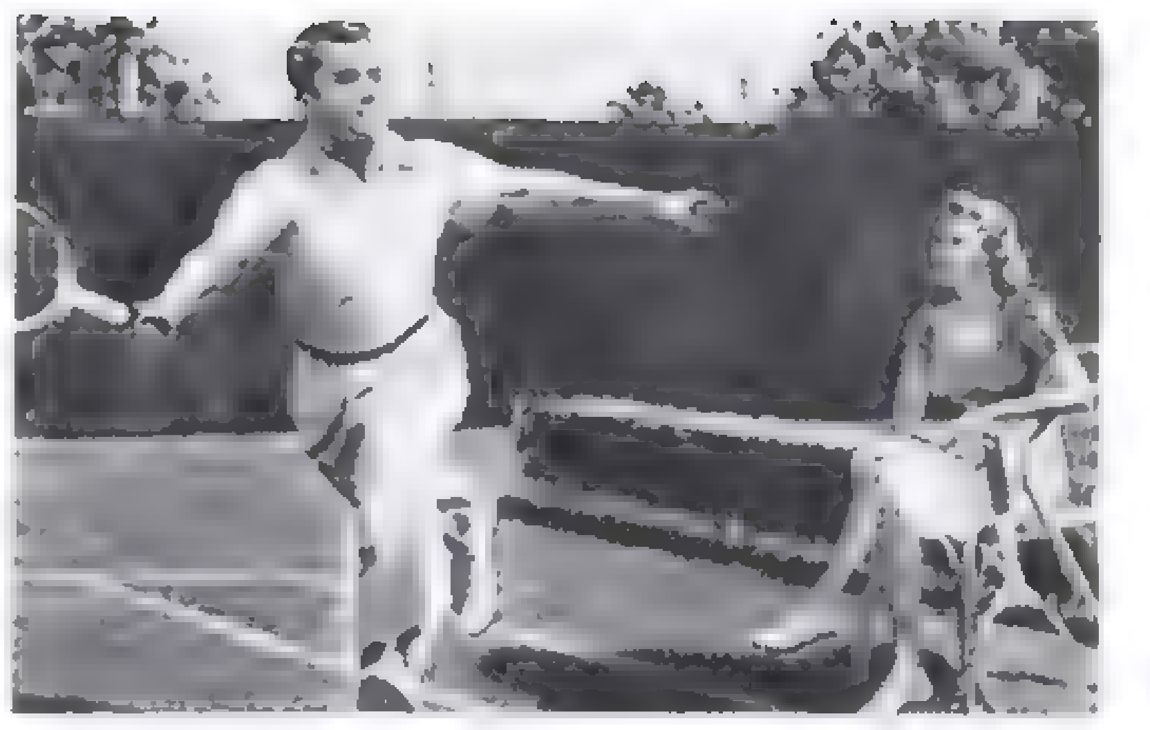

No matter what your game, the hot sun that fills you with pep and vitamins, gives your hair a terrific beating—saps its vitality and vigor—leaves it straw-like, unruly.

Your quick, freshening plunge completes the damage. Drenching waters wash away the last of natural oils—sap your hair of its vigor, its lustre, its natural good looks.

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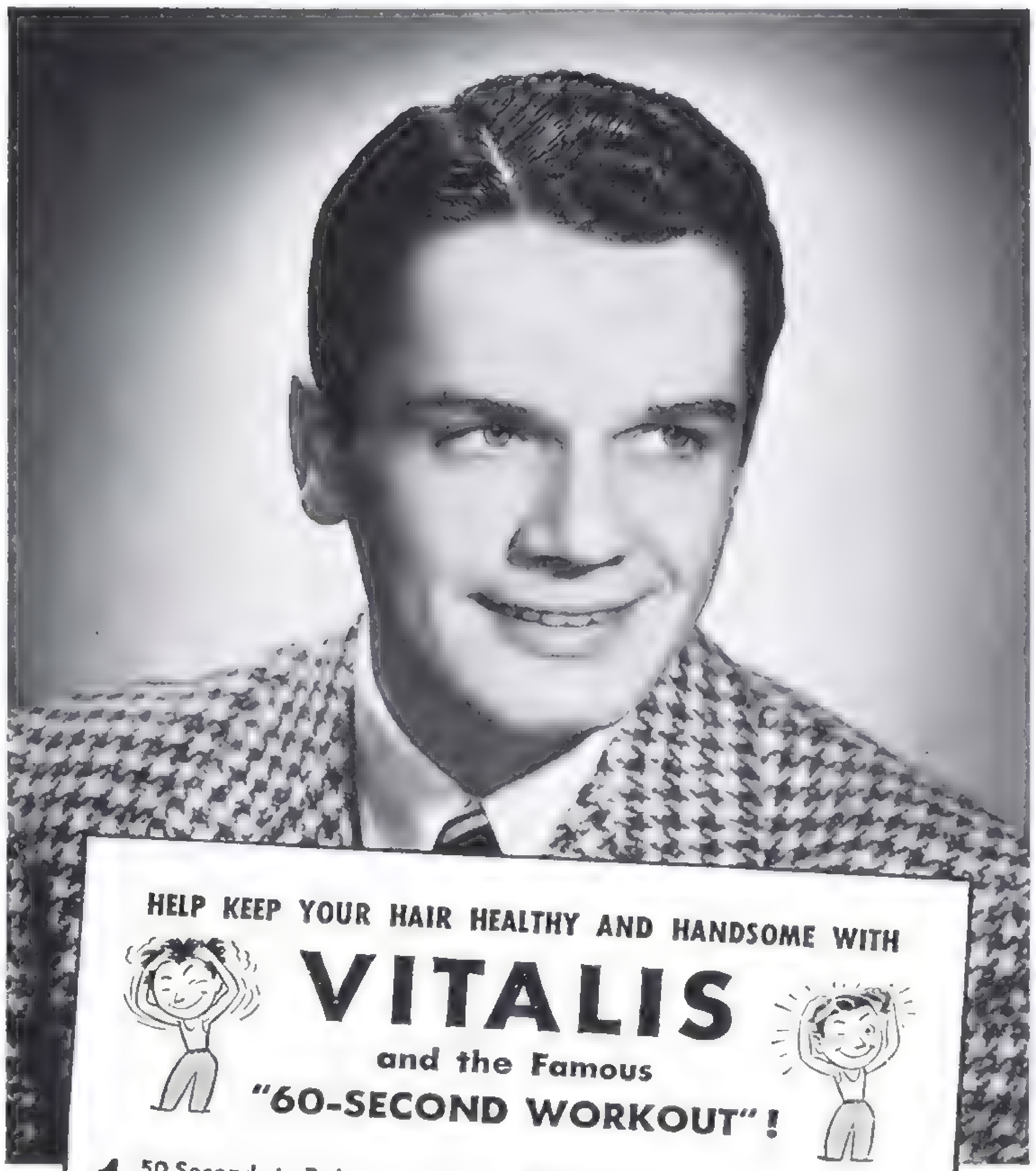

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1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

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SOAK UP the summer sun—build up your reserve of vitamins and resistance for the winter ahead! But give your *hair* a chance! Baking summer sun saps its lustre and natural vigor—drenching waters wash away natural oils—leave it parched, brittle, lustreless!

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Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. Follow the example of thousands of men who keep their hair a winning asset—socially and in business. Let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" guard your hair against the threat of blazing sun and drenching water—let it be your standby all summer for healthy, good-looking hair!

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TOM HARMON, *University of Michigan's famed All-American football star, gets the lowdown on electric shaving from his barber.*

...AND LEARNS WHY BARBERS NOW USE REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS!

TOM HARMON: *Since when have you barbers been using electric shavers?*

BARBER: *It took this two-headed Remington to sell us on the idea.*

TOM HARMON: *Two heads are better than one, eh?*

BARBER: *Right—and faster, too! With the Remington Dual I can shave as close as with a straight razor—and in less time.*

TOM HARMON: *Well, you expert barbers ought to know. All I can say is that this Remington must be right in the All-American class!*

All-American is right! More than 16,000 expert barbers throughout the country—including the Terminal Barber Shops, largest chain in the world—are now using and recommending Remington Electric Shavers. Man after man writes in to say that with one of these new Remington multiple-head shavers, he gets a close, clean shave in as little as 90 seconds!

Try a Remington shaver at your dealer's today. Multiple-head shavers from $12.75 up; and the best in single-head shavers, priced as low as $7.50. *General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.* Service Stations located at Remington Rand Offices in more than 130 cities.

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The famous "90-second" shaver that's breaking all sales records. Complete with Hair-Pockets and Transparent headguard. AC-DC
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The Remington Dual, plus a trimming head for trimming sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck and Adam's apple. AC-DC
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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 80-111

glued rigidly to her hips—but just the same there seems to be much in her for critical watching.

This *Claudia* is a comedy that deserved a far better break than it got from all save two of the New York newspaper reviewers. (Sometimes in such cases I can, as a critic, sympathize with playwrights who are not backward in concealing their impatience with the boys.) It is in the main a wisely and delicately observed picture of a young girl trying to adjust herself to the state of matrimony, and it offers through its author some of the gentlest and truest understanding of such a girl's emotional problems that we have engaged on the stage in some seasons. It is quiet, unobtrusive, and casual, but it is at the same time, except for a few lapses into the more or less theatrically obvious, quite charmingly affecting, both emotionally and mentally. I like it.

Some of the reviewers complemented their derogation of the play with the complaint that there was a lot in it they could not grasp. What, I wonder, has happened to the good gentlemen? They aren't boozers; they aren't dumb; they aren't candidates for a psychoanalytical clinic, yet; they seem to be in full possession of most of their senses; and their wives love them. Still they periodically assert that they experience awful difficulty in understanding plays which are so absurdly incomplex and simple that they are easily understood even by the producers who put them on. It is these same reviewers who have found *Claudia* somewhat too subtle for them who lamented that Philip Barry's ABC grammar school charade, *Liberty Jones*, which was as open as a book by one of A. A. Milne's children, evaded their powers of clear comprehension. It is these same reviewers who complained they could not make head or tail of Saroyan's *My Heart's in the Highlands*, which was as simple as *Home, Sweet Home* on a harmonica, and it is several of these same reviewers who had considerable cerebral difficulty even with the same author's *The Time of Your Life*, which almost everybody else found no more abstruse than Joe Cook or Italian diplomacy.

I can figure out most things in this world, a large proportion of them wrongly, but that's one that stumps me all around.

V

It is a favorite belief of many theatrical producers and playwrights that a critic's reaction to a play is often conditioned by the way he feels at the moment. The state of his health, the serenity of his stomach (customarily designated by them as predicated upon the presence or absence of dyspepsia), the fortunate or unfortunate coloring of the afternoon before the show, the happenings at his office, the attitude of his wife or best girl—all these, they say, are bound to reflect themselves for good or ill in his review. Herewith, accordingly, is the frank and honest report of one such critic in the case of a play called *Out of the Frying Pan*, by Francis Swann.

On the night of the play's opening at the Windsor Theatre I not only began to feel the symptoms of a bad case of grippe but had had for dinner just before the play a dish that violently disagreed with me, to say nothing of two bottles of a peculiarly bad beer that made internal matters considerably worse. I arrived at the theatre at the time advertised for the play to begin and was made to sit idly and restlessly in my seat for a full twenty-two minutes before the curtain finally went up. More, the theatre was so cold then and during the rest of the evening that I had, for self-protection, to keep my heavy overcoat on.

In the seats adjoining mine three elderly women kept up a running conversation throughout the play and two of them periodically crowded over me on their way to the ladies' room. I had trouble persuading the usher to fetch me a program, and during the first act the two ushers in my aisle blinded me no less than half a dozen times with their pocket flashlights in guiding late arrivals to their chairs. My grippe seemed gradually to get worse and my insides felt terrible. During the first intermission, a telegram was delivered to me containing more or less disturbing news, and when I went out into the crowded lobby a woman, puffing at a cigarette in a long holder, burned a big hole in the sleeve of my overcoat. Also, about five people stepped on my feet.

Back in the auditorium, one of the women in my row brought a cup of water to her female companion and, in passing me, spilled it onto my lap. Someone seated back of me persisted in sticking the toe of his shoe through the slit in my chair and discommoding me throughout the major portion of the performance. The draft in the theatre became worse during the later part of the evening and from ten-fifteen to five minutes to eleven, when the play ended, I had to wind my muffler about my neck. And by ten-thirty my grippe had begun to floor me and my middle felt as if the Texas Aggies football team were holding a rally in it.

Out of the Frying Pan, I found, was a gay and comical, even if crudely written, farce-comedy about a lot of youngsters with stage ambitions. I had quite a good time at it.

VI

The night I saw *Brooklyn Biarritz*, by Beatrice Alliot and Howard Newman, I felt fine and found it to be a dismal bore. #

What's Yours, Sir?

Continued from page 73

Connolly, a testimonial dinner on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his première—during which quarter-century he had performed for, and swapped dialog with, such admirers as Mark Twain, John Drew, George Bellows, Henry Bacon (architect of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington), George M. Cohan, Don Marquis, and John Barrymore. It is one of the griefs of my life that I missed that dinner, held in 1932. (Charley is still going strong at his same post.) But I *didn't* miss the similar turnout in 1935 for Charley's perennial right bower, Adolph Delabar, on the occasion of *his* twenty-fifth anniversary. And was *that* a party! When the guest of honor rose to his feet, after terrific eulogies by Frank McIntyre, Frank Craven, Gene Lockhart, and Clayton Hamilton, who paid tribute to the friendship between gentlemen on both sides of the bar, it was to say:

"Fellow Players, after twenty-five years it's *your* turn to listen to *me!*"

And did they! Indeed, I know people who could spend years and not think up a speech as good. Furthermore, I trust that members of other clubs who have had the good fortune to possess a comparable artist at their bar years upon years will blush as they read these words at the thought of their human indebtedness which they've done nothing about. Christmas donations, pension funds—my eye! It's high time that princes of the shaker came in for their rightful homage.

Here are some of the niceties on which they pride themselves:

1. *Appearance and upkeep of the bar.* Invitingly immaculate at all times. (And the customer should reciprocate by not parking burning cigarettes on it while turning around to talk to friends.) Effectively arranged glassware displays bespeak the unsulliedness of what you put your lip over. Arrays of honored brands keynote the standing of the house, and you'll notice that these bottles haven't that tired look which betrays the decoy or the illegal refill.

2. *Presentability of barman himself.* It goes without saying that he is well-barbered, fresh linened, and that his nails are on intimate terms with a nail-file.

3. *Tongs and spoon.* In preparing fruit-cargoed drinks such as Old Fashioneds, Planter's Punches, etc., all slices, pineapple sticks, cherries, olives and so on are picked up from plates, bowls or jars, hoisted aboard with the aid of silverware, not grabbed with the fingers. These are appetizingly arranged on trays, resting on ice, on a shelf under the bar.

4. *Margins of safety.* Cocktail glasses, thin and crystal clear, are of ample proportions so that they do not need to be filled to the brim. The drinker isn't expected to do a balancing act to keep his fingers dry and his clothing out of danger of drip. Liqueur glasses are slim tulips with a belt line—not dribbly thimbles. Fruit cordials may even be served in pre-chilled baloonsies on stems, permitting a happy swish around and play of color and aroma.

5. *Munch and nibble items.* Popcorn, potato chips, and suchlike, if on the bar at all, are in small well-watched dishes, not deep bowls for general rooting. Plates of canapés are offered fastidiously, not left to be pawed over.

What about drinks served you at table? Well, good waiters have their punctilios, too—which is one of the reasons why you go back and back to certain restaurants where you've got *what* you wanted served the *way* you want it.

First of all, if it's a highball, whiskey neat, brandy, or liqueur, the good and trusty garçon (we'll call him Mike) will make a point of setting down the actual bottle on the table before you with an air of, "See, sir? You named it, and here it is absolutely." There is no reason why a drink which the bartender builds up to the point of readiness for the whiskey, shouldn't have the latter added by the consumer in person.

For a restaurant to attempt to serve liquor unaccompanied by its credentials is as preposterous as to proffer champagne with the bottle wrapped in a napkin beyond recognition.

A lesser sin, but one which can be plenty annoying, is the practice that some waiters have of being markedly negligent toward parties that order their Scotch, Rye, or Bourbon by the entire bottle. We've all met that manner which seems to say, "Wise guys, huh!"—Mr. Sidetowel plumping down the bottle and then the couple of bottles of sparkling water, one of which he uncaps grumpily ere he departs and gets lost. When more water is needed, there stands the firm-capped bottle, and no waiter. After a lapse of twenty minutes or so, the Canadian Mounties, who always get their hombre, return with our exclusive bottle-cap-opener-upper, hardly looking a day older. "Do you gentlemen want something?" he inquires.

To get back to our *good* waiter, be it remarked that he is as attentive to patrons who are in the mood for drinks only as he is to those who order a full meal. For there are always little services to be rendered. Additional ice. The tablecloth kept spic and span. Ash trays renewed. Somebody might even want another drink.

Happily for the thirsty, in many of the best restaurants and hotels the Cellar is represented by a special spokesman bearing the Wine List and perhaps draped with the gold or silver chain and keys symbolic of his office: the *sommelier*, no less. In the old world, instead of the Bastille-size keys, which are strictly ornamental, he has, attached to his chain, a practical

Continued on page 114

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handsome
South Sea Weave
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"MAKE THIS ELECTRIC FAN TEST TODAY!"

Stop at the store where you see this tropical maid in the window. Put a new Portis tropical straw on your head and step in front of an electric fan. Feel the c-o-o-l-n-e-s-s as the breeze swirls through. There's your proof of real summer comfort. Your hatter has these new Portis straws in the approved darker colors (light ones too)—in fashionable wide brims — with colorful interchangeable puggree bands. Get yours today!

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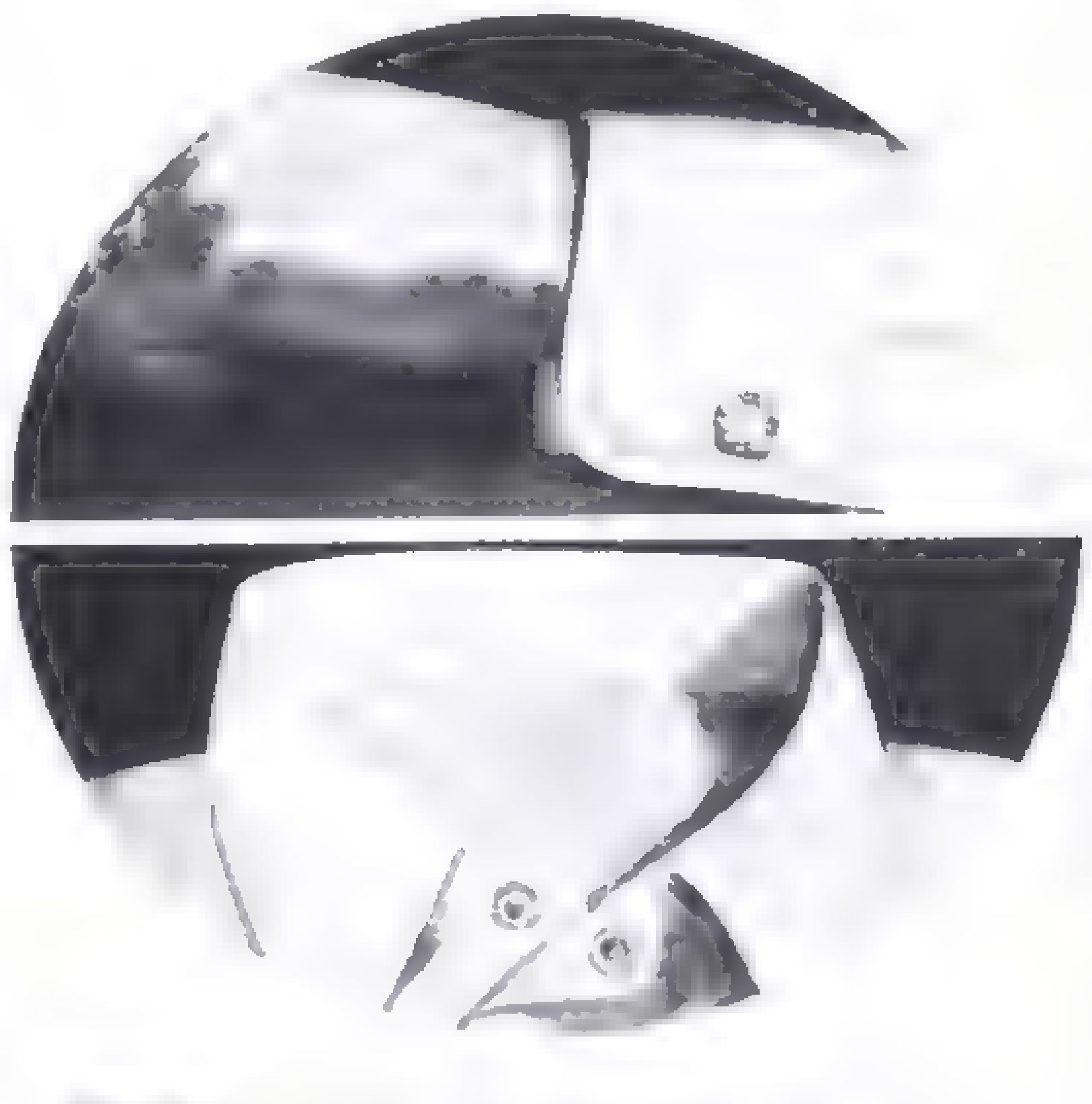
"Well I got a wife and a little old grey-haired mother, too! Besides I'm crazy about the smartness and convenience of these Gripper fasteners!" . . .

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN! Gripper fasteners are available on leading lines everywhere. Why not get out of that *one* fine shirt, and into a *dozen* more!



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MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
*THE LAUNDRY-PROOF SNAP-FASTENER THAT ENDS BUTTON BOTHER

What's Yours, Sir?

Continued from pages 73-113

tâte-vin, which is the little cup of purest silver which wine tasters in the Burgundy and Bordeaux regions have long used for scrutinizing as to color and condition, as well as sipping. The expert sommelier of Europe has been in the habit of pouring into his *tâte-vin* a modicum of your bottle of wine before pronouncing it fit for you and your guests.

This is no mere charade, either. It is done because wine is a living thing and hence subject to ailments if carelessly housed and handled. He wants to make sure that this isn't a bottle which has been left unprotected in zero temperature or placed at the mercy of steampipes. Naturally the worth-while vintners watch over their wines from the grape up, and well equipped hotels and restaurants take every precaution against maltreatment; but such safeguards as these are never banked on by him in his laudable mania for perfection.

The first pour is into the host's glass, filling it only about half an inch. Some people insist that this is so that any crumbs of cork will be choked on by the giver of the party rather than by his guests. But that is just a legend. Skilled openers don't let cork escape into any glass. The real idea is that the gentleman at the head of the table is a connoisseur who wishes to approve what he's offering his guests. So he tastes and then their glasses are filled, with the pourer ending up with him, to complete his portion. This is the one instance in the traditional code of table service where the ladies don't have preference.

I don't have to tell you that all red wines except sparkling Burgundy will be served at room temperature. Dry Sherries, dry Madeiras, dryish Ports, Vermouths and other apéritif wines are prechilled in the refrigerator—never in an ice pail. In fact, *no* wine is treated as though it were ice cream. Even Champagne and sparkling Burgundy are *cooled* in their silvered coolers (preferably on pedestals) which contain a mixture of water and ice, *not* a tight pack of cracked ice with rock salt which would be too severe and sudden a freeze for the wine's best interests. Though many waiters like to show their zeal by twirling the neck of a bottle of Champagne at high speed between their palms, this is *not* beneficial as it agitates the wine beyond all reason. Actually, a very sweet Haut Sauternes, calls for a greater degree of chill than Champagne does, especially if the Champagne be quite dry.

As regards liveliness, sparkling wine need not prove its temperament by doing a geyser act; so long as it sings pleasantly when opened, all is well. If, however, it does start to bubble wildly out of the bottle, a waiter who knows his business will prevent any waste by promptly inserting into the mouth of the bottle a silver demitasse-spoon handle, which instantly checks it.

In an Epicurean restaurant or hotel not only the sommelier but also the captains, and most particularly the headwaiter, and most supremely the maître d'hôtel, know wines. Once this meant European wines only, though at the tail end of the *Carte des Vins* there might be a humble pie group entitled *Domestic*, a term which it took visitor H. G. Wells to shame us out of. Recently, however, even the much, much Continental grandees of gourmetdom have put their critical palates to school in the American wine field, and now they're agog with lip-smacking knowledge of the bouquets that bloom over here. The fascinating light character of wines of Ohio, particularly that of a certain astonishing Chablis. The crisp, clean delicacy of the Catawba, Delaware, and Riesling grape wines of the Finger Lakes region of New York, and the interesting items from the Hudson Valley. The rich, distinctive Port emanating from near Atlantic City. The proudly original types produced down East in Dixie. The winsome apéritif Sherry cropping up in Missouri-of-the-bubbles. And California—well, *that's* a whole Carte des Vins unto itself. Amid its mazes, one can at least guide himself by the names of well-known vintners who, after plugging along toward better and better quality, often with insufficient resources and uncertainties of market, have of late been handed all the backing and facilities they needed and are now turning out the sort of wines they dreamed of, with sound organizations handling the distribution. For it is a grim fact that while great oaks may grow from small acorns, great wines rarely sprout from shoestrings.

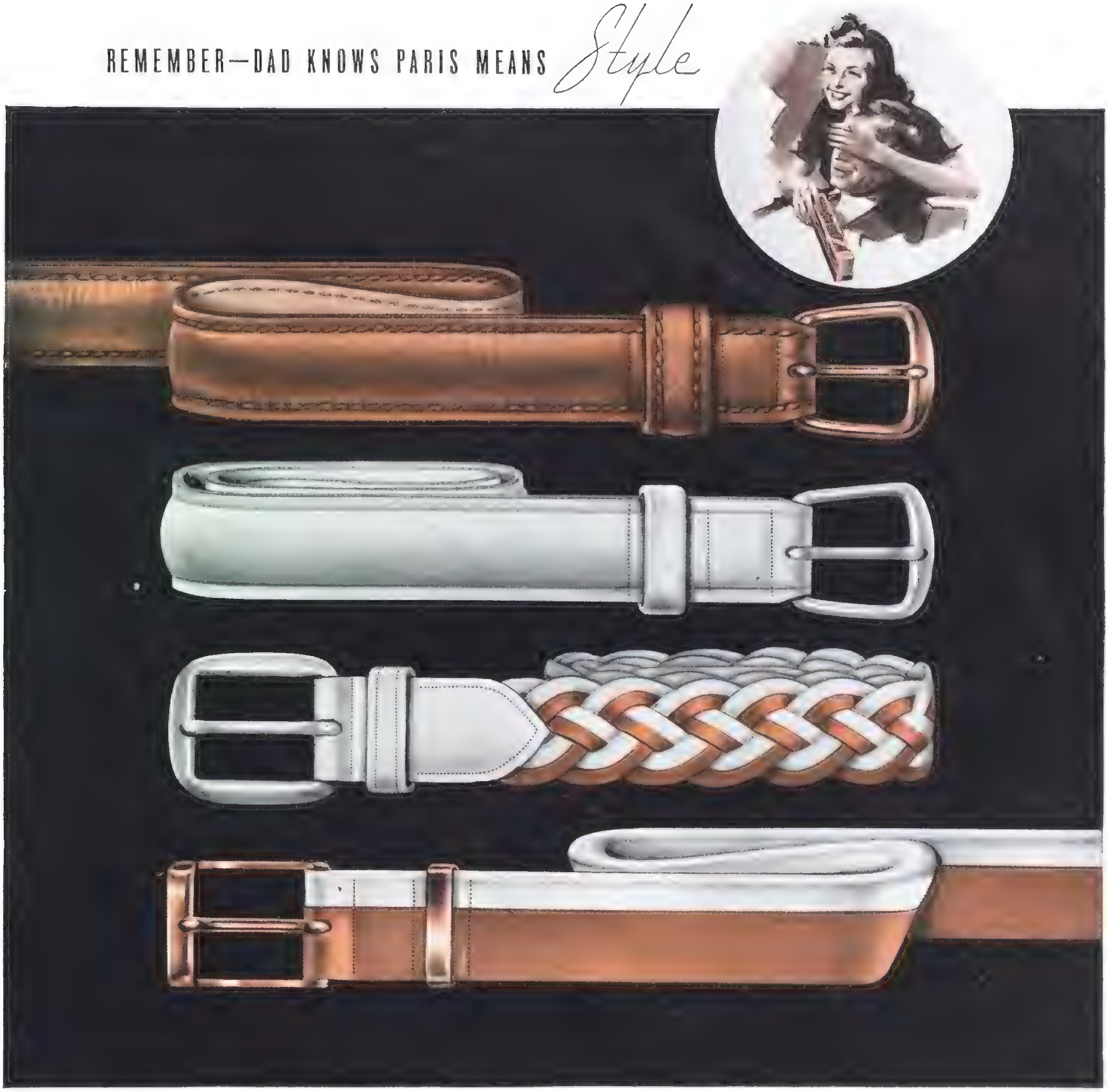
Beer and ale, though requiring less elucidation, demand their full glory of service. And what more gladsome when parched than the arrival of a tall vase of pale golden topped with suds?—only, on second thought make mine a schooner. (Those toy goblet things are just samples.) But ale, preferably creamy, must be in a mug. Say, a silver mug like the time-honored ones at Gage and Tollner's admirable old establishment in Brooklyn dedicated to clams, steaks, et cetera, floated down on wings of ale.

Good places care enormously about these accoutrements. Rob the de luxe julep dispensaries of New Orleans of their silver goblets and their prestige would be worse bruised than the mint.

But the main thing that good places base their business on is serving what is asked for, on the principle "No blind date with a drink."

Any other policy deserves to have as its motto: "With apologies to the late Prohibition Era." ⋕

REMEMBER—DAD KNOWS PARIS MEANS *Style*



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Dad prefers Paris for style and enduring quality, true craftsmanship and real value, too. Remember him with what he would select himself. You'll delight him with the smart belts illustrated. From top to bottom: "*Luggage Leather*"—1 inch wide bench made, saddle stitched, padded style, in ivory, parchment, silver, golden brown and suntan—$1. "*Ovals*"—1 inch elk tanned cowhide. Smart cushioned stitchless construction—$1.50. "*Two-tone Braids*"—1 inch wide, hand braided cowhide in tan and white, black and white, brown and ivory combinations—$1. "*Wedges*"—wedged by hand to taper to a "V" line at the waistline. Bench made of full grain steerhide in solid brown, black, russet and white—$1.50. Also in brown and white, illustrated, and white with tan, natural pig, grey or black—$1.50.

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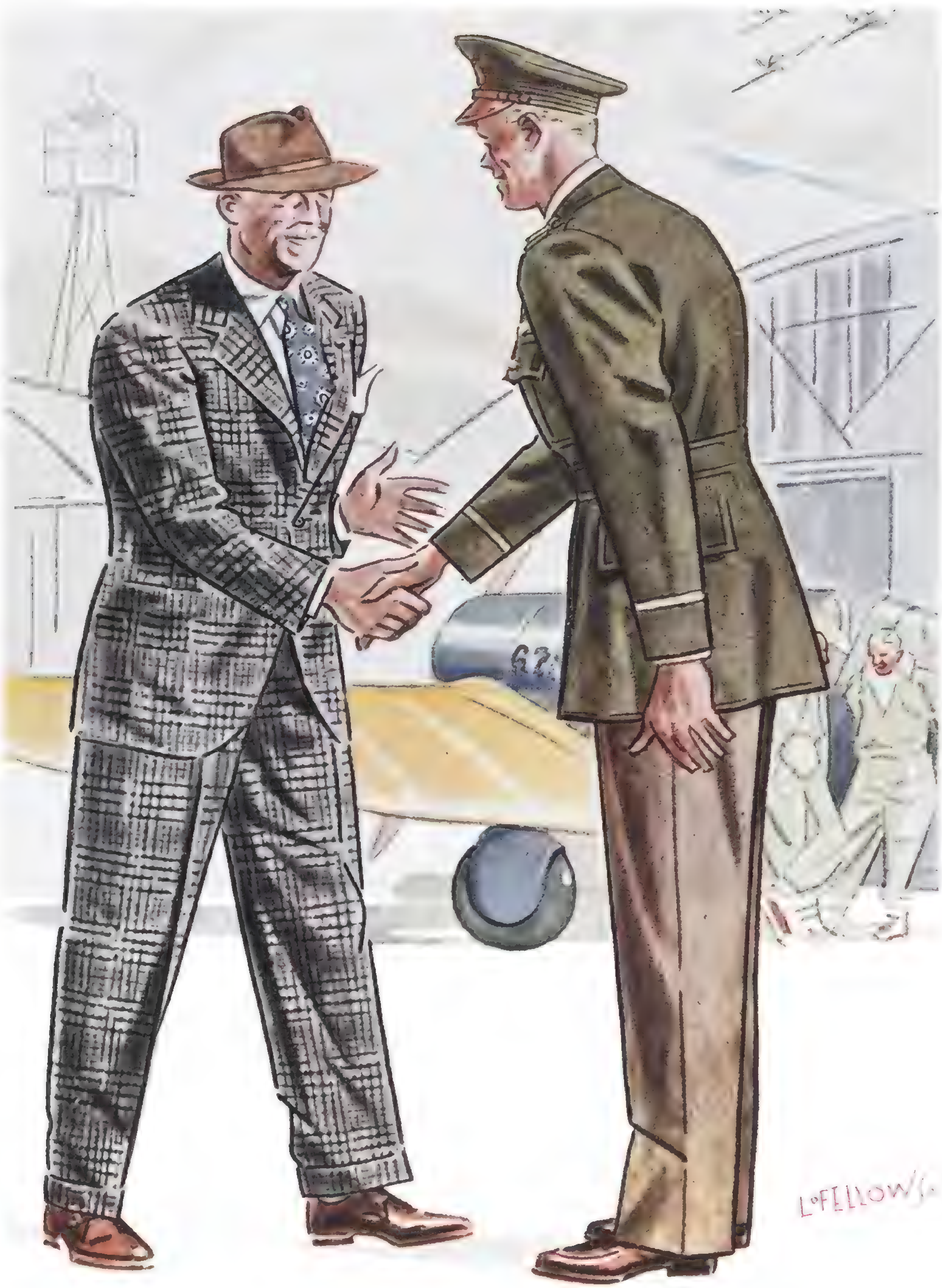

eyes left!

The dashing military figure at the right appears here mostly for atmospheric purposes. He's just accepting congratulations from his proud pater on having won his wings. And we are probably taking liberties in showing them so near the hangars, so we hope that the artist has special permission from the commanding officer. But no special permission is required to tell you that the outfit worn by the head of the family has the proper fashion ingredients for semi-sports and travel. His grey Glen plaid suit features a red overplaid, and the easy fitting three-button single breasted jacket has roominess and no binding. Against the Porcelain blue madras shirt appears the figured foulard tie with light blue background, signifying a definite color trend in neckwear. His brown lightweight felt hat has a narrow felt band. Blue lisle socks further carry out the accessory tone. His brown monk front shoes are geared for good walking. The young officer wears the regulation air pilot's uniform.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

SPRINGTIME AND THE ZOO

We wonder if Al Smith, when he announced some years ago that he was going to "take a walk," wasn't thinking of his own Central Park Zoo. Starting now, and right through to the beginning of June, a surprising number of folks who begrudged even taxi time during the winter will be hat-in-handing it over hill and dale in Central Park during, before, and after lunchtime. And to give purpose to perambulation, there will be the Zoo as a destination, with the seal pool as its nucleus.

May, says John Kelly, who operates the cafeteria concession at the Zoo grounds, is always the biggest month of the year for people who do business in the park area. After Decoration Day, most of the resorts are open, but before that, the parks get all the benefit of spring fever and *weltzschmerz*.

"Believe it or not," Kelly says, "I have had seventy thousand customers here at the Cafeteria in May." Most of them walk up from the 59th Street district. Employees in the administration building on the Fifth Avenue side of the Zoo area, however, walk *down* to 59th Street come noon. According to Kelly, "Folks never eat at the nearest likely spot if they can help it."

The flower-flanked terrace of the cafeteria is the poor man's sidewalk café these days. Actually, its clientele is almost an even mixture of stenographers, mothers with children, fugitives from El Morocco blinking at the light, business executives, office boys, and anyone who happens to be in love. It's a great spot for love.

Kelly is always glad to see the month of May approach, not only because it's swell for business, but because he can keep the doors open between the cafeteria and the terrace with a clear conscience. He'd lock them in the winter if he could, but the terrace is open for business all year 'round and there is a regular stream of fresh-air addicts who insist on eating in the open no matter what the temperature. He thinks they're crazy.

"There was a man who came in once last winter on a cold day," he says, "wearing a big, heavy overcoat, a muffler, and a hat. So he brings his tray out on the terrace, but before he sits down to eat he takes off his hat, coat, and muffler and puts them on the chair next to him. Just like he was inside."

The boxes of flowers on the terrace are Kelly's own inspiration and handiwork. "We have three plantations every year," he announces with pride. It was last year that he got the idea for red, white, and blue petunias. They burst into full bloom on July 4th.

Mr. Kelly is an old hand at the business of running a food concession. He used to work boats and fair grounds, but has been at the Zoo since before it was remodeled in 1936. "And was it a dump then!" he recalls. "You'd throw a peanut to a monkey, and it was a tossup whether a rat would get it first."

It was in those days that a woman who lived in the apartment house across the street tried to buy one of the more audible lions. She said she wanted to give it to her husband so he could shoot it. It kept her awake nights.

The Zoo in its present buildings is now in its sixth year, and the monkeys don't have any more competition with rats. The health of all the animals and birds is carefully watched, with the accent on preventative care. The public has more of a part in preventative care than it realizes. A few months ago, an exhibit was set up outside the seal pool showing what several seal-lovers had been feeding to one of the babies. This amateur diet included a penny, a few marbles, some pebbles, and a wooden ice cream spoon. The seal recovered.

The seals and monkeys are most popular with the visitors. In the monkey house, Joe, the chimpanzee, has a matinee idol's following. Every year he is taken out to Jones Beach to participate in the circus they put on there. He rides in the back seat of an automobile with his keeper, to the great delight of Joe and the great confusion of passing motorists.

Mr. Kelly's own favorite is Rosie, the hippopotamus. Rosie knows Kelly's voice, even when she's basking under several feet of water. Their friendship is cemented by chocolate bars, which she eats two at a time.

It is rumored that Rosie and Schlemiel, her spouse, are anticipating. There is a definite prospect of an extra buffalo, antelope, llama, leopard, and perhaps a brace of lion cubs, later on this spring.

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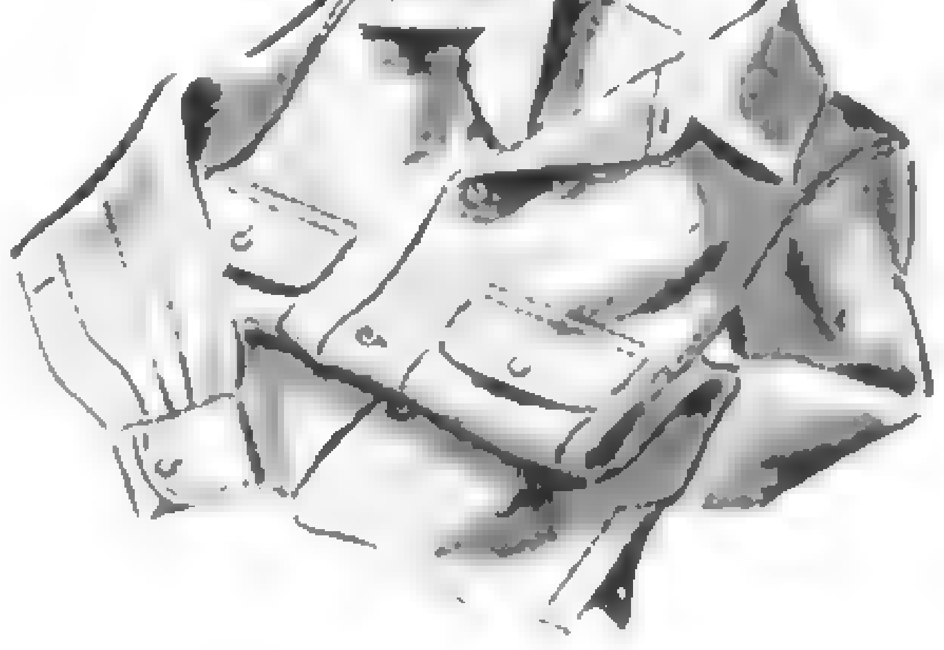
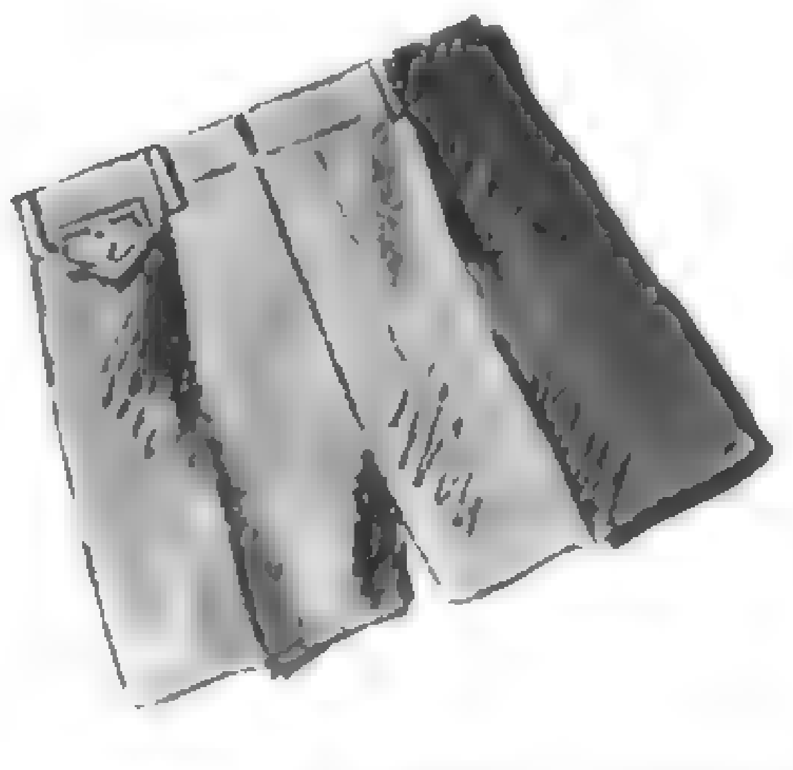
GABARDINE SPORT SHIRT— For all sports. Wear inside or outside of slacks. Blue, green, maroon, or natural. $22.50.





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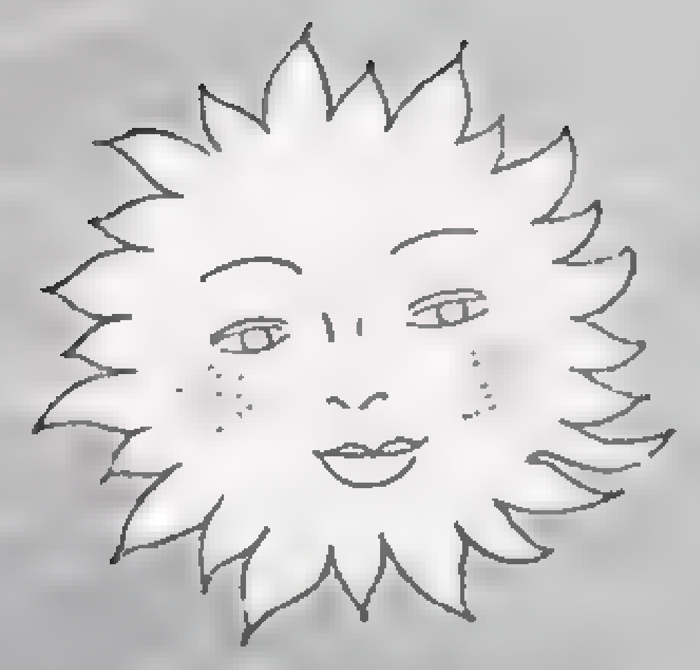
CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

Christmas comes again in June



Twice each year Esquire kicks up its heels and celebrates . . . by offering men an opportunity to enjoy twelve full months of sparkling entertainment at an unbelievably low cost. First, of course, comes Christmas . . . and last Christmas thousands upon thousands of men hung out their socks for Esquire to fill with punch-packed masculine diversion. But now, in honor of Father's Day, June 15th, America's only holiday for men . . . Esquire is ready to start all over again, with an even greater celebration . . . from us to you. You really couldn't pick a better time either, to treat yourself on us. For during the coming year, each giant issue of Esquire will be packed with the kind of gloom-chasing entertainment every man needs these days.

in celebration of Father's Day, 1941, Esquire announces a money-saving rate of only $3.33 for each full year subscription

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Gift Note: At the money-saving rate of $3.33, Esquire makes a natural gift to father on Father's Day. (For that matter, Esquire makes an equally acceptable Graduation, Birthday or June Wedding Gift.) If one of your gifts is for father, let us know. We'll send him a specially-prepared gift announcement card with your name on it, together with the first issue, done up in a gay holiday gift package . . . and both will arrive just before Father's Day, June 15th.

Is it any wonder we say that Christmas comes but *twice* a year? Esquire's Christmas rates are known, coast to coast, as America's outstanding entertainment value for men. Yet here are Esquire's Christmas rates all over again . . . and right in the good old summertime, thanks to Father's Day. Translated into terms of everyday arithmetic, they mean you enjoy a saving of 33⅓% on each subscription over the regular $5.00 rate which thousands pay throughout the year, ordinarily.

So . . . Christmas in June? Well, with a subscription saving like this, we'd say not only Christmas, but a sure sign of a terrific New Year of fun ahead, as well!

USE THE CONVENIENT ORDER CARD BOUND INTO THIS ISSUE TO ENTER YOUR OWN AND YOUR GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW

Hellfire for National Defense

Continued from page 39

a 65,000 gallon tank of oil in the backyard of every family in California, Oregon and Washington. Here are the nation's largest mercury mines (a vital military necessity), about 75 per cent of our aircraft and allied industries, the world's second largest assembly of rubber factories, chemical plants, oil field tank farms, huge petroleum refineries, important seaport facilities and thousands of other enterprises that cannot even be listed within these space limits.

Everything in this area is lined up literally along the beaches, where in war time, it will be slated for three obvious methods of attack: (1) gunfire by submarines and surface warships, (2) aerial bombing and incendiary raids, and (3) sabotage from within by traitors and parachute troops.

To wishful thinkers, this world prize of military prizes is safe from crippling raids or invasion by foreign enemies because it lies behind 98,000,000 square miles of ocean. But to the United States War and Navy Departments who know that oceans are highways of attack and invasion, southern California's situation is so precarious that for many years our war plan has called for its evacuation in any attack that may come from the Pacific. That is why they have repeatedly warned against the concentration of national defense industries in this area; warnings that have gone unheeded.

Even as these lines are written the private owners of plants now accepting multi-million-dollar government orders for military aircraft, aviation gasoline, ships, rubber goods, and countless other items of national defense equipment, are building new plants, enlarging the old ones; building new extensions upon a now fully-recognized geographical mistake! Their attitude seems to be that their plants are here, where they are going to stay and where it is the duty of the army and navy to defend them. Thus defending this vital area has become the worst headache in the problems now facing the War and Navy Departments. Today there is no longer any alternative; we must defend southern California regardless of cost in blood and national treasure.

Wishful thinkers also point with pride to the fact that the United States Navy is probably the most powerful afloat. But the very enormity of the task we've laid out for that navy has been completely overlooked. We have committed ourselves to the defense of the whole Western Hemisphere; this means that we have a navy of seventeen battleships, or a total of some 600 fighting ships if we count battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and all; to patrol and keep the totalitarian bandits off American shores from Alaska to Cape Horn and from Cape Horn to Greenland. In other words, we may have to spread a one-ocean navy Nazi-butter-thin over two oceans to guard a coast line of roughly 400,000 miles! Add to this the fact that if Britain falls, Hitler and his Axis partners will have six times our present naval ship-building capacity, and it is understandable why the War and Navy Departments are worried.

If we might keep our present navy in Los Angeles Harbor, where we've been keeping it most of the time during the past two decades, southern California is pretty safe. But what enemy would let us retain such a lopsided war plan? Any intelligent enemy with designs upon this seacoast would see to it in advance that our navy has urgent business elsewhere. He would stir up some kind of a ruckus that would call for heavy concentrations of American naval strength in the vicinity of Singapore, Greenland or Patagonia. And if he could ever lure the bulk of our fleet into the Atlantic with a pre-arranged plan for closing the Panama Canal, the southern California coastal plain would be left with protection approximating that of the Swiss and Bolivian navies!

Thus until we can build the two-ocean navy we now have on order, I submit that we have the necessary petroleum and petroleum engineers to put southern California behind a river of fire on the surface of the Pacific ocean. If the generals and admirals may scoff at this idea, let me remind my readers that the gentlemen of their profession have long had the dubious distinction of having stubbornly resisted acceptance of every new weapon that ever promised to enhance the terrible power of armed force. On the other hand, I've talked with the petroleum engineers, and they say they can do the job in six months, at the cost of one battleship that can't be built in less than five years!

Oil unlimited! It flows like ol' man River from southern California's thousands of wells, through thousands of miles of existing pipe lines, some of them as much as thirty-six inches in diameter. So we have the oil, the necessary technical skill and all the machinery needed to extend those oil pipes into the sea. A few hundred miles of new pipe, half a dozen pumping stations and about six months' time is all it would take to build the walls of hell so as to insure this rich area against the threat of sea raids and invasion.

Laying oil pipe lines under water is no new trick for American petroleum engineers. They'd laugh at a challenge to lay a twenty inch, semi-flexible, perforated pipe line in front of 300 miles of southern California and Mexican seacoast. Such a pipe would be laid over the ocean floor from Point Conception about fifty miles west of Santa Barbara and connect with the mainland again at Punta Abunda just south of Ensenada in the Mexican territory of Baja California. We place the southern end

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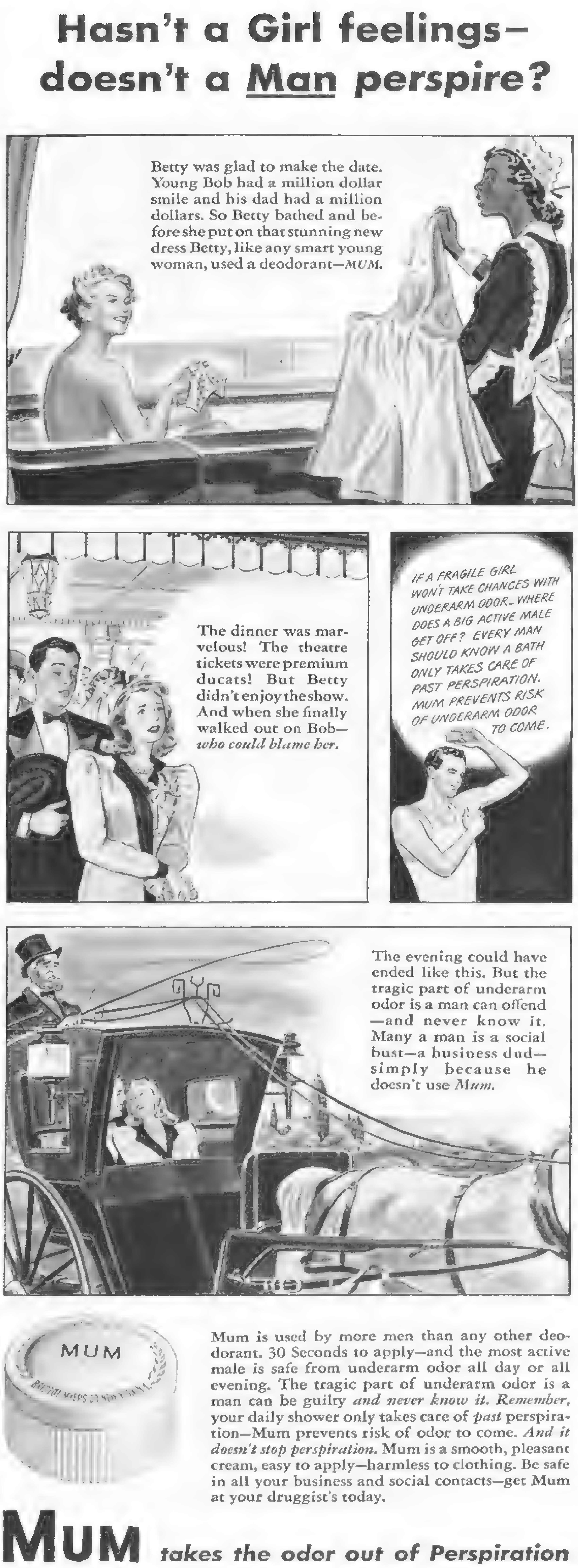
Hasn't a Girl feelings—doesn't a Man perspire?

Betty was glad to make the date. Young Bob had a million dollar smile and his dad had a million dollars. So Betty bathed and before she put on that stunning new dress Betty, like any smart young woman, used a deodorant—*MUM.*

The dinner was marvelous! The theatre tickets were premium ducats! But Betty didn't enjoy the show. And when she finally walked out on Bob—*who could blame her.*

IF A FRAGILE GIRL WON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH UNDERARM ODOR—WHERE DOES A BIG ACTIVE MALE GET OFF? EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW A BATH ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION. MUM PREVENTS RISK OF UNDERARM ODOR TO COME.

The evening could have ended like this. But the tragic part of underarm odor is a man can offend—and never know it. Many a man is a social bust—a business dud—simply because he doesn't use *Mum.*

Mum is used by more men than any other deodorant. 30 Seconds to apply—and the most active male is safe from underarm odor all day or all evening. The tragic part of underarm odor is a man can be guilty *and never know it. Remember,* your daily shower only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents risk of odor to come. *And it doesn't stop perspiration.* Mum is a smooth, pleasant cream, easy to apply—harmless to clothing. Be safe in all your business and social contacts—get Mum at your druggist's today.

MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

You'll want a
BRAIDED BELT
this spring

Be sure you wear a *braided* belt . . . if you'd be smart. And be sure it's a *Hickok* belt . . . if you'd be smartest! The best stores in town have them . . . right —in style . . . right—in price. *See these:*

(*top*) Hickok South American Cord: gay caballero colors . . . bright, unusual combinations for sports wear. $1.50.

(*middle*) Hickok Braided Leather: in tan, brown, black, blue, green. $1.50.

(*bottom*) Hickok Braided LiveGLAS*: two-tone effects, also clear and in new colors. $1.50.

Give them for Father's Day or Graduation Gifts.

HICKOK
BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

*Made of "Vinylite" brand resins: T M, C. & C. C. C.

Hellfire for National Defense

Continued from pages 39-119

of it there because Mexican cooperation would be necessary to create the ocean fire wall beyond naval gunrange of two important U. S. military aircraft factories, the plants of T. Claude Ryan and the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in San Diego.

Once such a pipe is laid and connected with the necessary supply laterals extended into the sea from the oil fields, we have only to start the pumps to lay an oil slick wider than the Mississippi at New Orleans. Now give it the fire! "Whoof"! There's a barrier of flame crackling and roaring about 150 feet into the air, and no ship is ever going to try coming through it! The world's most powerful battleship trying to run this barrier would probably last about ten seconds! We wouldn't even have to keep it burning continuously; there would be plenty of time to light it after hostile naval forces are sighted by U. S. seaplane patrols.

With a seaplane patrol, a few cruisers, destroyers and submarines outside the fire barrier, a similar small naval force inside, the army and army air forces on shore, southern California would become a death trap for ocean raiders. The vast bulk of our navy would then be free to operate elsewhere.

We don't know just how many miles of pipe line England had to lay to perfect the fire defense now scheduled to roast the Nazis alive if Hitler attempts his repeatedly postponed invasion. But we do know just how many miles of oil line it would take to put such a floating fire wall in front of southern California and we have petroleum chemists who can quickly work out a formula for the cheapest and most effective fuel mixture.

It would take just about ninety miles of perforated oil pipe line to lay a wall of fire around the Island of Oahu for further strengthening the defenses of our all-important naval base at Pearl Harbor. The creation of similar fire barriers around both ends of the Panama Canal, across San Francisco's Golden Gate, in front of New York City, or any other piece of strategic American seacoast involves no problem not previously met by U. S. petroleum engineers.

With oil unlimited, oil in pipes already spanning whole blocks of huge American states, similar barriers of fire can also be laid on land wherever we may happen to need them. Oiling a river and setting it on fire is so simple that it occasionally happens by accident where oil fields and rivers come into contact with each other.

Suppose, for example, that southern California's petroleum resources had been available to General Robert E. Lee. The Southern Confederacy might have won the Civil War. Lee, a military genius with plenty of imagination, would have used that oil to turn all the rivers flowing across the Atlantic coastal plain into rivers of fire. As rivers of water those rivers were barriers against the Union armies that cost the lives of tens of thousands of Union soldiers. As rivers of fire all of the armies of Mr. Lincoln's generals would have been halted north of a blazing Potomac. An oil-fired Tennessee river would have cremated General Grant's army at Shiloh. An oil-fired Mississippi would have kept the Yankees off it; there could have been no siege of Vicksburg, no capture of New Orleans. An oil-fired Mobile Bay would have burned the Union frigates under and out from under "Damn-the-Torpedoes" Farragut.

The Rio Grande from El Paso to the Gulf of Mexico, any great river in the Western Hemisphere, in fact, can be pipe-fed with oil and set ablaze. Such rivers of fire would be impenetrable barriers to invading armies, even if traitors were to neglect destruction of the bridges. No living thing can penetrate any extensive barrier of fire and extinguishing such barriers created with deliberate military intent would be impossible short of seizure of pumping stations and supply lines.

If you want to see panic in a ship just pull the nearest fire alarm! Why? Because fire in a ship means stay in it and burn, or take to the life boats and watch your ship burn and sink. For such reasons the advocates of aerial supremacy over surface naval ships would get a lot farther with their arguments if they would quit talking about hitting ships with explosive bombs and start harping upon how easily they may be hemmed into seas of fire with any judicious sprinkling of large oil-fueled incendiaries. The thinnest, lightest kind of a container will do for such bombs: they might very well be made of plastic material that would permit their manufacture in quantity as we now make ice cream cones. With a few one-ton oil incendiaries, aircraft operating at the highest possible altitude, would not even have to score a single direct hit. No ship can tolerate fire: oil incendiaries scattered rather promiscuously would lock it for destruction in a sea of fire!

Did any brass hat admiral ever hear of an incendiary submarine? Perhaps not. But they will soon because the writer recently placed such an invention before the National Defense Inventors' Council. Call it a crackpot idea, but every law of physics says it will work, and if it is ever built it promises to be the most devastating weapon contributed to naval warfare since Whitehead invented the automobile-type torpedo in 1864.

A submarine of any given size can handle a variable pay load up to the equivalent of 25 per cent of its own weight. This means that a submarine of 2,000 tons can handle a load of 500 tons. The largest submarine ever built is a craft of 4,000 tons. Nevertheless, Simon Lake, the inventor of the submarine, is authority for the statement that commercial submarines to be used as naval blockade runners can be built to carry a pay load of 7,500 tons; this would require a submarine of 30,000 tons.

Assuming, however, that the "pay load" of the incendiary submarine would be petroleum fuel to be ejected under water and ignited upon the surface, let's base our figures on the 4,000 ton submarine. Such a submarine could carry 1,000 tons of incendiary fuel, which would cost the government only a fraction of the $20,000 torpedo that may or may not sink an enemy ship. All the available space would be utilized for incendiary fuel tanks. Hence by leaving out the torpedo tubes, deck guns and other fighting equipment of orthodox submarines, Mr. Lake's cargo figures appear to be quite conservative. Assuming that his figures are somewhere near-correct, the pay load of the 4,000-ton submarine may be increased to the equivalent of its positive buoyancy while cruising on the surface, or to 2,000 tons of petroleum fuel for the incendiary submarine.

The incendiary submarine would use its periscopes only to sight the enemy. It would then submerge to the greatest possible depth, keeping out of sight and using the sonic radio direction finder to gain its most favorable position for attack. Having found that position under and slightly ahead of the enemy's course, its incendiary cargo would be ejected by compressed air together with detonators for igniting it as it spreads over the surface. The submarine would simultaneously take into its ballast tanks a volume of sea water equivalent to the weight of the fuel ejected; otherwise its sudden buoyancy would send it bobbing to the surface.

Any ship so attacked would find itself engulfed in a sea of fire. In a split second every painted surface would be ablaze. Its crew would perish like so many lobsters dropped in the boiling pot. In the case of the most powerful battleship afloat the blazing sea would immediately silence all guns other than those in the turrets. In a matter of seconds such a ship would be on fire from water line to topmasts. Sinking would follow the explosion of magazines or fuel-oil storage tanks. If the incendiary submarine ever got under a fleet of ships, it would take the whole fleet in the resulting sea of fire.

As a wrecker of tidal seaports to be used by the enemy for invasion of the United States the incendiary submarine has all the potentialities for destruction of Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Moreover the vast majority of seaports are tinderboxes of creosoted piling, waterfront and harbor structures that are anything but fireproof. In time of war such ports are protected by mine fields and anti-submarine nets. But it is impossible to protect them against the floating islands of flame that can be delivered by high-flying aircraft unloading large, petroleum-fueled incendiary bombs. It would be just as impossible to protect them against the incendiary submarine; it can sneak up underwater, outside nets and mine fields, to vomit a man-made volcano of fire to be carried into the harbor on an inflowing tide. When the rising tide in any ocean harbor becomes a tidal wave of fire the port is doomed; everything in it and around it will be devoured by the self-perpetuating feature of fire immutably assigned to it by the laws of physics!

The accidental counterpart of the incendiary submarine as a wrecker of seaports occurred some eighteen months ago on Lake Maracaibo, a salt water harbor, which is the chief oil port of Colombia in South America. There during ship-loading operations a relatively small quantity of oil escaped by accident from the pipe lines to spread over some fifty square miles of water surface and become ignited. In one grand "poof" the harbor became a roaring, seething inferno of flames. The fire took everything it touched, ships, waterfront structures, a score of native villages around the shores and hundreds of natives who were trapped and roasted alive in their blazing homes.

America's answer to the total war of totalitarian gangsters is now intensive preparation for meeting the threat of total war with total defense. Now that the all-out war with fire is already on, having been launched by Hitler who has little oil to spare for purposes of incendiary warfare, there can be no total defense unless our preparations include the fullest possible development of the terrible incendiary weapons that oil unlimited makes available exclusively to American hands.

We have it within our power to wage the most devastating forms of wholesale incendiary warfare; we can literally hurl the fires of hell, more fire than the Devil ever dreamed of upon our military enemies. And when the Axis military leaders have no scruples against utilizing incendiaries against the British, the Greeks and the Chinese, why should we hesitate to burn them off the face of the earth if they come to us asking for it? We alone have the necessary fuel and the necessary mechanical ingenuity for doing it and doing it with magnificent thoroughness.

Aggressor nations attack only when they think they can win. No man in his right mind ever intentionally kicks a skunk! For about the same reason no nation will ever attack us if we develop incendiary weapons that will utilize our God-given super-abundance of petroleum and serve advance notice upon aggressors that the price of molesting us will be wholesale death by incineration, total obliteration by fire, national suicide by cremation! ###

4 Hours and Not a Strike ... then
A Big Muskie!
Lucky that Ed Remembered "33 to 1"
I'M SO HOT AND TIRED, I COULD CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF.
WAIT, JACK--I BROUGHT ALONG THIS "33 TO 1" BET FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "33 TO 1"? THIS IS PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER.
SURE--33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER--GET IT ?
SO THAT'S WHY BLUE RIBBON TASTES SO GOOD. BOY, OH BOY! I COULD TACKLE A WHALE NOW !
LOOK! JACK! YOU'VE GOT A WHOPPER ON THE LINE! WOW, WHAT A FIGHT HE'LL GIVE YOU!
25 MINUTES LATER
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SURE PLAYED THAT MUSKIE LIKE A MASTER.
IT'S "33 TO 1" THAT COOL TREAT OF YOURS HELPED. HOW ABOUT ANOTHER ONE TO CELEBRATE ?
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
...with a Blue Ribbon on it

Gosh! Blending 33 Brews sure makes this ONE delicious beer!

Man, what flavor — what smoothness — what sparkle! How does Pabst do it? By blending 33 fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon Beer a goodness that *never* varies. Costly to do? Sure. But that's what makes it "33 to 1"—your lucky catch—your smartest bet in beer. Today—enjoy a glass, and *prove* it!

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER
... IT'S TASTIER
... IT NEVER VARIES

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 85

less and beautiful female, Mrs. Florian, may seem a little like the old-fashioned heroine of melodrama, she emerges into absolute reality in the powerful scene toward the close, where the explosion after the long suppression of her passions disfigures her beauty and reveals its opposite. Victor may seem almost too good to be true, but (even though one would not suspect it from reading many contemporary books) there are still some gentlemen left who influence youth without trying to. This is an excellent realistic novel. And I was pleased to see in the *Saturday Review* a full-page criticism of it written by an authority, our distinguished American novelist, J. P. Marquand. His article is called *Tarkington and Social Significance*. After pointing out defects, and making certain reservations, Mr. Marquand closes his review with this paragraph. I purposely italicize the last clause.

> Yet faults like these do very little to destroy the final impression of the book, or the reader's consistent pleasure in Mr. Tarkington's deep knowledge of human beings and of the world as it moves today. There is the same vigor and the same unerring eye for detail that is present in all his other pages and, best of all, there is that spirit of optimism, that unconquerable glow of hope in Mr. Tarkington's young. Hatcher Ide and Dorcy and Hatcher's sister, Frances, and all their friends give "The Heritage of Hatcher Ide" an aura of gallantry and courage which raises it above its worldly plot and which lightens its shadows; and all this is done in a manner which is *beyond the power of any other living novelist.*

Booth Tarkington's novels are known in every part of the United States; not merely because many of them have been best sellers, but because they have been read and enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of intelligent Americans. *Why is it that they are not better known in Europe?* This is an interesting question.

If one should ask either a British or a Continental critic to name the leading living American novelists, it is probable he would not include Mr. Tarkington. Yet foreigners could learn as much about middle class Americans from his books as from those of any other author. I have thought about this a good deal, and the only explanation I have is that Mr. Tarkington's books, like the works of W. D. Howells, are *normal* and represent normalcy. Dostoevski's range was not only wider than that of Turgenev or Tolstoy, he dealt usually with only extreme cases. He was like a musical composer who played a piano where all the treble was higher than that of a Steinway and all the bass lower. He was always above or below the regular pitch. Mr. Tarkington is not sensational, does not deal in abnormal psychology, is not fourth dimensional, but draws individuals and families that we recognize. Within the limits he has chosen, his people and his situations are absolutely true; and it is fortunate that with his gifts of style and with his skill in creating character, he is also one of our foremost humorists. These qualities make his books not only valuable social documents but delightful reading.

Another book recently published, dealing with the Younger Generation, is a realistic play by the able dramatist, St. John Ervine, called *People of Our Class*. Mr. Ervine, the dramatist, and Dudley Digges, the actor, first became generally known in America through the play *John Ferguson*. He has been equally successful with serious drama and with such light comedy as *The First Mrs. Fraser*.

In an extremely interesting introduction to *People of Our Class*, he says it has been refused by nearly every British or American producer, and for opposite reasons. And if you read the play, which I advise you to do, you will see exactly why. Some who refused it said the conversation and behavior of the young people in the first act were too raw even for present day taste; while others felt that the third act, where an officer of the Salvation Army appears, was far too evangelical, almost as if it were written by a hot gospeller. From the theatre point of view the second act is magnificent; it is unfortunate that the play cannot be presented.

But there is another reason why certain book-collectors should buy this book. The first two pages of the play itself were written by Bernard Shaw! Thus all those who collect every Shaw item will have to buy this particular first edition.

Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the *temper* of books today and those of a hundred years ago than George Jean Nathan's clever and entertaining *The Bachelor Life* and Donald G. Mitchell's *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850). Among many interesting passages in Mr. Nathan's book the chapter on the "ladies" includes advice about painting their faces, lipsticks, etc. Young girls and old women have been receiving advice on this subject from men for many centuries; and I do not know whether it is efficacious or not.

Ben Jonson vainly told the women of his day that they would really look more attractive without make-up; Hamlet said to

Continued on page 124

DO YOU INHALE?

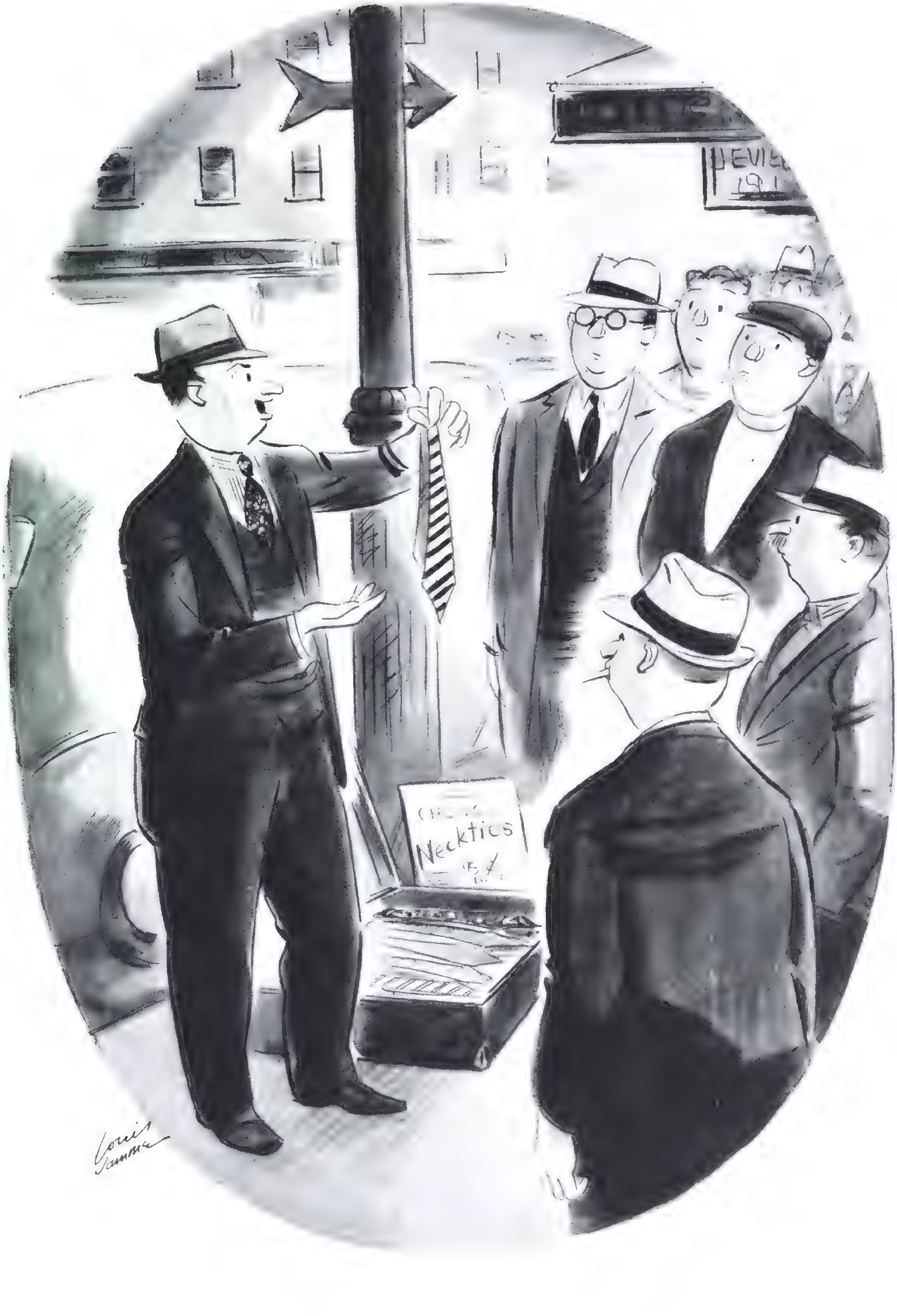
All smokers do—*sometimes*. And so it's very much to your interest to . . . GET THIS!

Found by eminent doctors: ***on comparing, four other leading cigarette brands average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and, the irritation lasts more than five times as long!*** Philip Morris smokers enjoy the world's finest tobaccos—with no worry about throat irritation—*even if you inhale!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Call for
PHILIP MORRIS


Neckties
15¢
Louis Jambor

"An' if yer draft number is called, bring it back an' I'll cheerfully refund your money, gents!"

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

MOST shipping clerks and truck drivers don't do anything about under-arm odor or perspiration stains. But clever salesmen, executives and professional men take no chances!—they use a good under-arm deodorant.

As one doctor says, "Ignorance may be bliss, but it does not make you very good company."

Men who take pride in good grooming know that it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that makes under-arm odor and shirt stains impossible. No wonder thousands of men have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the perfect masculine deodorant for these five important reasons:

1. *It prevents every trace of odor from under-arm perspiration.*
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only 10 seconds to use Arrid—it vanishes instantly.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives full protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WITHOUT COST TO YOU, we would like to prove to you that Arrid is just the thing you have been looking for to keep your under-arms odorless and dry. For a free, trial jar, write to Carter Products, Inc. 400 Park Place, New York City. *This offer good until July 31, 1941*

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 85-122

Ophelia, "I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another." In the 17th century a Puritan divine preached a sermon against the feminine habit of building up hair on top of their skulls. He announced in the pulpit that the subject would be "Topknot, come down!" and he gave as his text St. Matthew, XXIV: 17. "Let him which is on the housetop not come down." In the 18th century Addison said that the modern girls spent their time decorating that part of the head known as the outside. How much effect do these masculine criticisms have on the women?

Bridal pairs continue to visit Niagara Falls. I saw in the papers how they were still crossing "Honeymoon Bridge." But I suggest a better name. Why not call it the Cantleaveher Bridge?

Everything new is old. I had supposed that translations of the Bible, intended to make its language more in accordance with the contemporary vernacular, were a recent fashion; but reading in the newly-discovered journals of Boswell, I find that on April 13, 1776, he dined at the house of Tom Davies. There were present "Dr. Johnson, Mr. Cradock . . . and there was the Reverend Dr. Harwood, who has translated the New Testament in modern phraseology, a ridiculous work." On another occasion when Dr. Johnson was shown Harwood's translation of the New Testament, he took a look at the shortest verse in the Bible which, in the authorized version reads, "Jesus wept" (St. John 11:35). In Dr. Harwood's translation these two words became, "Jesus the Saviour of the world burst into a flood of tears." Johnson gave a snort and flung the book across the room. Naturally I had never heard of it. I found it in the Yale Library. It was published in 1768. The title-page is far too long to quote; but here is a sample of Dr. Harwood's improvements on the Authorized version of 1611. The Authorized version reads:

> Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.—(St. Matthew VI: 34.)

Dr. Harwood:

> Brood not, therefore, over futurity with anxious desponding thoughts. Let futurity take care of itself—the miseries of the present day are enough without our adding to them by anticipating evils that are future.

It seems strange to me when we have in the Authorized version of the Bible, the finest English prose ever written, that there should be so many persons ambitious to improve it.

The English language is full of eccentricities, one reason why I love it. I remember as a boy eating peaches; sometimes we got a "clingstone" sometimes a "cleavestone"; the latter we could break in halves, the former not. The word "cleave" is also commonly meant to separate pieces of wood with an axe; the word "cling" usually means the opposite, as in embracing. But here, curiously enough, its opposite is a synonym. "Cleave only to her," means really "Cling only to her."

A dangerous word for the half-educated is consummation; in an entirely respectable newspaper, in an account of an approaching wedding, we were told "the marriage will be consummated in the Congregational Church." And only last week on a composition in a girls' school, the child wrote, "A yearly event in our family is the arrival of an Edam Cheese. As its appearance has become so regular, a definite plan for *consummation* has been devised and is religiously followed."

Three of the most successful swindlers in the Middle Ages were the Soothsayers, the Clairvoyants, and the Alchemists. If anyone supposes that these three classes of fakers are obsolete, let me remark that I am acquainted with a business man who regularly consults a "prophet" who has an office in New York, and who makes a large income; I have seen more than one clairvoyant; I personally was well acquainted with a Baptist clergyman who gave the savings of a lifetime to a man who said he could make gold out of sea-water (alchemist); in fashionable hotels there are lectures on astrology.

Among recent thrillers I recommend the following. Patricia Wentworth, who has written about forty murder stories, and who has disappointed me but once, has a new one absolutely terrifying; so much so that I advise no one to read it late at night but everyone to read it by day. It is called *Weekend with Death* and is not only exciting from first page to last, but is wholly mysterious until the very end; and I'll wager that not a single reader can come anywhere near guessing the hiding place of the fatal papers. Agatha Christie, who gave me such continuous thrills with *Sad Cypress* comes across with a new one full of excitement called *Patriotic Murders*.

This is ripping; and we must not repine if many of our new detective stories bring in fifth-column stuff, for there is so much of it in actuality. Erle Stanley Gardner (from whom I have recently received one of the finest letters ever written by one honest man to another) delights me again with *The Case of the Haunted Husband*, where Perry Mason and Della Street shine gloriously. Here is an English murder-maker previously unknown to me. His name is Selwyn Jepson, and his book is called *Keep Murder Quiet*. I confidently recommend it to all fastidious readers of this high-grade magazine. Murder in real life is shocking and terrible; in skilfully written novels it is charming; the reason being that for all persons except criminals and their pursuers murder is romance, clear away from the scenes of our daily life.

Among the Presidents of the United States not conspicuous for brains or individuality were William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. The former was elected in 1840, the latter in 1848, and between them came James K. Polk, while Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun were living and active in the Senate. My father voted for Clay in 1844 and he told me that there never was more heart-rending disappointment among so many citizens than was caused by the defeat of Clay. There was certainly nothing like it until the defeat of Blaine in 1884.

In the campaign of 1888, I well remember how every week *Puck* ridiculed Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate, by cartoons showing him almost buried under "Grandfather's Hat," meaning of course that he was nominated only because of his grandfather's reputation. As a matter of fact, while Benjamin Harrison was not one of our greatest Presidents, he had three times as much brains as his grandfather.

Both W. H. Harrison and Taylor died in office. It is worth remembering that when so many persons wonder how it is possible for a President to preserve his health with such tremendous responsibilities, that only three of our Presidents have died (from natural causes) during their terms, the third being Harding. Possibly the explanation is the power of prestige.

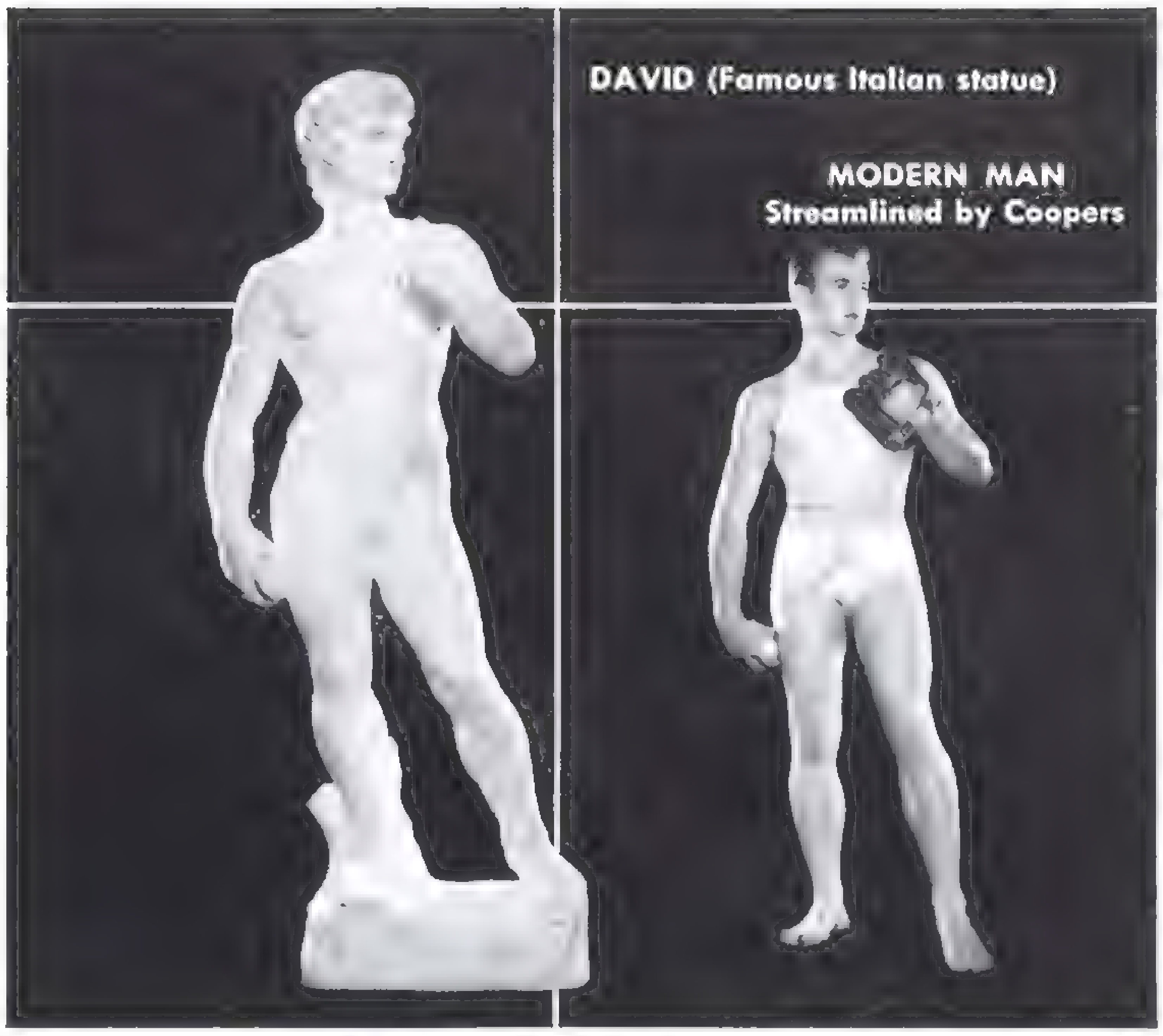
It is true that the cares and responsbilities of office are beyond all reckoning. But it is also true that being the Number One Man in the whole nation produces a certain vigor and inner satisfaction.

I recommend a new biography of Zachary Taylor written by Holman Hamilton. The secondary title is *Soldier of the Republic*. This is an immensely interesting biography, and one sees why "Old Rough and Ready" as they called him, was adored by the troops. He may not have been a statesman but he was much more of a man than I thought. And it is interesting to read of the officers of minor rank fighting under him, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Jefferson Davis, etc. The illustrations are interesting, and one particularly so to me. I have spent about fifty summers in Michigan, where the county town is Bad Axe. I had supposed there was only one Bad Axe in the United States. Imagine my surprise therefore in finding opposite page 96 "Battle of Bad Axe," fought in the Mexican War, but not in Michigan. And a very exciting battle it was!

Finally, to change from soldiers and politicians to the Poets, let me suggest to all my readers who love poetry to buy immediately a little book by the distinguished author Logan Pearsall Smith, called *Milton and His Modern Critics*. I want my readers to reread Milton, and not from a sense of duty. Milton, among all the English poets, is second only to the incomparable Shakespeare. He is second not because of the subjects he chose to write about, but in spite of them. He was so consummate an artist that he could make the Almighty and the Angels interesting personalities, and the Devil one of the most thrilling persons in literature. *Paradise Lost* is *interesting*. I had known that many cared nothing for Milton; they regarded him as a statue, and they thought he was tremendously overrated, and that it was high time some one spoke out and put him where he belonged, among the stuffed shirts of verse; but I had not known that there was a whole school of critics who had been actively engaged in trying to do this very thing, that they were led by a pair so totally unlike as to make their partnership, even in an unholy cause, absurdly incongruous—T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound.

In this little book the conspiracy is laid bare, with Mr. Smith's learning and subtle humor. These critics wish us to substitute "modern" poetry for the obsolete Milton. In my opinion there is no "modern" poetry: there is only good poetry and bad poetry. Read Mr. Smith and then go back to Milton. I remember a few years ago when someone attacked Milton, F. P. A. remarked that one of his own favorite love-poems was Eve's address to Adam, in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*. I close my article by quoting it, and it ought to make readers consider buying the only complete edition of Milton's poems and prose, recently produced, to the eternal honor of American scholarship, by Columbia University. Here is the love-song.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, then silent Night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet. ###



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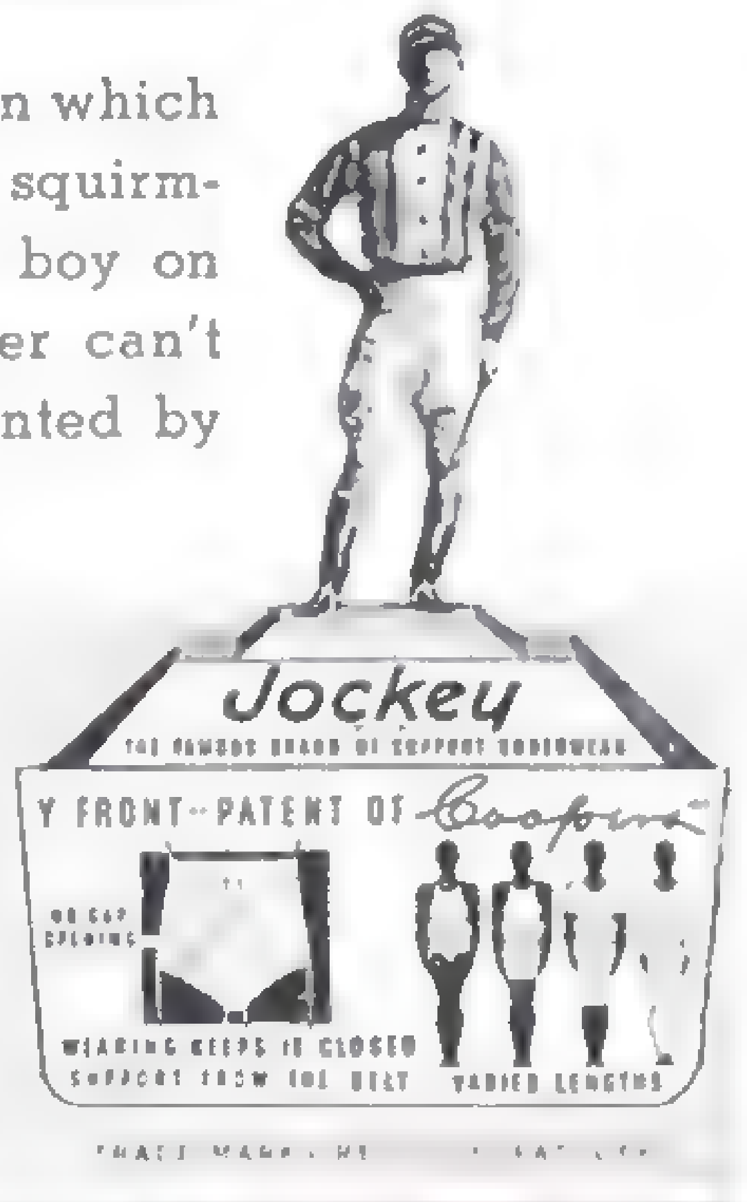

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Farewell, 9 O'Clock Town

Continued from page 31

in the 9 o'clock towns. The maidens were strangely shy about following the lead of the cinema houris in regarding their *papilla mammae* and *umbilici* as being prettier than the pictures on a hundred-dollar bill. Perhaps the reactionary threats of Paw and Maw had something to do with the tardiness of the comely country nymphs in adopting the ne plus minus bathing costumes. But that's in the past. Now you see the same girls who teach Sunday School classes disporting themselves Saturday nights at the community swimming pools, snugly encased in natatorial garments less than the sketchy swathing of those damosels depicted in barbershop aphrodisiana.

On the diving boards and brinks of these 9 o'clock town pools are plenty of sights to make the boys stay on the farms. After all, Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sheridan are only pictures and here a lad really knows what he is seeing.

The swank of a smartly contoured bathing suit gets all-pervading with these youngsters of the former 9 o'clock towns. When a young rural Venus throws her budding lungs out and hears the complimentary sound of young men's eyes clicking she begins to feel heaven has revealed to her that she is a natural born mannequin. She begins to cultivate those cute little tricks of adornment that put celibacy behind the 8-ball and she begins to wear her clothes better.

Why? I don't know, but they do. A woman in a store at Elwood, Indiana, told me that the girls of that town began to wear their clothes more becomingly after the town's swimming pool was operating a season. Elwood, you may recall, is the town in which What's-His-Name—oh, you know, one of those guys who ran against Roosevelt—received formal notification of his nomination. There was much-to-do about the Elwood pool being constructed without WPA money. Regardless of whose money installed the pool, the woman in the store said the pool seemed to have done a lot to divorce the town girls from a country look when they got dressed up.

And as near as I can remember, the store woman was right because Elwood's female youngsters had a right sprightly appearance.

Perhaps the answer is that when a female realizes she has something to show off she shows off all over. There is nothing like a curve-cuddling bathing suit to get a maiden tipped off to whether or not she has visual possibilities.

There might be another answer, too. Take a town like Opelousas, Louisiana. There the WPA put in a regular Aquacade sort of a pool at a park where once the drone of the mosquito luftwaffe and the moan of the lovelorn bullfrog alone knifed the silence of the night. The Opelousas young night-blooming you-alls have responded magnificently to the pool treatment. They've got a zip older females of their families lacked.

It may call for custard pies for two and cigarettes for one under the dueling oak, but the plain fact must be stated that among the dopiest of all dolls was the small-town south's night-blooming you-all. The dame was one of the living dead, what with lack of exercise and the old inbred tradition that all that curve astern was for was to sit on.

Now that the night-lighted pools are being installed for the southern small-town kids, a generation of comely nymphs is emerging from the chrysalis of crinoline. Eventually these legitimately southern belles may run out of business the current crop of alleged southern maidens one sees in the nawth. Such contemporaneous specimens are mainly broads whose native Bronx accent has been distorted into the godawfulest slobber of a pseudo-Dixie patois the human ear can stand without moving the stomach to void its all.

These small-town swimming pools are not alone in having terrific, but good, effect on the development of better figures amongst the peasant maidens. Tennis courts are doing a lot since that colt-legged and comely Alice Marble has made the girls' tennis costumes the ballet garb of sports. You'll see maidens on the tennis courts of Sublette, in the Kansas wheat country, who are no Marbles when it comes to playing tennis but the pleasing sight of them compensates a farmhand's soul for sweating with a pitchfork all day under the East-of-Suez Kansas sun.

Or consider the situation in the factory towns of New England where the second generation of the imported serfs were getting not-so-jolly well fed up on a 9 o'clock town at the end of a hard eight-hour day. Swimming pools, softball diamonds, football fields —all night-lighted—have put a cheerier tint on their lives.

The night-lighted golf practice ranges are having their boom, too. Golf professionals at clubs in the smaller cities and towns have taken on, as nocturnal sidelines, these lighted ranges and in many instances are making more out of the ranges than they are out of their country club jobs.

That talk about what night baseball has done for attendance in the major and minor leagues may have tipped you off that the 9 o'clock town is a thing of the past, but you'll never know how true the tip was until you poke around in the rural precincts.

If night outdoor sport continues its progress of the past five years the star of Quiz Kid's program a decade hence will be the young owl who'll tell you that *The Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight* was a load of old-fashioned hooey. ⌗

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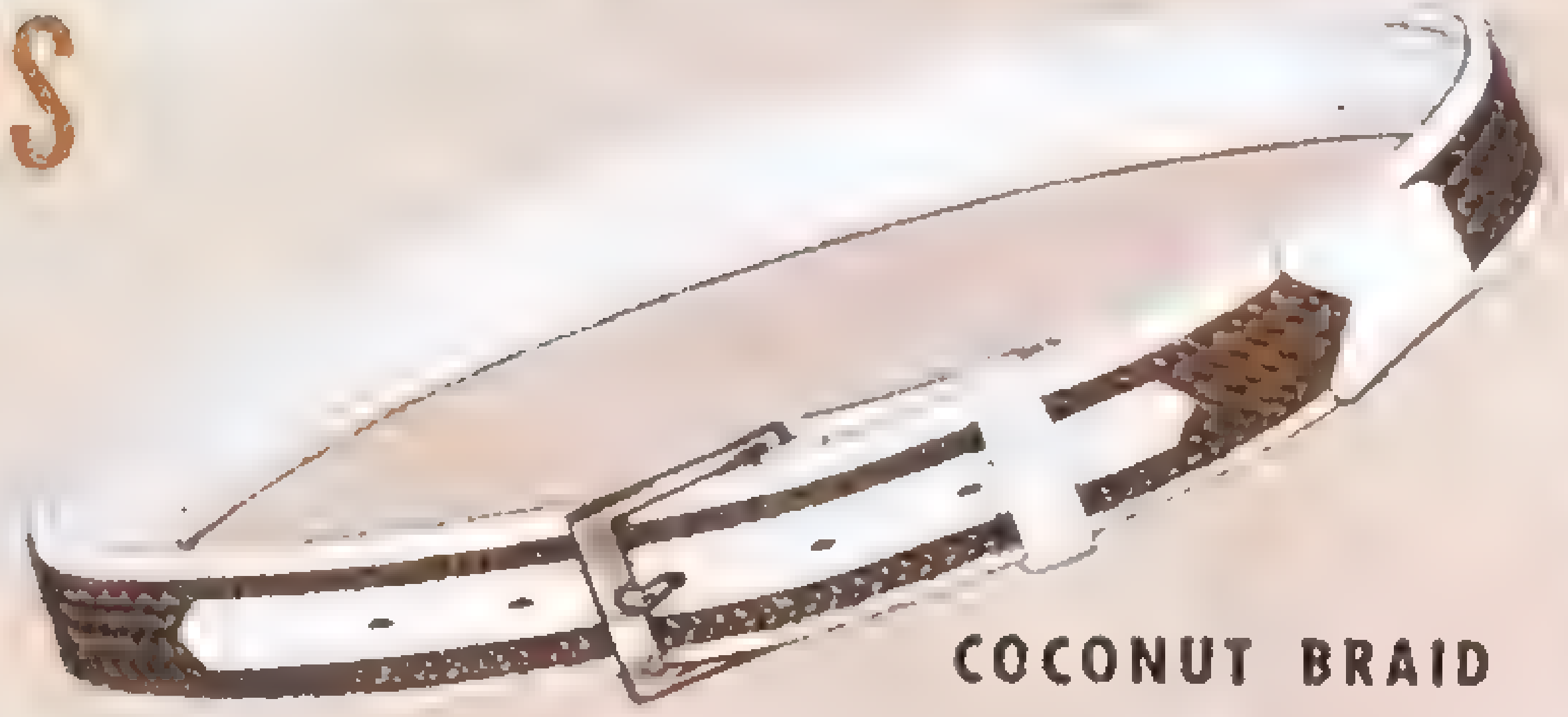

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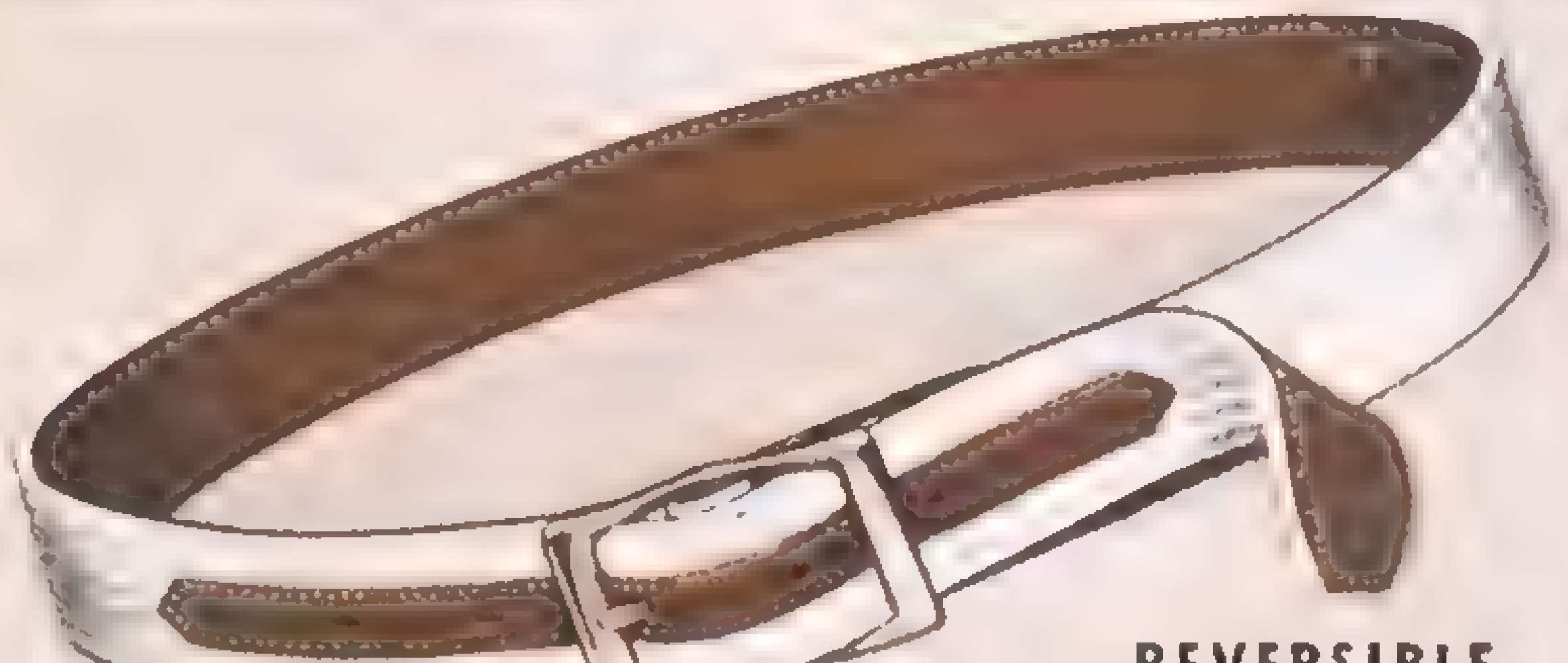

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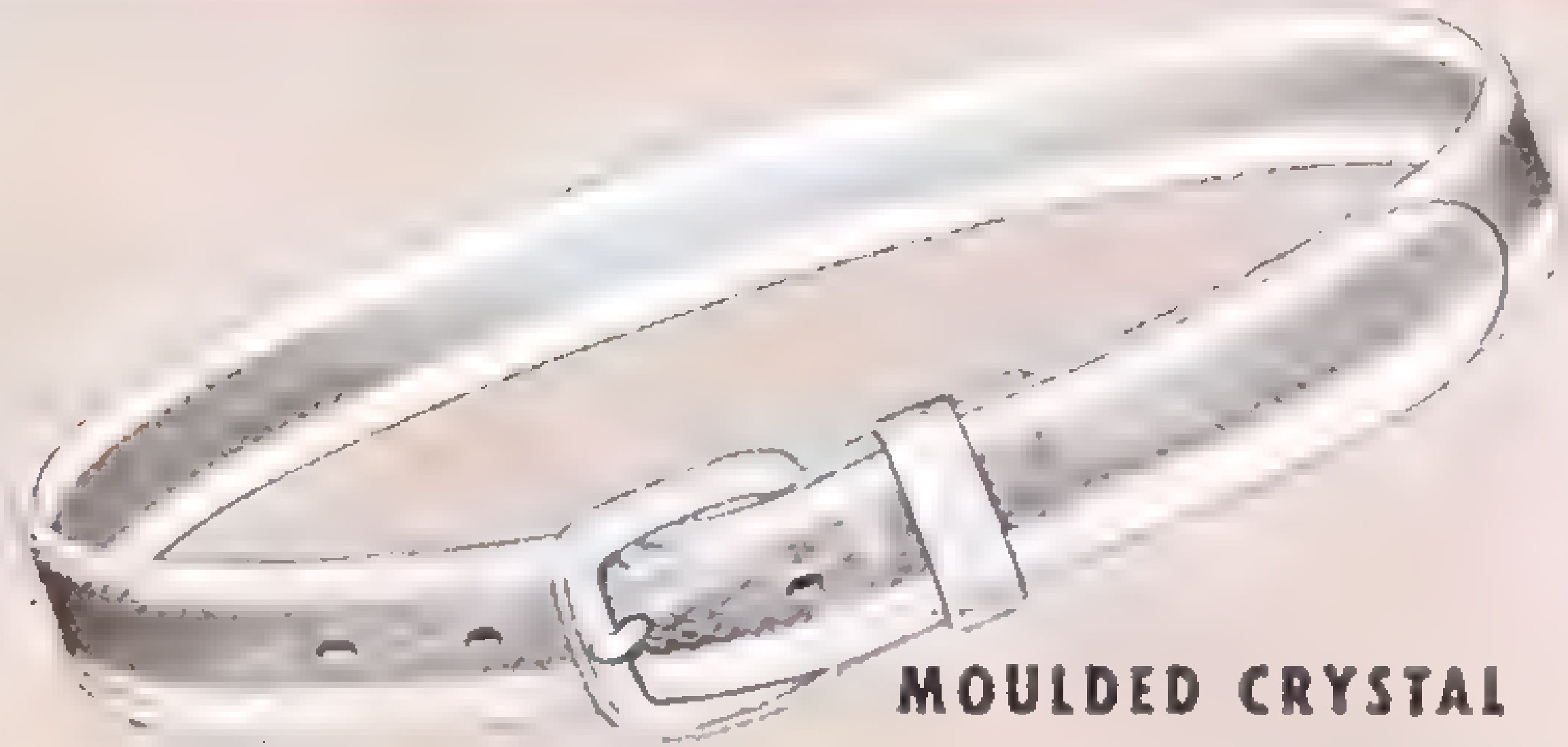

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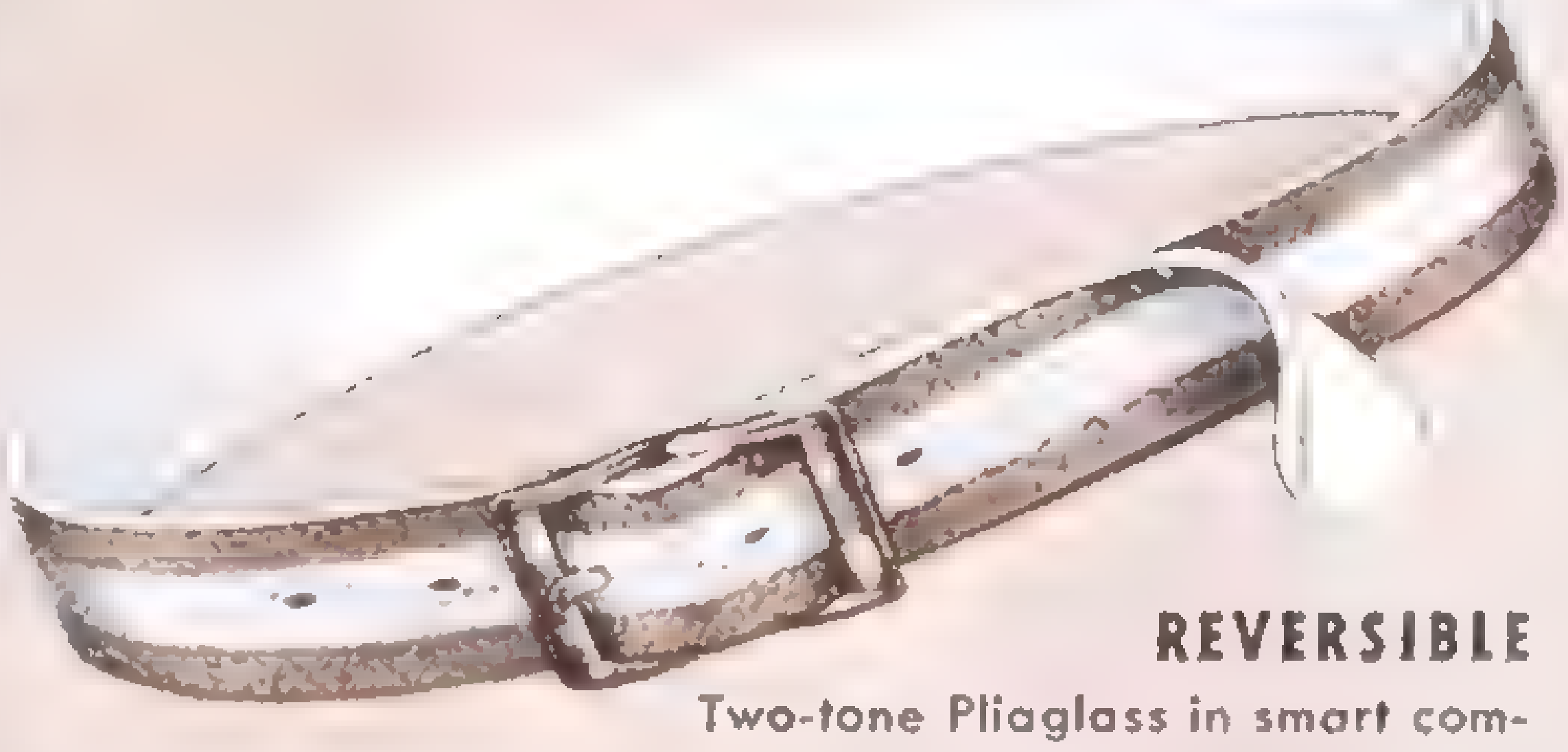

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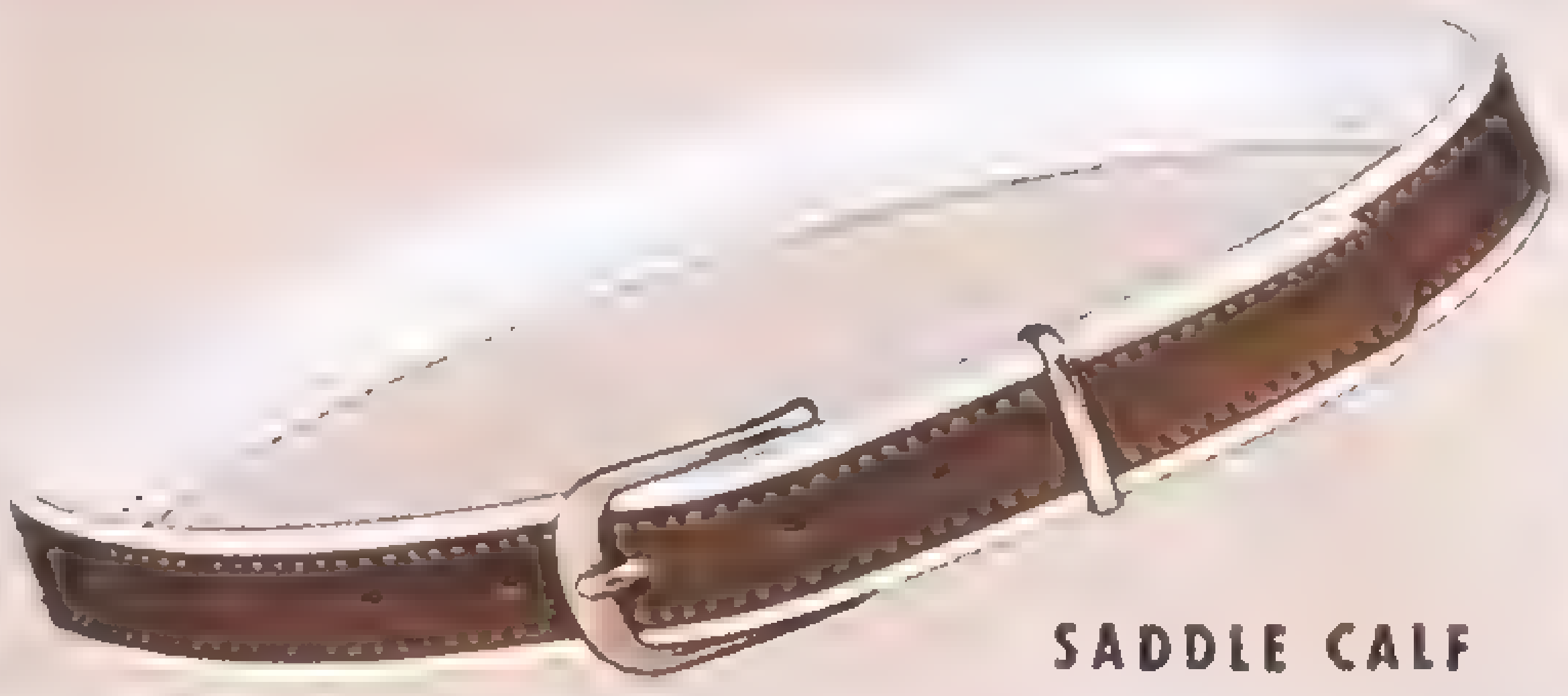

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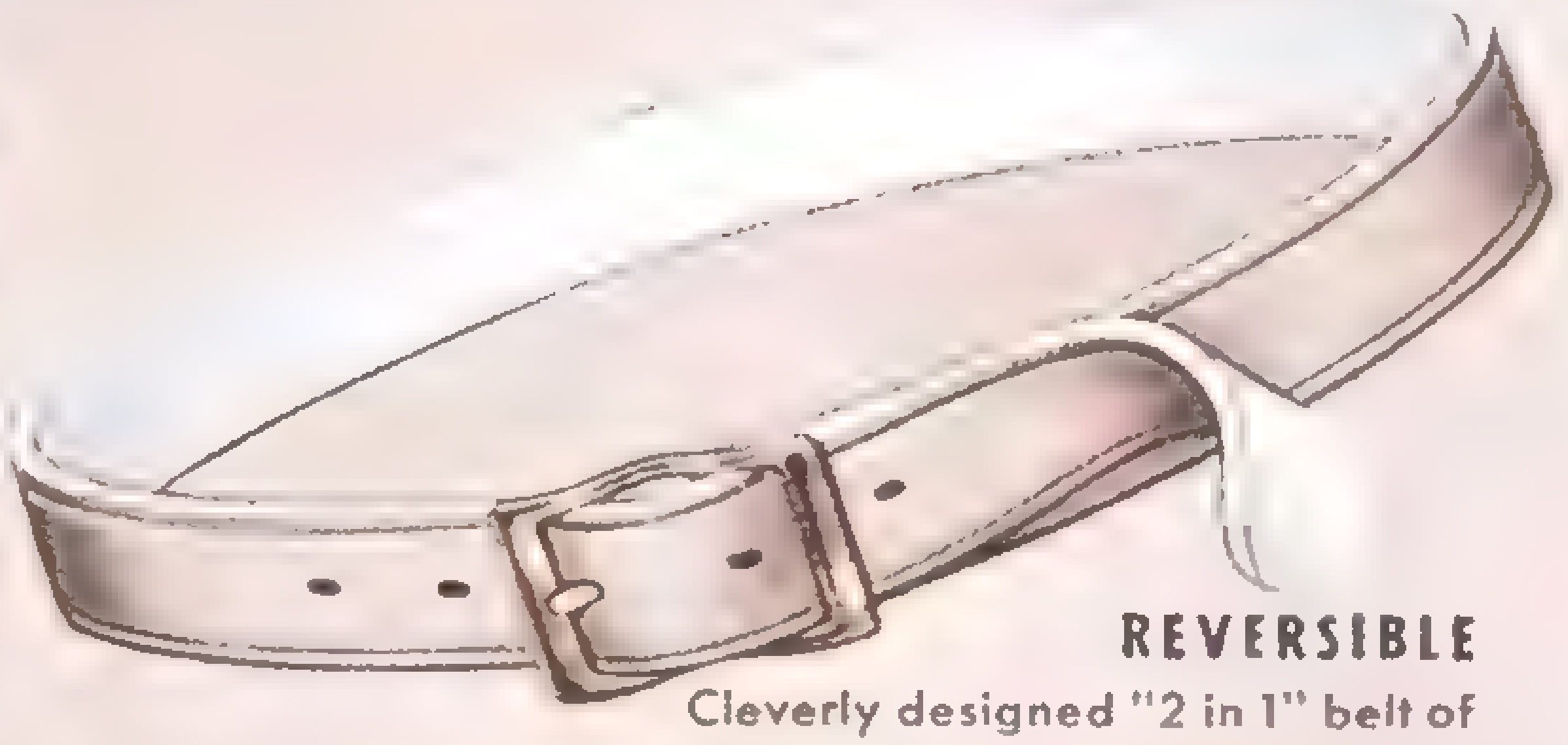

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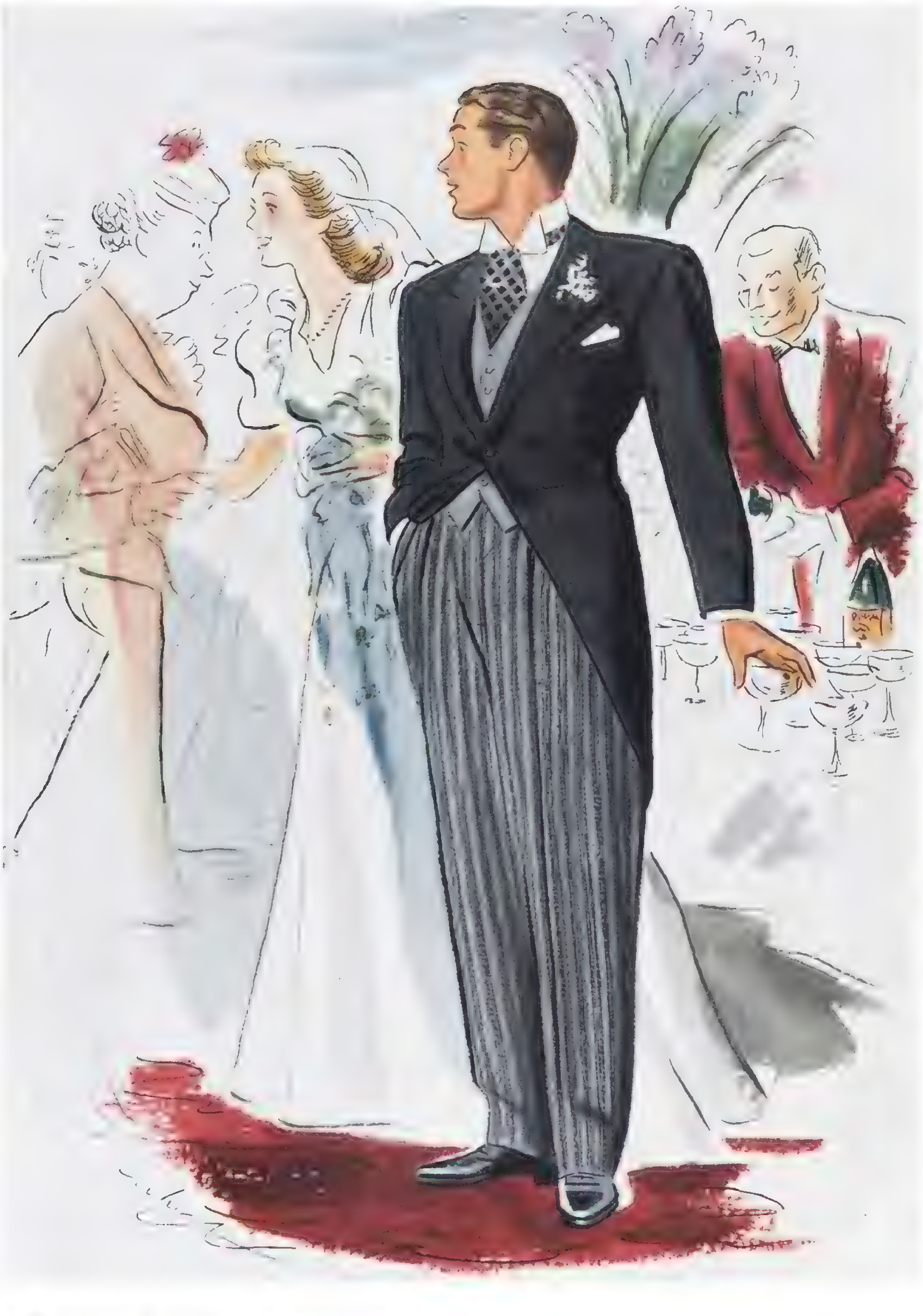
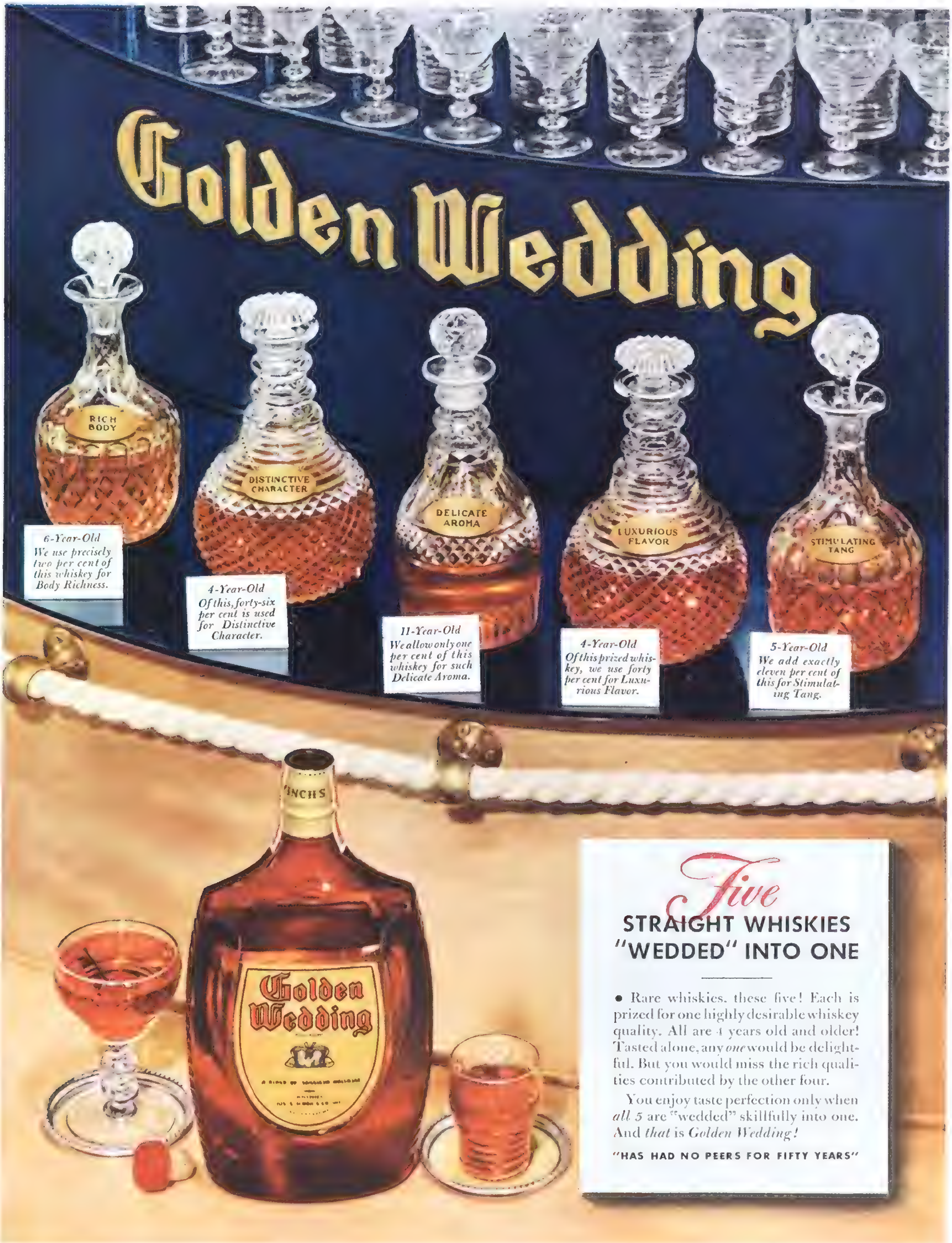


gloom visits groom

The old family retainer, umbrella and all, simply has to get in a few inconsequential words. To the bride, she has just uttered something as inane as "be a good girl." Meanwhile, she critically appraises the groom, causing him to lose his usual aplomb. At a moment when the young bridegroom needs to be set at ease, the busybody is succeeding admirably in making him most uneasy. But anyway, not about his clothes. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he is dressed absolutely correctly for the occasion according to current custom. His oxford grey Cheviot cutaway has peaked lapels and plain edges. No binding at the edges dates it. Valley lilies adorn the lapel. A plain pearl stick pin holds the silver grey and black silk ascot in place. The large wings of the starched collar are significant of good acceptance. The shirt is plain white. His pale grey unfinished worsted waistcoat is in tune with the wedding march. The harmonizing grey mocha gloves have been tucked in his pocket. Grey stripe worsted trousers, black silk socks and black straight tip shoes are on the same correct fashion plane.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)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We use precisely two per cent of this whiskey for Body Richness.

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Of this, forty-six per cent is used for Distinctive Character.

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We allow only one per cent of this whiskey for such Delicate Aroma.

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Of this prized whiskey, we use forty per cent for Luxurious Flavor.

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We add exactly eleven per cent of this for Stimulating Tang.

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- Rare whiskies, these five! Each is prized for one highly desirable whiskey quality. All are 4 years old and older! Tasted alone, any *one* would be delightful. But you would miss the rich qualities contributed by the other four.

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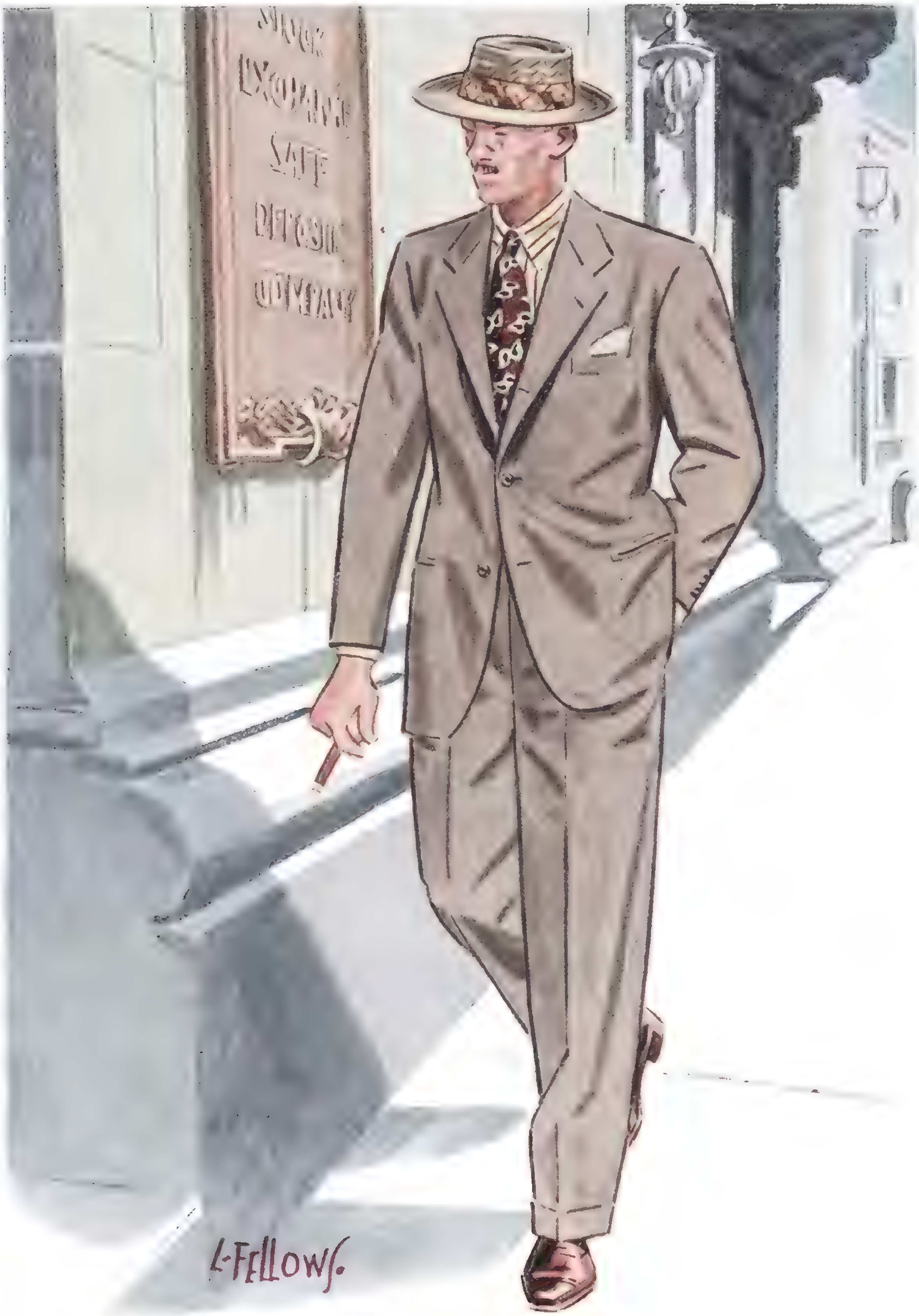
Golden Wedding *is a Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old.* Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.



cool and calculating

It's common knowledge that most Wall Streeters are cool and calculating. As for this member, about to turn in at the New York Stock Exchange for another session, we must assume that he is calculating future commissions. But we don't have to assume that he is a cool marketeer. For we know he is wearing a tan tropical worsted suit, made of a fabric that weighs 8½ ounces per yard. That's about as light as a suit can be, and still have enough body to keep from wrinkling too much. The fabric, being porous, offers less resistance to the breezes than does a spring weight. His water silk coconut hat in the new lighter shade sets off the red and yellow muslin puggree. His Sandune shirt with maroon stripes ranks as the accessory companion to the tropical suit. The collar is sloped to the front. Green and yellow figures accent the maroon ground foulard tie. His light brown lisle half-hose and the lightweight brown shoes he is wearing add up to the correct score for summer.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Once a Cowboy

Continued from page 65

around a lot, in his younger days —down into Mexico, up to Alaska, all over Nevada during the gold-rush time. He had come back with a stake and settled down.

"I wondered if he had ever been married, if he had a family. One day, in his room, I saw a picture of a pretty woman, all dressed up, with a handsome boy beside her. He saw me looking at the picture. He took his pipe out of his mouth and said, 'My wife and son. Leastways, she was my wife. They live in a city.' That's all he said. That was the nearest he ever came to talking mean, too. The way he said that made you think he wanted to swear.

"Spring rolled around and by that time I was pretty good. The old man taught me how to do things. I could always ride, but now I could rope, cut bull calves, get mired cows out of the mud, build fence, 'most anything. I made a pretty fair hand. The old man never said so, but I'd see him look at me and nod, like he was satisfied. Why not? I came to him a green kid, and he made me pretty useful.

"There was still no talk about pay, and I never thought about it. But along early in April, he pushed something over a hundred dollars across the table to me. 'Your pay son,' he said, 'less what I bought you in the way o' clothes and stuff. At the rate o' twenty-five a month.'

"I was flabbergasted. I had never seen so much money. I just looked at it. 'Holy smoke!' I said. 'I haven't got anything comin'. I've darn near eat you out of house and home.'

"He laughed at me. 'Twenty-five a month is the regular pay,' he said. 'I thought you knew. Now mebbe you want to go to town and blow it all in one wild spree. That's natural. If so, go ahead. Now's the time. I'll be havin' three-four men out here next week to help us round up an' brand, cut the bull calves an' so on. So you can cut loose now. But, as an old man who knows better now than he once did, I'd say do this: put about half of your money into calves. Slap your own brand on 'em. Get yourself a start of beef. You do that right along and you'll get somewhere. But it's up to you.'

" 'You bet!' I agreed. 'That's just what I'll do!'

"And I did. I bought me some calves, registered my own brand, and still had money left. I sent some up home. Then I went into town and blew the rest. A hasher in a beanery got most of it, but she was worth it. I had never been around women before, except a couple of scrawny hill girls, and she educated me. But I was ready to go back to the ranch, pretty soon. I used to ride out and look at my own calves. I thought they were just about the finest calves in Texas.

"We had an awful busy spring. Had four or five men there for two or three months. I was elected to do most of the cooking, because I was used to it and nobody else wanted the job. One of the men was an old friend of the boss, old Tim Blaine. He told me about the Boss's wife. She was a mighty fine woman, he said, and their boy was a good kid. But when Jackson made some money in mining, she got fancy ideas. Wanted to live in town, in a big swell house, and get into society and all that. Wanted her boy to get educated and have advantages; wanted to make a lawyer or something out of him. Well, Jackson tried it. But he wasn't cut out for such a life. They had a show-down. He said he was going back to ranching. He was going to live on a ranch. They split up on that, and when she couldn't bring him to time, she up and got a divorce. He gave her most of his money, all except what he needed to start his outfit.

"When we got through the spring work, the extra men left and we settled down again to a quiet, easy life. Oh, yeah, it was while those boys were there that I took up barbering. A couple of them kept after me to cut their hair. I took a stab at it with an old pair of shears. Did a pretty good job. They claimed I was better than the town barber. I got proud, I guess, and sent off for a kit of barber tools. Then I cut the old man's hair regular and my own and some boys from other outfits started coming around to get me to cut theirs. They got to calling me Barber.

"I stayed on there for three years, like that. I kept adding to my calves every spring. The old man raised my pay a couple of times and I was sure satisfied. I'd go to town, once in a long while, to see that hasher. I guess she must have been around thirty, but she was good-looking and a good sport. I even had notions about marrying her, the way a kid will. But I kind of knew what the old man would think of that. She had a rep around town. Finally, she up and left. I never heard of her again, never saw her. For a while, I felt pretty bad.

"Until Gladys showed up to teach school down on the river. Gladys is my wife, and she's still a mighty pretty woman. But when I first saw her, at a dance in the schoolhouse, I thought I'd never seen anybody that pretty. I forgot the hasher, just like that. From then on, Gladys was my girl. She was a little thing, full of fun, always laughing, and if she looked at anybody else I'd get gloomy for a week. The old man said, once, 'You've got it bad, son,' and that was the only time I ever got mad at him. I yelled, 'You mind your own business!' And then I was sorry. But he just laughed; he was an awful even-tempered man.

"You know how it is in the country. A girl thinks she'll take

Continued on page 132

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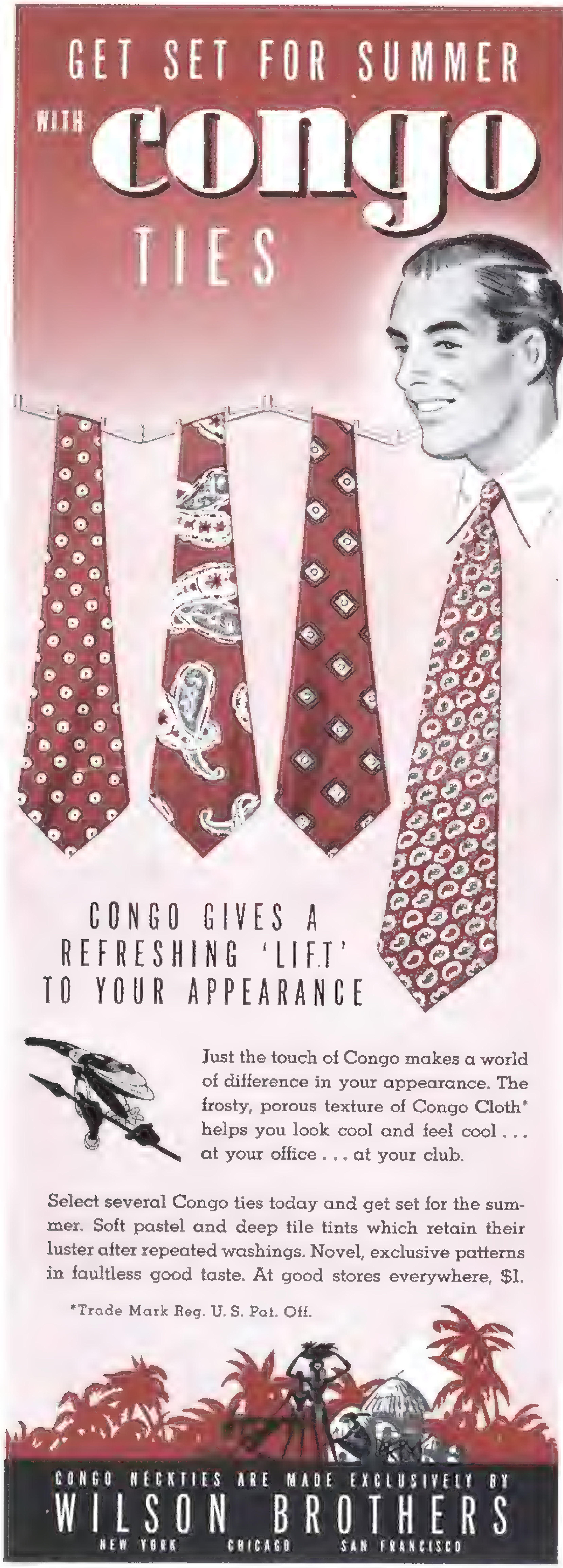
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Once a Cowboy

Continued from pages 65-131

up teaching. But if she's good-looking, she don't stay with it long. There's always a flock of men around wanting to marry her if she's any way attractive. That's how it was. I used to stay awake nights, worrying about my chances with her. She kept me guessing, too, and I don't know just why she finally picked me. I tell her it was because I was such a steady young fellow, with a good job and a start of a beef herd. She tells me she was sorry for me and married me to reform me, because she'd heard I was chasing after bad women.

"Anyway, at the end of the school term, we got hitched. I was all set to lease a place with a cabin on it and move my little herd up there. But the old man surprised me. He seemed to take a liking to Gladys. He said, 'Come on an' stay at the ranch, same as before. There's plenty of room an' if you can stand me, I can stand you. The house needs a woman around, you'll be more comfortable there, and I can raise your pay.'

"Gladys was so pleased—I guess she didn't think much of the cabin I had in mind—she up an' kissed the old man, right there. So, after living there three years, just the two of us, we had a different set-up. But it was all right. We got along fine. A year later, we had our first kid. He's as big as I am now. The old man liked him, didn't mind how much he squalled—and still all was jake.

"A couple of years later, we had another kid—a girl. Gladys had a hard time of it, and the doc from town was late and the old woman that had come over to help her wasn't much good. I guess it was then Gladys started complaining about the ranch—how far from town it was, how lonely she got, and wondering what would happen if the kids got sick. Things like that. I tried to argue with her. We were sitting pretty. This was the place for us. The old man didn't say anything, just looked wise, like it was an old story to him and he knew what was coming. I didn't have sense enough to understand that then.

"With the two kids growing, Gladys got naggy. Maybe they got on her nerves. Maybe she was lonesome. Anyway, she kept fretting, talking about living in town.

"My barbering business kept up. Boys would ride over to get a hair-cut. It was Gladys that started me to taking pay for it. The boys had offered me pay, but I never took it. I began to—and it made me feel funny. But Gladys was startin' to save for the kids.

"A lot of the time she was happy, contented. But every now and then, I'd come in from a ride and find her in the dumps. If I asked her what was the matter, she'd up and let me have it with both barrels. She was tired, lonesome, this was no place for kids, did I want to be just a cowhand all my life, and why didn't I get out in the world, somewhere, and make something of myself? It got so I'd slip in and take a look at her before I said anything. If she was in the dumps, I'd beat it. You see, I was crazy about her—I guess I still am—and more'n anything I wanted to please her.

"She began making plans. I was a good barber, she said. If I went to a big town and studied in a barber school for a while, I'd be one of the best. I'd have a big shop, with men working for me. I'd make money. We'd live in a big house in town with all the conveniences. You see, there on the ranch, we didn't have conveniences. We had a water pump at the sink, inside, and another one near an old tin bath-tub. But no running hot water and the Chic Sale was 'way out back.

"I made up my mind. I'd be damned if she'd make a town barber out of me. I was going to stay right here.

"She began on the kids, then—the advantages they'd have in town and what would happen if they got sick out here. All that truck.

"It was my hard luck that the boy had that accident with the rattlesnake. He was playing out near the corral, barefoot. He saw the rattler—we had a lot of them down there—and decided to play with it. He was only four years old. He got a big stick and started pokin' away at the snake. Mister rattler tried to get away, the way they will—they tell me they don't like the way we smell—but the kid kept after him, proddin' him. Mister rattler got mighty mad, coiled up and struck.

"The kid let out a yell and Gladys got down there in time to see the snake gettin' away. I wasn't at the house, but the old man was. He ran down there fast. He took after the snake, killed it with a big rock and picked up the kid. Gladys was half-crazy, hysterical and all. She was making such a fuss the old man couldn't do anything for the boy. He had to slap her so she'd let him go to work. He cut open the kid's leg with a razor and sucked out the poison. Gladys was yelling about a doctor. If he'd waited for a doctor, the kid would have died.

"When I got back, the kid was weak, but all right. The old man was just as calm as ever. But Gladys was burned up. This settled it! She wouldn't stay here another day! She'd take her children and leave. I could do as I pleased, but if I had any regard for her and the children I'd leave, too, and live in a town where there was a doctor, like civilized folks.

"The old man walked out on us, letting us battle it out. I tried to reason with Gladys, but you know, mister, women have a funny way of thinking. She made me feel like a murderer—honest, like a feller that tosses his own kids into a pit of rattlesnakes and don't care what happens. The way she put it, first mad, then crying so it broke my heart, I just gave up.

" 'All right,' I said, 'we'll leave. We'll go tomorrow. We'll do as you say.'

"The old man was awful good. He bought my little herd at top prices. He said, looking far off, like he was thinking of his own wife and kid, 'A man ought to make his wife happy. You'll get along, all right.'

"So we went away from there. We went to a big town and lived in a flat with hot running water. I studied barbering in a school. There was a boom town starting up and it looked like a good place for a shop. I went there and put all the money I had into it. Six months later, the boom had busted—and I was busted, too. We had some lean times. I kind of thought maybe Gladys would go back to the ranch. But not her. She said we'd stick it out in towns. She was awful restless, always wanting to move on. Well, we had good times and bad. In San Francisco, I made pretty big money for a barber. Sixty a week, sometimes. But it all went. A man never gets ahead. Right now, I'm in debt for my car—and what good's a car, anyway? Any place you go there's a mob of people. You can't get into real country, you can't get away from 'em. Now I'm buying this house—two hundred down, thirty a month. It's going to be hard to raise it, some months.

"What do you get out of it? Man, when I think of how we lived down there on the ranch, I know I haven't done any real living since! But I can't tell that to Gladys. A couple of years ago, I heard old man Jackson had died and that town son of his sold the ranch as quick as he could. If I'd stuck there, I could 'a' bought it. My herd would have been worth money by now."

He held up a mirror to allow me to inspect his work. It was well done. Even if his heart wasn't in it, he was skilful at his trade. I nodded, got out of the chair.

"The goddam women," he said mildly, casually, without rancor. He said it in a spirit of acceptance, as though he had long since come to realize that a natural law was involved, as though he knew it was useless to fight against it. "Always after a man to make something of himself! Never willing to let well enough alone. Wanting advantages for the kids, wanting town life and conveniences. When I think of the thin piece of meat I'll buy for supper tonight—all I can afford—and then remember how it was down there—Oh, hell!"

He smiled. "The goddam women," he repeated, good-naturedly. "They sure bugger up a man's life." #

Golf Is Too Truthful

Continued from page 78

disadvantage. On the other hand Number One now must guess—no, no. Even a child can see that this is complicated nonsense. If golf can be made a deceptive game by such methods, the effort isn't worth the candle.

Let's try another tack. Baseball, football, basketball, tennis, all the racquet games, are played with only *one* ball. All these games give chance for deception. Ergo: you must have only one ball in play if you want a game where you can fool your opponent into making the wrong move. Ergo: a golf twosome should have only one ball between the two contestants instead of each of the two contestants being allowed to play his own private ball. You following me? At a distance, eh? Well, creep closer. Number One now drives from the tee towards the green (we're reverting to the original one-green system now), but he must bear in mind that Number Two will then have the privilege of playing the ball. But wait a minute. Number Two has the option of either playing the second shot or not playing it. If Number One makes a long, accurate drive, Number Two will, of course, play the next shot. But if Number One flubs his tee shot, Number Two will exercise his other option, and make Number One play the second shot as well. Accordingly Number One must take into consideration all the possible deceptive angles because on the *third* shot he in turn has the option—no. Again no. This is worse gibberish than before. I have thought this thing over from every possible angle, and I am still stuck with the same conclusion: You can't get guile into golf. No matter how you slice it or hook it, the fact remains that the smartest tactics consist exclusively in playing your shots exactly as though your opponent didn't exist—and what fun is that?

But it still doesn't make sense to us guys who believe that the meaner the mendacity, the better. Suppose you were playing football against the Chicago Bears, and you called your plays as though they didn't exist. Ouch! Suppose you pitched to Joe DiMaggio or sparred with Joe Louis as though those individuals weren't in the immediate vicinity. Or tried to edge the puck through the Boston Bruins' back-line defense as though nothing but thin air stood in your way.

But what does all this supposing get a fellow? One of the greatest features about the royal and too-honorable game of golf is that a fellow can take it or leave it. As for me I am leaving it strictly to the Lincolns and Washingtons of the tee and green, to the guys who cannot tell a lie. Give me the change-of-pace pitch, the fake spinner, and the feint to the jaw. Give me the games where Machiavelli is the patron saint. Golf is too truthful. #

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L'Affaire Bette Davis

Continued from page 70

that sat across the table, there—I don't know anything about it, but I bet she'll be a mighty good actress some day."

"You really think so?" Meyer said.

"Yes," I said. "It's just a hunch, but I believe it."

Meyer laughed. "Listen," he said, "that was Bette Davis, you idiot. She's one of the best in the business."

I couldn't understand this. "But the way I get it about these Hollywood people," I told Meyer, "as soon as they really make the grade they get upstage and mighty. Now you take this Miss David, she—"

"Davis."

"Whatever it is. Somebody with such a magnificent sense of humor, and so downright—"

"That's why she's good," Meyer said.

"Is she a comedienne, then?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "She's best at very serious parts. People who are best at intense, serious, even tragic parts always have that sense of humor. A sense of humor is really nothing but a fine sense of proportion. When things get out of proportion is when they're funny. That's what most humor is. So when a person with a fine sense of proportion—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "I don't just—"

"Miss Davis is a swell actress," he said loudly, closing the subject.

This started my career as an expert on all things pertaining to motion pictures. I didn't intend becoming an expert, but I mentioned to several people, or rather several hundred people, that I had had lunch with Bette Davis, and pretty soon everybody began asking my opinion about movies, and wanting me to tell them all about movie people, and I became one of the most important amateur authorities on the subject in Chicago and vicinity. I became a special authority on Miss Davis. The impression persisted that Miss Davis and I had been childhood sweethearts.

Anyway, I began to take an interest in the movies in order to maintain my reputation as a movie—and Davis—consultant. I looked into the subject from all angles, with the result that I became fascinated by motion pictures and got a job helping to produce one which explained how to bake bread.

This ended my career, but two years ago I came to Hollywood to do some writing. I thought it would be interesting.

I also thought I might find Miss Davis.

* * *

I didn't find her for a long time, and when I did, I didn't see all of her. Just her legs.

One day I had lunch at the Warner Brothers studio with one of the press men and after lunch we had some things to discuss and instead of going to his office, which was noisy, we went into a sound stage which evidently was not in use.

It was a big sound stage, as big as a Zeppelin hangar and it resembled one, and the entire interior was devoted to one immense set. It was a tropical setting, with the jungle all around, and in the center of the whole thing there was a small cottage. The stage was dimly lighted, but there was a bright light in one room of the cottage.

We sat down on a bench in a garden of palms and began going over our business.

Suddenly from the cottage came a wild, hysterical laugh. I could feel it along my spine. Startled, we looked over that way. Through a window we could see a movement, in white. It was a girl, coming down a stairway. We could see her legs, and she wore what appeared to be a nightgown.

When she reached the foot of the stairs she was out of our line of vision. She laughed again.

"What the hell is all this?" I asked.

"I don't know," my friend said. We went on with our talk. In a few minutes the laugh, the descent of the stairs, was repeated.

We sat there for perhaps an hour and a half, and the performance in the cottage went on at regular intervals all during that time. Between laughs we sometimes could hear low, earnest conversation. When we got up to leave, my companion went over and looked in the window. When he came back he said, "It's Bette Davis and Director William Wyler, going over a scene for *The Letter*. Nobody in Hollywood likes to rehearse like Bette does. She's at it all the time, especially the big scenes. I think she kills somebody in this one. Or just has killed somebody, or something. You ought to meet her. She's fun."

"I know her," I said, "We're old childhood—I mean, I saw her once in Chicago."

"Well," he said, "she and Jimmy Cagney are going out to Death Valley, on location for *The Bride Came C.O.D.*, as soon as she's through with *The Letter*. We're going to fly a planeload of the press out there, and stay overnight. Maybe you could do something for Esquire. Want to come along?"

I said yes. We left the sound stage. As we got to the door I heard the laugh again. I looked back and saw her coming down the stairs.

"I didn't realize they had to practice so much," I said.

"They don't," my friend said, "if they don't want to get anywhere. That back there is the real recipe for success in Hollywood. And Davis is on top, don't forget that."

I went along on the Death Valley trip.

There were twenty photographers and newspapermen in the plane that Warners sent out there. We got there, coming in out of the sunset, just before time for dinner, and we made for the Furnace Creek Inn bar for cocktails. After while Miss Davis just in from location, joined us. I was introduced to her, and she sat at the bar and ordered a whiskey and soda. She said she was tired. She said my face was familiar.

"Vaguely familiar," she added. "I think we met in New York."

"Chicago," I said.

"Oh yes, of course. How stupid of me. In the Union Station. That was certainly some train ride, wasn't it?"

"It sure was," I said. Let it go.

We all had dinner and after dinner some of the fellows wanted to get up a poker game. As we left for the lodge in which we were to be quartered, some fifteen miles up the valley, we invited Miss Davis and James Cagney to join us. They said they had to get up too early in the morning to go out on location.

I offered to bet them a dollar each that I would be there before they were, in spite of the poker game.

They took me up.

I lost.

I woke up under my own power, and Miss Davis still was sitting there. She was smoking a cigarette and looking off across the valley. Her first name is pronounced "Betty."

"How do you like the desert?" I said.

"I don't like these mountains. I like them with trees on them, and not so far away. I like them smaller and with trees on them and I like them in New Hampshire, and in the fall. I can't get used to the whole business out here. California, I mean. There's too much and it's always too far away and it doesn't look real. Wrapped in cellophane. You did not have much of a nap. I have a little portable dressing room on the other side of the hill, by the sound truck, and there's a cot in it, if you want to take a real nap."

I said I'd had enough, and I lifted her coat off me and put it on the stump, first shaking the sand out of the fur, and we walked around on the top of the knoll. The sun was upon us now, and it was warm. A lot of people were around. Workmen, doing various things. Technicians, doing other things. There was an airplane tilted, on end, poking its nose into the sand. Just this side of it was a large bunch of cactus. This was not the same color, quite, as the other cactus, the wild cactus, clumps of which were scattered over the hilltop. It was made by the prop department, Miss Davis explained, and put there. It would not hurt Jimmy when she pushed him into it. The first day, she said, she inadvertently had got in touch with some real cactus, and it hurt. She didn't want to hurt Jimmy.

William Keighley, the director of *The Bride Came C.O.D.*, was looking things over, and the cameramen were setting up the camera, and the sound men were adjusting the microphone boom, and people were hauling cables around. More carloads of people came out from the hotel. Some of my rich poker companions came yawning up the hill. A few tourists had parked their cars a half-mile away—so the sound of their motors wouldn't disturb the sound track when it was time for them to leave—and were coming across the desert, plodding patiently through the sand, to watch.

One carload had completed the trek, and Cagney was explaining the set to them. They kept nodding. They were pleased.

A prop man brought some blankets from some place and spread them on the sand near the cactus. Mr. Keighley called Cagney and Miss Davis over, and the three of them looked at the bed and the cactus and talked, and finally he said, "All right, get into bed and we'll try it."

Somebody blew a whistle for quiet, and Miss Davis and Cagney got in between the blankets and Cagney winked at the assistant director, then they pretended they were asleep. Then Miss Davis pretended to wake up, and she sat up and yawned, then got out of the blankets and stood up and started doing some exercises, it being morning. Cagney now opened his eyes and looked around and got up and had an argument with Miss Davis and she got sore and pushed him into the clump of cactus. He yelled.

It seems they had made a forced landing in their plane, nosing it down into the desert and spoiling the propeller, and they had had to sleep out and were lost, or something.

They practiced the scene until noon.

At noon we had fried chicken. Some CCC boys had hiked over from their camp, which I was told was ten or twelve miles away, and there was some chicken left over and they were invited to finish it up. They did. They were very hungry. One of them had a small box camera and he asked very politely if he might take a picture of Miss Davis, and she posed for him eating a drumstick, and he was delighted. At first he took the picture on top of his last one, making a double exposure, and feverishly wound the film and took another, his deep brown face glistening in the sun. His friends were sorry they did not also have cameras. One of the boys told the lucky one that if he'd take another picture of Miss Davis, for him, he'd pay for the whole roll of films when they got back to camp. It was a deal. This time Miss Davis was taken eating a wishbone.

Promptly at one o'clock everybody went back to work.

They still were working on the same scene, this time making "takes" of it with the camera. They did it over and over. Sometimes Mr. Keighley stopped them in the middle of it, for a fresh start, and other times it seemed

Continued on page 136

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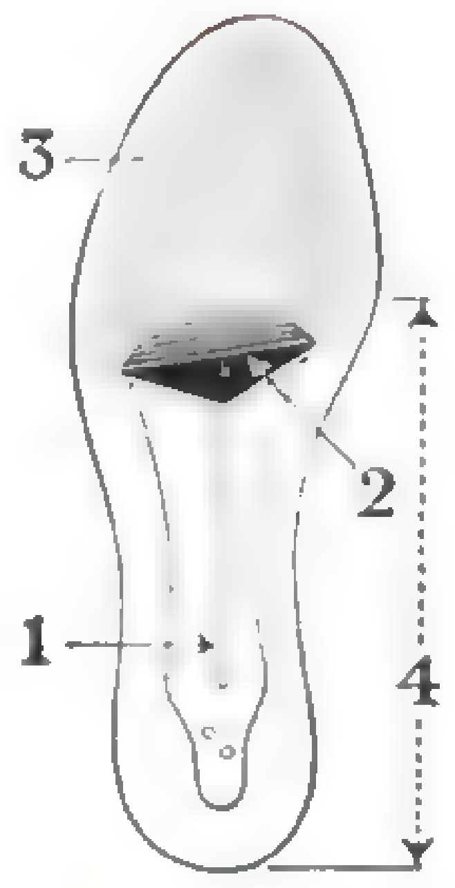

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L'Affaire Bette Davis

Continued from pages 70-135

to be all right but either Miss Davis or Cagney wanted to try to do it better. Or Mr. Keighley wanted to try a different camera angle. Between times, Miss Davis shoved Cagney into the cactus seven times, for the press photographers.

At four o'clock it was time for us to return to the hotel, since our plane was to leave at five. We all said goodbye to everybody. Cagney told me he was sorry they wouldn't get back to the hotel in time for him to buy me a cocktail with the dollar. Miss Davis said she also was sorry. They did not appear to me to be very sorry. If they were so sorry, what were they laughing about?

So we went back to the hotel and had a few drinks at the bar, then got into our plane.

It was a beautiful ride back to Hollywood. We played poker on the plane and I won nearly three dollars. This left me only nine dollars loser in all, or eleven if you want to count the two I lost on the bet.

I left my hat in Death Valley. It was nearly new.

* * *

George Hurrell called me up and said he was going to take the Bette Davis picture for Esquire next day at Two, and asked if I wanted to come over. This was about a month after our return from Death Valley. I never had seen a color photograph taken, and said I'd like to.

I got to Warner's studio at two o'clock and was taken to a large room, or studio, in which Hurrell was setting up his camera, the most complicated camera I ever had seen. The room was empty except for the camera and the lighting equipment, some black and some colored backgrounds, some kind of box covered with a tarp, a tremendous and luxurious couch covered with apple-green satin of the first quality, and a phonograph. The phonograph was playing a rhumba, loudly.

I sat on the tarp-covered box. Hurrell fussed around with his camera, while his assistant adjusted and tested the lamps. A prop man came in and patted up the pillows on the couch.

The door opened and Miss Davis came in at full speed, wearing a red, white and blue peasant-effect evening dress. She was followed by two girls.

"Boy!" said Hurrell's assistant, looking at Miss Davis.

"Whee!" cried Miss Davis, lifting her arms. She greeted all of us, and introduced me to the two girls, then went over and dove onto the couch.

"Hey there," the prop man said, "that couch cost over three hundred dollars, material and labor alone. Take it easy."

"Take a jump in the lake," Miss Davis said gayly; "George, how do you want me?"

Hurrell posed her, arranged her dress, switched some of the lights. Miss Davis hummed in tune with the rhumba. The two girls, Miss Margaret Donovan, Miss Davis' hairdresser and friend, and Miss Marie Dyches, Warner's fashion editor, came over and sat with me on the box.

"Bette left me a signet bracelet," Miss Donovan said.

"What do you mean, left it to you?" said Miss Dyches.

"In her will. She made her will last week, I thought it was silly but she said she had to do it sometime, and she left me the bracelet. I'm going to leave her something, too."

"You can't do that," Miss Dyches said. "Not both of you."

"Why?"

"Well, it doesn't work out that way. You can't both—"

"All right," Hurrell called out. His assistant took all the floodlights from the lamps and substituted flash bulbs. Except for one small spotlight, the room now was dark. Hurrell stepped over quickly to Miss Davis and said something, then came back to his camera and counted three, and when he said three he pushed a button or something and there was one brilliant flash from all the lights, and he had his picture.

He took two more, just to be sure.

When it was all over, Miss Davis asked me if I had my car and I said no. She said she'd drive me home. She went into the dressing room and came out wearing a dark brown slack suit. She said she was through for the day.

We went out and got into the car, and after we had gone a ways Miss Davis said she thought it would be a good idea to have a cocktail. It is not necessary to report my response to this suggestion. We went to the Blue Midnight Café and went in and sat down and Miss Davis ordered a Martini and I ordered a double one, being thirsty.

When it was time to pay for them, Miss Davis quickly reached into the pocket of her jacket and brought out a crumpled dollar bill and gave it to the waiter. I wanted to know what the hell, and tried to pay the waiter myself, but Miss Davis wouldn't have it.

"That's the same dollar," she said. "I've been keeping it to show I meant it when I said I'd like to buy a cocktail with it."

"You didn't have to do that," I said.

"That's what you think," she said. "You should have heard yourself out in the Valley that time. Going around all day, grumbling and griping about your two dollars. Telling everybody that Jimmy and I had cheated you."

"Oh," I said.

We went out to the car.

"Listen," I said, "was that really the same dollar?"

She laughed. "Of course not. It was just an idea I had. I thought it would be fun."

It was fun. All of it. ##

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ETCHINGS FOR EVERYBODY

It's not so long since an etching was merely the means of leading unsuspecting young girls to their Ruin. Young girls are still being led to their ruin, with considerable alacrity; but the Associated American Artists group has freed the etching from the atmosphere of the silk dressing gown and the champagne bucket, and by so doing has done fine things with American taste, given hundreds of artists a market for their work, and incidentally managed to build up a thriving business for itself.

The average American citizen of several years ago considered a familiarity with etchings the privilege of an enlightened few, and the enlightened few were encouraged to feel themselves highly esoteric. This consciousness permeated practically every field of art, so the average American, not being invited into the inner circle, surrounded himself with works of art from the local department store. They were pretty awful, but they were all he had.

Then came along the Associated American Artists group, which saw three-fold benefits coming from the sale of good art to the middle income group. They estimated that an artist could do better for himself by selling fifty etchings a year at $5.00 each than he would by trying to sell five of the same etchings at $30.00. And they foresaw an untapped market of perfectly good people who only needed to admit they didn't know anything about etchings in order to break down the barrier of their artistic inhibitions and start the ball rolling.

Other art galleries were filled with indignation when they heard what the Association intended to do. "We'll never sell another etching!" they wailed. But they've been selling more than ever. Once the average citizen found out the pleasures of etching collecting, there was no limit to his acquisitiveness—or to the places from which he would buy.

The Associated American Artists forthwith made announcement to the public that they would acquire the original limited edition etchings and lithographs of such artists as Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, and John Steuart Curry, for only $5.00. The wave of interest that immediately sprang up has never been abated. New editions are sometimes bought up sight unseen, notably two Grant Woods. And an edition runs into about 110 or 115 prints; 250 in the case of lithographs.

In the earlier days, subscribers would buy indiscriminately, not knowing the difference between an etching and a lithograph, or even that there *was* any difference. Experience has made them cannier, however, and some highly specialized collections are being built up; etchings of ships, for example, or hunting prints. Men are likely to go in for collections based on subject alone, while women are usually interested in the decorative value of the picture, no matter what is depicted. Character studies seem to bring about the least response, for some reason. Landscapes and scenic subjects do the best of all.

Although some collectors buy every print his favorite artist brings out, most orders are filled merely because of what is represented in the picture. Occasionally the work of a new and comparatively obscure artist will outsell that of a well-known artist, simply because the subject had a general appeal. W. R. Locke's *Palmettos*, a faithfully rendered coastal scene, is doing well. Familiarity with the subject apparently has little to do with its appeal, for Middle Westerners like seascapes.

Although the Associated American Artists was formed particularly for the benefit of the middle income group, there are also those who, on the one hand, buy up every print issued, and on the other, the ones who send in a dollar a month until they have a $5.00 credit, and then order the print they want.

Interest in a print does not stop once an edition is sold out and removed from the catalog. In its Patron's Supplement, a booklet sent to those who have bought prints, there is included the Trading Post, a classified page for the benefit of those who want to buy or sell, to the greater glory of their collections. When an organization has gotten to that point, it's really doing all right for itself.

And to further prove that it's doing all right for itself, the Associated American Artists group recently enlarged its handsome quarters at 711 Fifth Avenue to make room for the overflow of etchings and customers that it has brought together.

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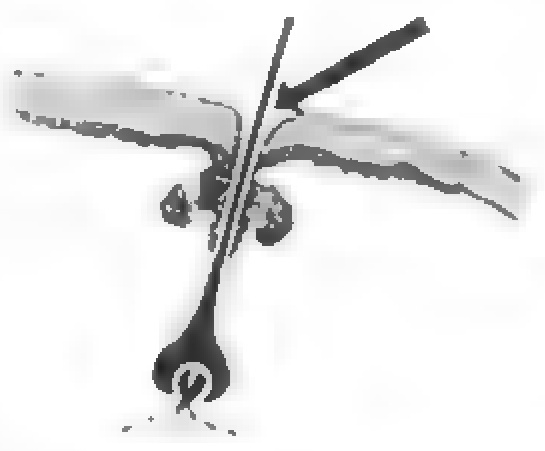

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 88

and underdrinks—characteristics of a true gourmet.

However, there is one important characteristic of a gourmet Obolensky lacks these days: slow mastication. The other day when I lunched with him I observed this fact, and immodestly taking it upon myself to speak for the whole brotherhood of epicures, I remonstrated gently, feeling that perhaps Serge momentarily forgot himself. "You are right," he said. "I eat too fast. Not only now, but as a rule. It's a habit that I acquired in the United States. For I have long ceased to be a Russian nobleman; I am now an American businessman, and I am always in a hurry."

And that brings me to a significant point in this article.

The myriad delicate shadings of flavor of good food can be appreciated only when they come in contact with the gustatory papillae, the taste nerves, and this happens only when you eat slowly. The gustatory papillae are placed on the rim of the tongue, near the molars, although the most sensitive are in the back of the roof of the mouth. This part is so responsive that it registers tangy flavors even before they actually reach there; just look at someone sucking a lemon and you'll know what I mean.

When food reaches the mouth, the tongue receives a sensation instantly communicated to the taste nerves and the secretion of juices start; but if you swallow your food quickly, before chewing it properly, this sensation is short-lived and scant. Only the back of the tongue and palate can differentiate between flavors and tell you whether you are eating partridge or pork, by coming into close and prolonged contact with the food. This is one reason why it's desirable to chew deliberately, as wise eaters do.

But even wise eaters when they have colds would have a hard time telling the difference between chocolate ice cream and mayonnaise, for instance. Hold your nostrils tight, and you can swallow the most loathsome medicine without tasting it nearly as much as you would otherwise.

The reason for this is that a flavor is to some extent dependent upon odor, and is caught by the sense of smell. The most sensitive taste nerves are near the olfactory cells, and the true flavor and delicious odors of a fine dish can only be communicated to the senses by slow eating.

An epicure—if he doesn't have to race back to his office—allows all the varieties of taste to seep into the papillae and palate; he lets a few moments elapse between mouthfuls; the beverage is sipped only after the food has been tasted, chewed, and swallowed. When the pleasure is most intense, he pauses, to enjoy for added moments one of the greatest privileges available to man—the taste of good food. When you gobble your food, the papillae become easily fatigued and the saliva ceases to respond, thus satiating the appetite and bringing on indigestion.

Summing up and endeavoring to make things simple, there are two main points in epicurean eating: eat little and eat slowly. The ideal meal is moderate in quantity with the emphasis on taste and quality. Temperate meals restore your appetite in several hours. Gourmets, dietitians and doctors all agree that nearly everyone overeats. The perfect epicure gets up after a meal light in girth but with appetite satisfied; if a lady in the party happens to snap her string of beads he should be able to retrieve them with the utmost ease.

I haven't seen Serge Obolensky actually do this, but I am sure he could; he is in perfect command of his greyhound-like body; for the past twenty-five years he has been the same weight, never losing, never gaining. And he is also in perfect command of his desires—he likes epicurean food, but since he went through the mill, he can enjoy a dry crust of bread if it comes to that. It is good to know hunger and it is good to know plenty, for ups and downs belong in the education of a man of the world. And it seems sudden changes of fortune are the common lot of princes.

Serge was taught this early in life and the training has come in handy on many an occasion: he does not feel at all badly about washing the dishes after cooking his own meal—if the servants are off. Obolensky's father—whom I would have liked very much to know—guided his son with the strength of his exceptional personality, and taught him never to shirk manual labor. Obolensky Sr., a very rich man, but also a great liberal and a democrat, had remarkable foresight. The Obolenskys had chefs, of course, and very good ones at that, yet the young Serge was required to learn how to prepare his own meals. Since his mother was a Naryshkin, coming from a family that was extremely proud of not having any sort of title (although the mother of Peter the Great was Natalia Naryshkin), Serge was constantly reminded that titles without character were nothing. Instead of the aristocratic page's school, he went to ordinary high school, and to the University of St. Petersburg. Later, at Oxford's Christ Church, Dr. Slater, a socialist, was his tutor, and Obolensky selected the course of Economics and Poor Laws.

But there was another side of Oxford too; Serge was far from the puritanical house of his father; he spent money freely, hunted, and played polo. A few weeks before the war started he sold his string of ponies to the German Count Arco, who was later to be mounted on one of them in the war, facing Obolensky as an enemy. The two noblemen knew that they were *vis à vis* at the front: the respective regiments possessed complete lists with the names of the enemy officers. Yet neither of them fired a revolver or plunged a saber; rather they looked nostalgically and sadly in each other's direction. Serge would have liked to send a plate of *stchi* over to Count Arco, for this daily cabbage-with-meat stew of the Russian soldiers was very palatable in the Guards.

He ate stchi confidently until in 1917 the bottom fell out of the Russian world—the revolution came and everything changed. Obolensky found himself in the White Army, eating mutton with his fingers from a common dish with Tartars, and wiping his greasy hands on his riding breeches like the rest of them. Still later, as fortune changed, he was in Australia, cooking at a homestead for the farmhands. Quite well, too, for one of them exclaimed after an especially good dinner: "That's no bloody prince! That's a bloody cook!"

The favorite columnist of our gourmet paragon is Walter Lippman; his favorite authors are Chekov, Oscar Wilde, and Alexis Tolstoy, the top writer of Russia. He likes biographies and history; often turns the pages of Brillat-Savarin's *Physiology of Taste;* and "adores" the ballet. He is a theatre first-nighter, and loves a movie if it's good; he liked Joseph Conrad's *Victory* with Sir Cedric Hardwicke in it. Matisse, Augustus John, Saroff, Sorine, Vertés, Berman and Berard are his preferred painters. His best-liked New York restaurant (outside of the St. Regis, naturally) is Rikers, where he usually eats hamburgers, toasted English muffins and coffee. Wherever he may be, he never misses a cup of hot tea at five in the afternoon; he believes this the greatest revivifier in the course of a busy day. Along with this English custom of tea drinking, he has a marked Oxford accent. Tennis and golf are his favorite sports today. He has a few friends he trusts implicitly; and he calls this the greatest good fortune in his life.

Concerning women, Serge is not easy to please. He searches for beauty combined with intellect in women, and he adds that he can find this happy combination more often in America than anywhere else in the world. Nevertheless he talked nostalgically of beautiful Tartar women whose nails and hair were hennaed. He is sometimes homesick for foreign lands—and breaking his neck to get back to America once he is abroad. He has the greatest affection for the Valley of the Hudson, the river itself, and the village of Rhinebeck, which he has called home ever since he first came to the United States. He cherishes life, for it was very nearly taken from him on countless occasions in the last war. Serge has not a trace of Nihilism in him, I am sorry to report. Notwithstanding the Oxford accent, however, and the patina and veneer of a worldly education, you can still almost smell the aroma of the good earth of Russia about him. He is simple and kind, like a figure from *War and Peace*, or like a good Russian peasant. Incidentally, he takes care of several British refugee children.

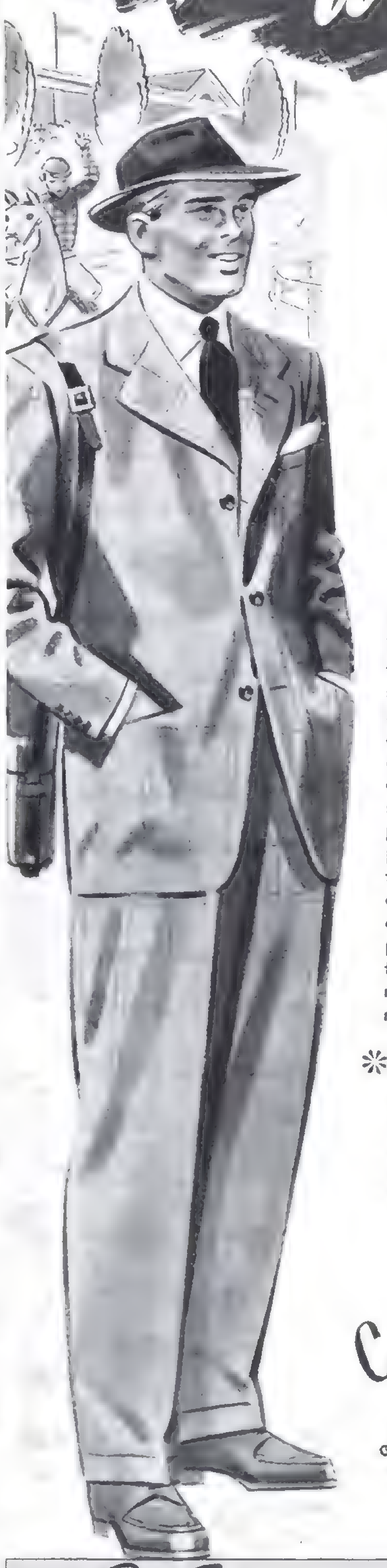
Why did I choose a Russian, or rather a nobleman who was born in Russia, when I wished to draw the portrait of an epicure? Because the Russian aristocrats had the best cuisine among all the people of all the world at one time and Serge was brought up on it. In the beginning of the Eighteenth Century these noblemen started to go westward to Paris and either came back laden with recipes or brought back the famous French chefs themselves. Thus, the heavy Russian cooking was married to the light French, and it became an excellent culinary matrimony.

There was great competition in Russia as to whose kitchen was the best. General Prince Saltykov, educator of Alexander the First, employed special chefs for each course for instance. Prince Gorchakov was a poor politician (he completed the Treaty of Berlin favoring the Turks) but his table was excellent. Count Strogonov was not only an able historian (he kept a diary of Alexander the First's time) but also lent his name to Boeuf Strogonov. Princess Olga Orlov, whose namesake Alexei Orlov was the greatest admiral Russia has known (in 1769 he defeated the Turkish fleet, burning every ship to the water's edge) had a chef who built beautiful pagodas of food, which besides being structural masterpieces, were well prepared. There were Grand Duke Wladimir Alexandrovitch, the Countess Schouvalov, Prince Pojarsky, Prince Gurjeff, the Galytzins, the Troubetzkoys, and countless others who took pride in their good and lavish fare. And more often than not there were princely houses where there were no more than three courses served even on the greatest occasions. Czar Nicholas II for example always insisted on simple food, and never ate with anything but a wooden spoon, like his humble muzhiks.

In St. Petersburg the great restaurants were flourishing; the "Cuba," "The Bear," and the "Donon" were the best there. In Moscow, where they ate much more than in "over-refined" St. Petersburg, the "Ermitage," the "Yar" and the "Testoff" were in fashion. Everything was on an extravagant scale; the portions were colossal, the flavors delicious.

"I ate those portions and requested more, since I was young and before forty a man is not quite moderate in his eating habits. But if, after forty, a man still doesn't know how to eat and what to eat, or how to prepare a few simple dishes for himself, he certainly has learned little from life," said Serge Obolensky, helping me on with my overcoat. He then

Continued at top of page 140



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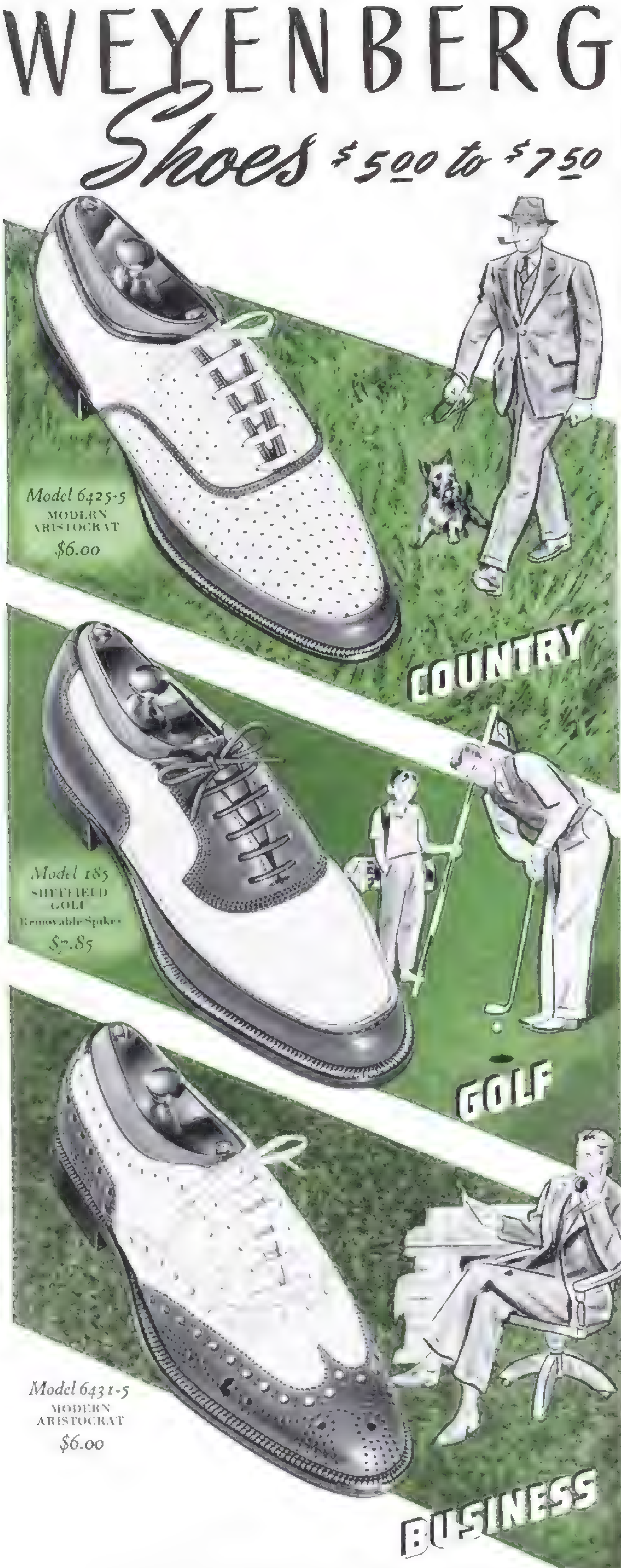

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 88-139

faced me, smiled quizzically, and offering a pleasant and muscular handshake, the prince of epicures bowed me out.

Borsch à la Russe (For six people)

Take eight onions, one stalk of celery, three carrots, four big beets and one white turnip. All these are cut in very small pieces. Add to them fresh cream and a little butter, three leaves of laurel, some unground pepper, a small can of tomato paste and some strong beef bouillon (which has been previously prepared) and boil for one hour over a low flame. While this is boiling, add to it one and one half pounds of cabbage, also salt and a quarter of a glass of sugar. When the vegetables become soft, add five fresh cut tomatoes.

Escalops of Veal

(As Prince Obolensky makes them)

Pare and cut two pounds of veal (from the hip preferably) into six even slices, and give them a terrific pounding. Season with a pinch of garlic salt and a pinch of pepper. Brown in a saucepan in pure olive oil on a very hot range, adding a small chopped onion, some chopped mushrooms, chopped parsley, and a glass of sherry. Cook the meat about five minutes on each side.

Poularde à l'estragon

Put into a chicken some fine tarragon; truss it and wrap it in bacon. Cook it in butter in a casserole, and when it's done, place the chicken on a platter near the stove. Into the sauce that remains in the casserole pour a good glass of brandy, a glass of Madeira wine, and some veal stock. Add a teaspoonful of chopped tarragon. Strain the sauce through a very fine sieve, and pour it over the fowl, and serve.

Sauce Diable

(This is an excellent sauce that suits most meat courses, especially sashlik)

Reduce white wine and vinegar of the same proportions to two thirds by cooking. Add a glass of Bordeaux wine, and a finely chopped shallot, also some pepper, and a bit of thyme and laurel, crushed. Add a large spoonful of veal stock. Let it boil for a few minutes; taste it and adjust the seasoning. Pass it through a fine sieve, and finish it up by adding a little finely chopped parsley. (Borsch à la Russe, Poularde à l'Estragon, and Sauce Diable, courtesy of the St. Regis Hotel.) ⧻

I Want a Change

Continued from page 67

just two double-threat stars or three or four from teams having eight or nine. A quarter of a century has gone by with no pennant floating from the flagpoles of Phillies, Browns or Bees.

But—suppose these handicapped teams were relieved of the necessity of grabbing six or eight double-threat stars in addition to good pitchers before the richer teams spotted them. Suppose there were two-group baseball. Well, the woods—or, rather, the bushes—are full of fellows who are Fancy Dans with a glove. And, yes, rare as natural hitters are, each team should be able to find half a dozen of them if no added requirement about fielding were added. Beyond a doubt *all* managers would find it less expensive and puzzling to find six acceptable hitters than eight or nine.

Just for the heck of it let's see what sort of batting array the sixteen major league ball clubs could offer if two-group baseball were adopted for 1941:

Cincinnati—The World Champions would undoubtedly use "Beezer" Lombardi, the two McCormicks, Gleeson and Goodman. The sixth spot could be filled with either the unpredictable Ripple or with Mike Dejan, who made an incredible minor league clouting record and whose reputedly unimpressive fielding wouldn't be a handicap in two-group baseball.

Brooklyn—This overballyhooed outfit can't put even six good hitters on the field, let alone eight or nine. There is Medwick, to be sure—or, rather, *not* to be too sure: will he recover fully from his beaning? There is "Blimp" Phelps, brittle as a catcher, but able to appear daily as a hitter in two-group baseball. There is Camilli, who hits hard but not often, and Dixie Walker and Lavagetto, a pair of in-and-outers. The remaining spot might be occupied by Reiser, Reese, Owen or even by Van Mungo or Curt Davis, pitchers by trade but also pretty fair hitters.

St. Louis Cardinals. The redoubtable Johnny Mize leads the Redbird attack, of course. After him we choose Slaughter, Koy, Padgett, Brown and Terry Moore. These last five have all enjoyed good seasons and mediocre ones; still they rate tentative inclusion in the St. Louis swatting sextet.

Pittsburgh—Vaughan, Van Robays, Fletcher, Elliott—plenty of runs batted in there! Batting Champion Debs Garms can hardly be left out. Rounding out the six-some we have a choice of Vince DiMaggio, "Spud" Davis and Pitcher Bowman.

Chicago Cubs—Leiber and Nicholson are extra-base clouters, who average around .300. Hack and Herman are dependable hitters, year after year. Novikoff, has made wreckage of minor league fences. McCullough, another highly touted rookie, might fill the sixth opening; or perhaps squatty little d'Allessandro will finally make the grade.

New York Giants—Ott, Young, Danning, Demaree, O'Dea, Rucker—those are my nominees for the Polo Grounds sextet. In the event of two-group baseball several of these players might well give their gloves to the deserving poor.

Boston Bees—The youthful quartet of Rowell, Ross, West and Miller plus that long-driving hurler Johnny Tobin and Ponce de Leon Cooney constitute a good attack. (But where, oh where could the Bees find any other good hitters, tell me that?)

Philadelphia Phillies—The hapless, hopeless, hitless occupants of the National League's not-so-bombproof cellar can not muster even *one* sure-fire batting star, to say nothing of nine! The six most likely candidates are: Rizzo and Marty, powerful wallopers, but inconsistent; May, the once-great Chuck Klein, and rookies Litwhiler and Frye, the latter a pitcher.

DETROIT—Greenberg, York, Gehringer and McCoskey—what a quartet of clouters *that* is! The other two places can be filled by Higgins and Tebbetts against southpaws; by Campbell and Sullivan when right-handers are on the mound.

CLEVELAND—No pitcher will especially relish the prospect of facing Weatherly, Trosky, Boudreau, Mack and Gerald Walker six times apiece in one game. The remaining candidate might be either Heath or Keltner if those young men can regain top form. Otherwise rookie Howell may horn in.

NEW YORK YANKEES—Baseball's bogey men! The Yanks' attack will profit less than almost any other team's from two-group baseball. Their magnificent farm system assures them of an ample choice of talent. As for their six-man line-up: DiMaggio, Keller, Selkirk and Henrich could muscle in on any team—long-driving outfielders all. Joe Gordon is another potent run-batter-inner. The remaining post might be claimed by Dickey or Rolfe if they rebound from their 1940 slumps.

BOSTON RED SOX—Biff! Sock! The Red Sox are in town! The plush-lined Hose and their opponents scored a combined total of 1,697 runs in 1940, by far the greatest in the league. Foxx, Williams, Dom DiMaggio, Doerr, Cronin—a nice prospect for a hard-working, inoffensive pitcher! Either Finney or Tabor would make a redoubtable sixth man.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX—As a tentative choice one can hardly avoid selecting Appling, Wright, Solters, Kuhel, Rosenthal and Kreevich. Tresh is a possible alternate.

ST. LOUIS BROWNS—Radcliffe came close to leading the league in 1940, and Judnich had a fine season too. Clift, McQuinn and Hoag played below their best form, but none of them is aged or infirm as yet. The other man might be Laabs or Leucadello.

WASHINGTON—Last in total bases in 1940 the Nationals are likely to retain that distinction in 1941. Not even two-group baseball would alter that dubious status. Travis, Lewis, Cramer, Case, Myer and either Ferrell or Archie, a newcomer, are the most impressive sixsome the Senators can place in their batting order.

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS—Last in runs in 1940, the A's would do much better if their batting line-up weren't clogged with a lot of weak-hitting infielders: good defense men, but pitchers drool with joy at the very sight of them. The following fellows would not do badly at all: Moses, Hayes, Johnson, Miles, Siebert and either Sam Chapman or Simmons.

The hitting rosters I have just suggested are based on the present personnels of the teams. Injuries, trades, the draft law, unforeseen slumps and spurts would undoubtedly cause a number of changes. The fact that I, Gus H. Fan, am not managing the various ball clubs would mean further alterations in actual practice. And still other shifts would occur when the ivory-hunters were instructed to sign every promising young slugger regardless of defensive skill.

Recapitulating we may conclude that two-group baseball should prove a good thing to all concerned. To the fan because he would see more expert play both at bat and afield. To the player because it would enable him to cash in on fielding ability despite mediocre hitting and vice versa. And to the club owner because it would tighten up the pennant race without increasing personnel.

There will be those who denounce this new scheme as visionary, revolutionary, fantastic. Baseball has been a good game for a century, they will remind us. For forty years baseball has flourished with the present rules in force. Then why inaugurate a new era that will junk many of the old habits, old record, old rules? Why indeed? Why invent the automobile? Old Dobbin *did* manage to get from here to there. ⵌ

The Long Embrace

Continued from page 87

into the glasses. "Here, dear," she said.

"I don't like the stuff, thanks."

Mrs. Walton sipped at her glass. "Well, there *is* more than your driving, then. You haven't always been this way. So—nervous, distraut. So abrupt with me."

"Oh, I'm sorry. But look, I am in a hurry. May I go now?"

"Where are you going?"

"You know perfectly well."

"To the airport?"

"Yes. To see Dave Roberts make a landing."

"That man."

"A good man, ma. Too good for me, I guess."

"What do you mean? You, who have every opportunity. Think of the expense to which I went to educate you, then to bring you out properly, and now you won't have anything to do with your own kind of men. Or the girls, for that matter."

"Bores, mother. The most terrific bores, all of them. I can't stand them. I'm sorry about the expense, but it was never I who wanted to come out. Or any of the rest of it."

"But that man—that *Roberts!*"

Marge stood up. "Get something straight, mother," she said. "I'm in love with him. In love? No. Crazy. Absolutely crazy about him. I'd give anything to get him. *Anything* at all. You're right. Something is wrong. I'm slightly nuts."

Mrs. Walton struggled to her feet, and her lacy teagown fell about her short legs in heavy

Continued on page 142

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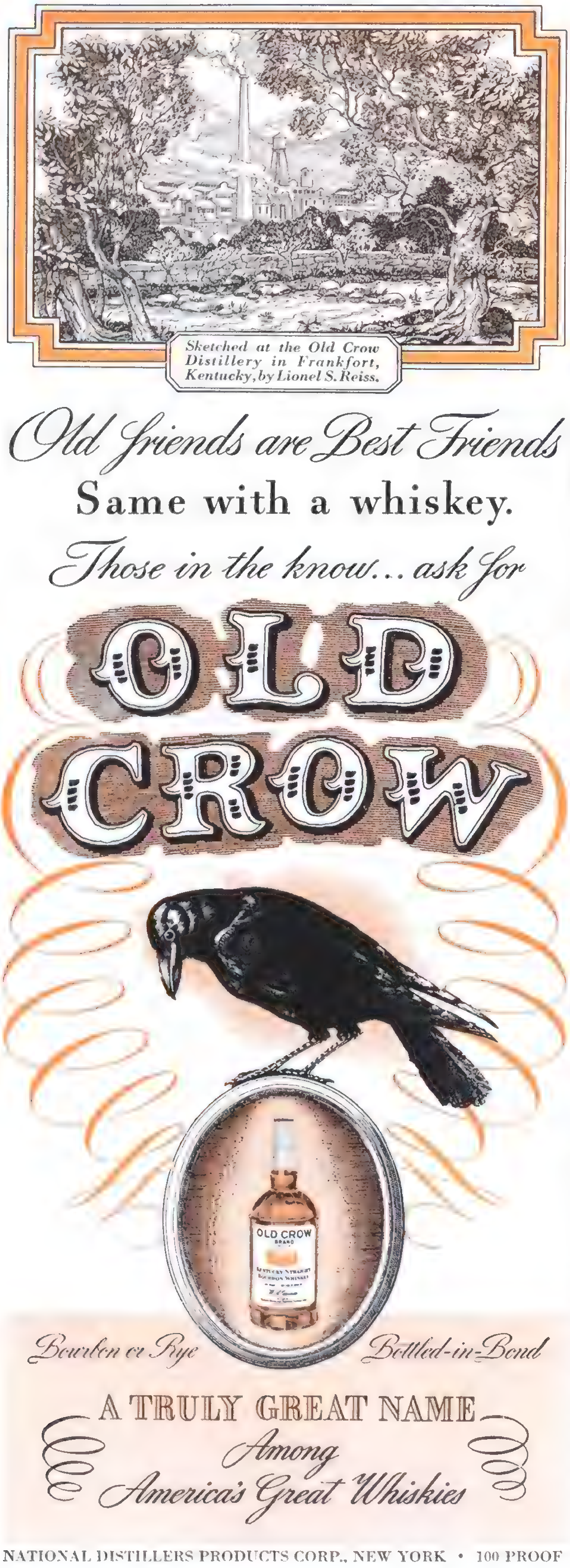
Sketched at the Old Crow Distillery in Frankfort, Kentucky, by Lionel S. Reiss.

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The Long Embrace

Continued from pages 87-141

folds, shrouded her dainty feet. "Marge, stop! I won't listen to this from you. I won't, I tell you."

"You asked for it," Marge said quietly.

"Do you mean to *marry* this man?"

She laughed. "Marry? Listen, a girl in my position doesn't hold out for marriage."

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean he thinks I'm so much dirt."

"Oh!" Her heavy shoulders hunched up in outrage, and her bosom rose and fell above her folded arms.

"It's true. How about it? Can I go now?"

"No. Sit down another moment. I want to tell you something." Mrs. Walton spoke quietly, with an effort.

"Well, what?"

"You know that I've not had an easy life. Bringing up a child, always headstrong and increasingly so, and in all these last, difficult years, I've had no help, I no husband, you no father. And now, Marge, don't you see, this hurts doubly, because somehow it must be *my* fault. If your father had lived, if you had a father now who could talk to you, I'm sure—"

"Rot, mother. It isn't a *father* I need."

Mrs. Walton blinked rapidly. "Marge, you wretched girl!"

"Sure. Don't I know it?"

She stood up to go, and as she stood up she felt a sharp twinge of pain in her chest, or her bowels, and slowly, as she stood there, and the room began to fade from sight, it grew into a terrible pain in her whole body, a ripping, tearing pain, and as she cried out, she knew that what she said had never been said. "Oh my God, mother, help me!"

"*Mask! Mask!*"

But her mother was already gone, had vanished in the mist which was swirling in the room, and the glow of the firelight had transformed itself into beams of searchlights, and the roar of a motor grew loud in her ears again, and it was suddenly very cold as she was driving faster and faster and faster until she was shrieking with terror, and shrieking a strange thing, something else she had never said, "Father, help me, father, father!" But when at last, in the cold blackness, she was free of the car and found herself moving slowly out and out into the space beyond, where there were no longer any searchlights but only a few distant stars, or any sounds, or any pain, she moved with strange, compliant comfort, until she knew that in a moment she would have moved out of mind and into that knowledge toward which she yearned now in agony and joy.

"*Okay. Way under.*"

"*Pulse?*"

"*Dropping.*"

"*Watch it.*"

And then she was on the ground again, driving now, fast but safely, the fog heavier and the day a little darker, taking the last curve on the highway before she turned in at the airport, then swinging her wheel sharply, and coasting into the nearly empty parking space. She pulled on the brake, jumped out, rushed into the brightly lighted, metallic place, and asked the first person she saw, "Is Roberts down yet?"

"Coming down now, ma'am."

She ran on down the shining corridor and out again, into the fog. She heard a droning motor above her in the mist, and she saw how all the sentinel lights were obscured on the ground in the deepening fog. The big searchlights were on, playing on the air, and in their powerful, barrel-like beams, the fog swirled in clouds. But the beams, even before they narrowed, were drowned, dissipated, blurred, unable to penetrate far the incredible murk. She glanced up at the controls tower where she could see the operator through the big windows, and she wished that she could get up there and listen to them bring him down, but she knew that they would prevent her. She clutched a moist, chromium railing and waited, listening to the steady roar of his motor as he circled the field.

As she stood there, she had only one desire, to be up there with him, to feel what he was feeling, to know what it was like to identify so perfectly the will and the mechanism and make this mechanical triumph over these non-mechanical obstacles, and come down smoothly, sweeping onto the ground exactly as you had calculated, but never knowing that you were going to; or not making the triumph, and come booming down from the soft, treacherous fog into the solid, smashing concrete as you had not calculated. The tension in either case was something which, even as she stood there on the earth, she could feel, she was certain, as powerfully as he, whose tension it was.

She clutched the railing with both hands and strained her face upward.

His motor now sounded farther away, then seemed to have stopped entirely, then picked up again with a sudden, nearby roar, and in the next moment she saw him come taxi-ing down the concrete, the glittering, silver machine through the fog like an obscure monster in a dream. She waited for him. When he came through the gate she stepped up to him. "That was very neat," she exclaimed.

He paused and stared at her. "My God," he said. "Again!"

"Sorry."

She walked along the runway with him, trotting at his side to keep up with him, and into the bright interior. He stopped abruptly and turned to her, his face red with exasperation. "Listen—" he said.

"Oh, don't say it!"

"Well, good Lord—"

"I know, I know. Just don't say it again."

"Now, listen—"

"No, no, don't."

"I've got to report," he said.

"Okay. I'll wait," she said, and watched him disappear up a little flight of metal stairs. Presently he came down again and, without speaking, walked by her into the restaurant. She followed him in and sat down beside him on one of the leather topped stools at the bar.

"Coffee, Marie," he said, pushing his pilot's cap back on his head.

"Two."

He turned and looked at her. "What do you want, anyway?"

"Don't be silly."

"Well, why don't you give up? No kidding, I'm not interested."

"Listen, Dave," she said, watching her fingers as she unwrapped one of the squares of sugar and dropped it into her coffee, "I'm not asking for much. I'm not trying to involve you in anything. I know you don't want to get mixed up with a woman. But you won't, don't you see? What I can give you, you probably pay for other places. And you'd be just as free."

"Jesus, what a woman!"

"Well, why not? Am I ugly? What's the matter with me? Am I ugly? Do I smell?"

He almost smiled at her. "You know you're damned attractive, that you've got everything a girl needs, including bucks. You got so much that you ought to have better things to do than chase me."

She put down her cup. "Sorry. I haven't."

"Well, why *me?*" he suddenly cried, so that the girl behind the counter heard and turned her bleached head sharply to stare at them. "Why me?" he asked more softly.

"Why? I don't know. It just is you, that's all. You just happen to be everything, see? I don't know why. Maybe it's the way you can bring a plane down. Besides being so beautiful."

He stared at her curiously. "You know, you make me uncomfortable," he said, "because I don't think it's me at all. It's something else you're after, something you got me mixed up with. Maybe just flying. Well, there are a lot of better fliers than me around."

"Something else?"

"Yeah. Girlish fancy about speed, or danger, or something."

"Maybe," she said. "But there it is."

"I can't accommodate."

She paused. "Look, there is something else. I'm no tart, you know, if you happen to think so. Fact, I'm what they call a virgin."

He laughed briefly. "Don't I know it? You'd have to be to be so dumb, and to hang on so. Sure, I know it."

She looked squarely into his dark eyes. "Dave," she said, "didn't you ever do anything you didn't want to do particularly? Just to be generous? Just to help someone out who was in a bad way? Didn't you?"

"Sorry," he said, "I got a girl, and I don't want another. It just happens. Besides, she wouldn't like it. Which reminds me, I got a phone call to make. Excuse me."

He got up and started toward the door, and she stood up too, and ran after him. She caught his arms, and he swung round to face her. She half-moaned, "Listen, take me outside for just one second. Embrace me for just one second. Kiss me, just once!" There were tears crowding out of her closed eyes.

"For Christ's sake!" he said, pulled his arms loose, and went out.

"Dave? That girl?" she cried, and her terrible yearning turned into pain.

He disappeared, and as she stood there, with her hand out, the pain spread in her chest and bowels again, slow at first and not hard, but then growing, and growing, and then she was calling loudly to Dave, something she had never said, she knew, "Dave, for God's sake, help me, you hurt me," and then the pain was so terrific that it seemed to lift her from the ground, and she saw how the fog was pouring in through the windows, filling the room, and the room vanishing, and Dave vanishing, and herself alone again, somewhere in space, in one of those beams again, moving out and out, and in her car again, driving furiously, furiously, out and out and out toward the blackness and the tiny stars, and with the knowledge suddenly that she was going to learn something, hear a voice from the motor drone, hear something which would explain everything, so that she would know at last, in the empty blackness, from the furious speed, what her whole life was a struggle to learn, if she did not smash up first, if terror did not drown her, learn what this fog, these lights, this roar of machinery, this grinding pain, these cries to him for help, were for . . .

"Mask, quick!"

"Here."

"How is the heart?"

"Slower, doctor."

"Adrenalin."

"This is ticklish," the young doctor muttered through his mask.

"There, she's going under again."

. . . and now out and out into the blackness, where pain ceased, and danger ceased, and sound and light and real motion, and you were hurled smoothly in this curious way to the secret of everything which was all you yearned for in the blackness and the unfelt cold . . .

But then, once more, everything was real enough again, and she had learned nothing except that now it was necessary to drive as fast as she could, tear up the highway, away from him, racing back to what? Home? The garage? She did not know. But she knew

Continued on page 144

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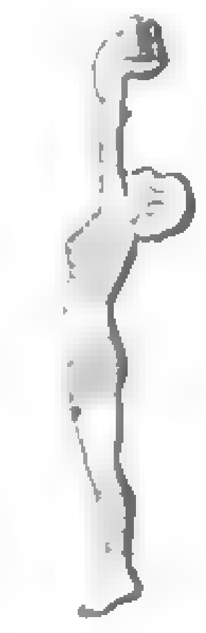

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The Long Embrace

Continued from pages 87-141-143

that she had to press the gas down as hard as it would go and take these corners sharp, let up a little as she came to them, and then, as she went into the curve, press down hard so that the tires stuck on the right side and she swept out free and fast into the straightaway.

Somewhere the sun was shining, sinking, sending a curious pinkness through the fog, and the air was faintly green, because it was day still, but the trees which shed the greenness on either side of the highway were limp and strange, like trees under water, dripping and waving like vegetation under the sea, listless and graceful, like dancers waving their arms.

Careful! She jammed her foot on the brake so that her tires screamed, swept up on the wrong side of the curve, but met nothing, and coasted over again on the right side, and then once more let the motor out. Her hat was on the seat beside her, and her hair streamed in the wind like a flag and the wet air struck her face sharply like hands. Ahead, the fog was red with the lights of the city going on, and now, through the thinning trees along the highway, the lights of houses shone. She pressed down hard on the gas and heard the soft roar of her engine in the deepening dusk, and the machine fled, or charged, along the dim highway, swept round curves, leapt up rises and roared into declines like an armored beast, enraged and incredibly powerful. She drove with a controlled fury, her hands exerting only a normal pressure on the wheel, but her foot pressed down hard, and her face lifted, almost expectantly, as if this speed were about to reveal something momentous to her, as if this speed were itself an answer to something, this speed which then seemed more important than anything in her life, even life, even Dave.

She was coming to the intersection with the highway which led directly into the city, and she took her foot off the accelerator. At the intersection she stopped for lights. She was breathing hard with excitement. Then she got her signal and turned sharply right, on to the city highway. Here the traffic was heavier, and she had to drive more slowly, but still she drove faster than she should have, unable to keep her speed down, darting in and out between cars, expertly, and not troubled by the fog now because the highway was illuminated, not troubled, as long as she kept up her speed, by thought.

She came to a stretch without traffic, and she let out the motor again. The powerful purr of the engine pleased her, and, leaning forward a little, her hands light on the wheel, she smiled. Only then she saw that she was taking a curve, sweeping out on the wrong side, and, too late, sweeping ahead at lights, a great shape, a truck, then a tremendous jolt, and then nothing at all . . .

. . . nothing but blackness, out into which she kept moving, free of her car now, and moving wonderfully in a regular circle, a circle which widened and widened, and as it did so letting all sensations, one by one, fall away. A familiar voice was saying, "Back her up, back her up," a flat, metallic voice, a voice without feeling or meaning, a voice at once strange and familiar in its curious, mechanical repetitiousness. This voice, in the blackness, was her only sensation. Lights and roaring and pain had gone, and in the blackness, as she swung ever out and out, nearer toward what seemed to be a few cold, distant, unblinking stars, only the voice stayed with her. Now even that was changing, changing to the older voice—and as the voice changed, she felt her whole being wracked with longing—the slightly wheezing voice, the clownish voice, and the words changed, and now, as she seemed to straighten her course and soar swiftly and cleanly out toward the distant stars, the new voice said, "Bring her in, bring her in, bring her in." Everything she had ever felt seemed concentrated now into a single yearning desire to *be* with the voice, and then presently, in the blackness, the form itself appeared, the old man, motioning with mechanical regularity, until, weeping, she came to where he was.

And then she began to laugh, as, in that outermost place, she felt his arms grip her and, in that embrace, they moved further out together. She was laughing, and wanting to say something, for now everything was clear. She looked close into his face as they sped through blackness, at the old skin, and the toothless jaws, and the zany's relishing grin, and she laughed again, as she had often laughed at him without knowing quite why, this ancient clown. But his arms were sinewy around her, and there was no longer any wondering in her mind, any yearning in her anywhere. She closed her eyes, and this embrace was everything—Dave, mother, father, life—and her laughter died to a smile. She opened her eyes and, in his thin arms at last, swam out with infinite pleasure, in the cold blackness, toward those cold and distant stars which now, slowly, were blinking out.

Later, in the doctors' dressing room, the two men were talking.

"Who was she?" the young man asked.

"She's just been identified," said the other. "Her name was Marge Walton. Rich girl."

"Marge Walton! No fooling? I've seen that car. What a baby!"

"So?"

"Big, open, high-powered foreign

job. Black, with a lot of chromium on it. Long as a boat. Like a big, roaring beetle. What a waste!"

"You could probably pick it up cheap now."

"Yeah!" laughed the young man. "After she tied it up in knots."

The old man was buttoning his shirt and suddenly paused. He looked at the young man and shook his head.

"I don't understand it. She was banged up pretty badly, it's true, and she had lost some blood, but not enough to cut her off like that. From the moment she came in, everything began to slow up. The adrenalin didn't begin to take hold! She wasn't trying very hard, I'm afraid."

And the young man, who was about to leave, said, "Some want to live, some don't, they say. Something we don't know about, and something they don't—until they go under. Well, I'll see you." #

We All Fish Left-Handed

Continued from page 51

number of anglers and see how many of them can do it with any regularity. Even if they slide the bait into the water, the chances are they lose enough time in changing hands for the lure to come to a halt and sag down so that the fish, waiting there to take a bite, sees that the thing is a phony and goes on off to greener fields.

And in addition to changing hands, the angler must grab for those reel handles with his right hand. Frequently he muffs the grab, causing an additional delay.

There is still another disadvantage to this procedure. Many is the time when a bass will strike a lure, particularly a floating plug, the instant it touches the water, or perhaps while it is an inch or two from the water. And such fish are usually lost because the fisherman is all tied up in the task of changing hands and is in no position to strike his fish and keep a tight line. I have this happen to me about once every fishing trip.

Now let us see what would happen if the situation were reversed. The angler would cast out and gently slide the bait back into the water, bringing it toward him to achieve this result. As he brought the rod tip in, he would have ample time to get his left hand on the reel handles and start reeling. There would be no lost motion.

He would eliminate the additional task of having to reverse the position of the rod. As it stands now a fisherman in casting brings the rod tip back in toward his left side, since he is using his right hand to do it. Then when he changes hands, he also must change the position of the rod, getting it over on his right side. More lost time—more slack line.

I have watched left-handed fishermen at work. I have had them whip my ears down many times. Sometimes it was luck. Sometimes they clearly outfished me. But many times the margin of defeat was the difference in the tackle.

The second step in handling casting tackle is the retrieve. If you are fishing in a leisurely manner, the chances are, the position of the reel handles will not make much difference. Your left hand will not tire, and you can get ample action on the lure.

But if the conditions in fresh water are such that you really have to give a plug the works to get results, or if you go down to salt water where a bait frequently must be fished three or four times as fast as in fresh water, then you know that something is wrong.

What happens is that your left hand begins to play out on you from working the rod. There are times when you must keep the rod up in the air and wave it back and forth like a branch in the breeze, reeling rapidly and steadily to get results. And the left hand takes a beating.

I have checked with left-handed fishermen, using right-handed tackle, in such fishing. They inform me they feel no unusual strain on either hand. Most of them have to stop and think for some time to remember which hand gets tired first. I don't. I can tell you immediately that my left hand begins to wear out, and it's the same with any right-handed fisherman working a lure fast for an hour or more.

Furthermore, these left-handed anglers insist that they experience no difficulty in reeling in rapidly with their right hand. I have found in my own experimenting that it is difficult for me to reel rapidly with my left hand. But, as I have mentioned, I have fished for long years, and it is a job for any man to make a sudden change.

These left-handed fishermen using our tackle have the additional advantage of being able to work a lure with more snap, because their strong left hand is manipulating the rod. At times this extra snap means extra fish. So this is Handicap No. 2 for the fisherman using the standard equipment.

You might argue with me on these first two points, and it is possible there may be some basis for your argument. But when we move on to Handicap No. 3, I know there is no room to argue.

And this is in fighting a fish.

I am speaking now of fighting a fish as he must be fought if an angler expects to land one of any size. The boy who hangs onto the reel handles with his right hand is fishing right-handed, it is true, and the tackle suits him. But the system doesn't suit the fish.

Not so long ago I took a topnotch fresh water fisherman down to salt water for a fling at snook and tarpon with light casting tackle. I was surprised to see him try to hold these fish with the reel handles. He watched us, and being an observing man, soon switched, handling his equipment as we did. Before it was over he stood flat-footed on shore and

Continued on page 146

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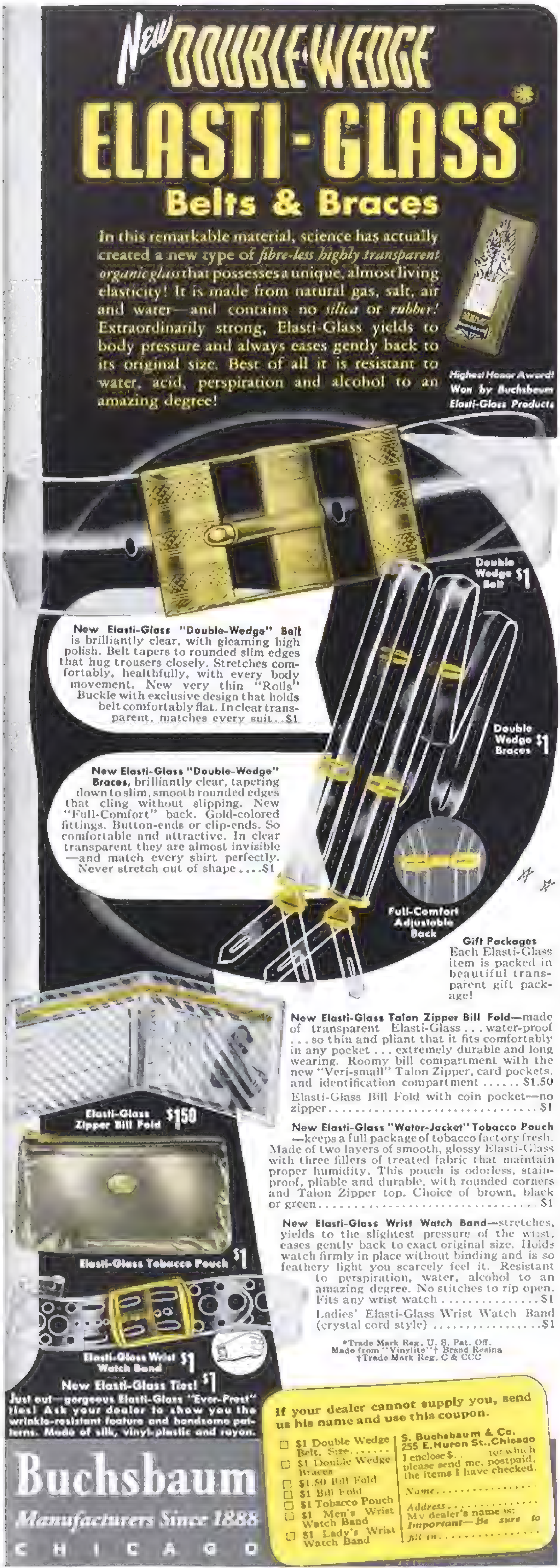
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We All Fish Left-Handed

Continued from pages 51-145

whipped down a five-foot tarpon using a light bass rod and 130 yards of fourteen-pound test silk line. If you think this is a snap, go try it and write me about it.

When he landed his tarpon, after an hour's battle, his left hand and arm were practically paralyzed. Almost all the strain was on his left hand. At times he had to bring in the right hand to help, thumbing the reel with it. And when he did so, he ran a risk of losing his fish. If it had started a sudden run toward him he was in no position to reel in the slack.

You might argue that a man should use heavier tackle in such fishing—a reel with an internal drag. The trouble is that you can't cast the lures with such tackle. There are some reels made on the order of fresh water reels only slightly larger, and with internal drags. But with such reels you can hardly cast a lure weighing less than an ounce and a quarter, and many is the time when weakfish, snook and other salt water fish, including tarpon, will not take these lures, but will snap at smaller ones.

No, in the actual fighting of a fish the present tackle puts an entirely unreasonable strain on the angler's left hand and arm. About ten to fifteen minutes is as long as you can keep a good, tight line on a large fish using your left thumb. After that you must resort to tricks—probably putting both thumbs on the reel, or shifting to the right hand.

I recently witnessed the odd spectacle of an angler who simply used his tackle in reverse when he hooked a big fish. He held the rod and reel in his right hand, thumbed the reel with his right thumb, then put his left hand all the way over on the right side of the reel to wind in slack. He knew something was wrong with the tackle and he simply "went around it." He looked mighty strange in action, but he did a fair job of landing his fish, and after all, that's the main idea in fishing.

How much simpler it would be, then, to put the handles on the left side of the reel. Then the right hand could do most of the work, and the left would merely have to take in slack—which is about all the reel handles should be used for, anyway, in fighting a big fish.

It becomes fairly apparent to a man who studies the situation that we are probably all fishing left-handed. The one possible objection to making a change in our reels is that a man may not be able to reel in quite so well with his left hand as he can with his right. This objection, I believe, is minor. I merely refer the objectors to any left-handed fisherman. Go watch him and see if he seems to have any trouble spinning the reel with his right hand.

It must be remembered that the work which the left hand would do if we shifted to so-called left-handed tackle would be mainly delicate, compared to what it does now. And it is usually true that the left hand is a bit more sensitive than the right. In this land of freedom such dainty operations as picking the nose are usually performed with the left hand. The left hand would be admirably suited to the fine timing required in handling the reel handles—where a split-second delay in turning loose when a big fish starts a run may mean broken tackle and a lost fish.

The whole thing, I believe, simmers down to the fact that the men who made our first reels, way back there in the Good Old Days, made them with the idea in mind that the reel was to be simply an instrument for winding in a fish. And since the right hand of the average man is stronger than the left, the idea was to give the fisherman the advantage of using his strong hand in winding in the fish.

When brakes were first put in reels, the situation did not change. It even became more accentuated, because the first brakes were inside the handle, and, brother, if you've ever landed a tarpon or a stud jack with one of those old knuckle-busters, you know how nice it is to have a strong right hand holding that reel handle.

Times have changed, however, and methods of fishing have changed—but not the tackle. The man who really enjoys his fishing is the angler who casts for it with light equipment—with a reel that has no brake on it so he can "get the feel of his fish."

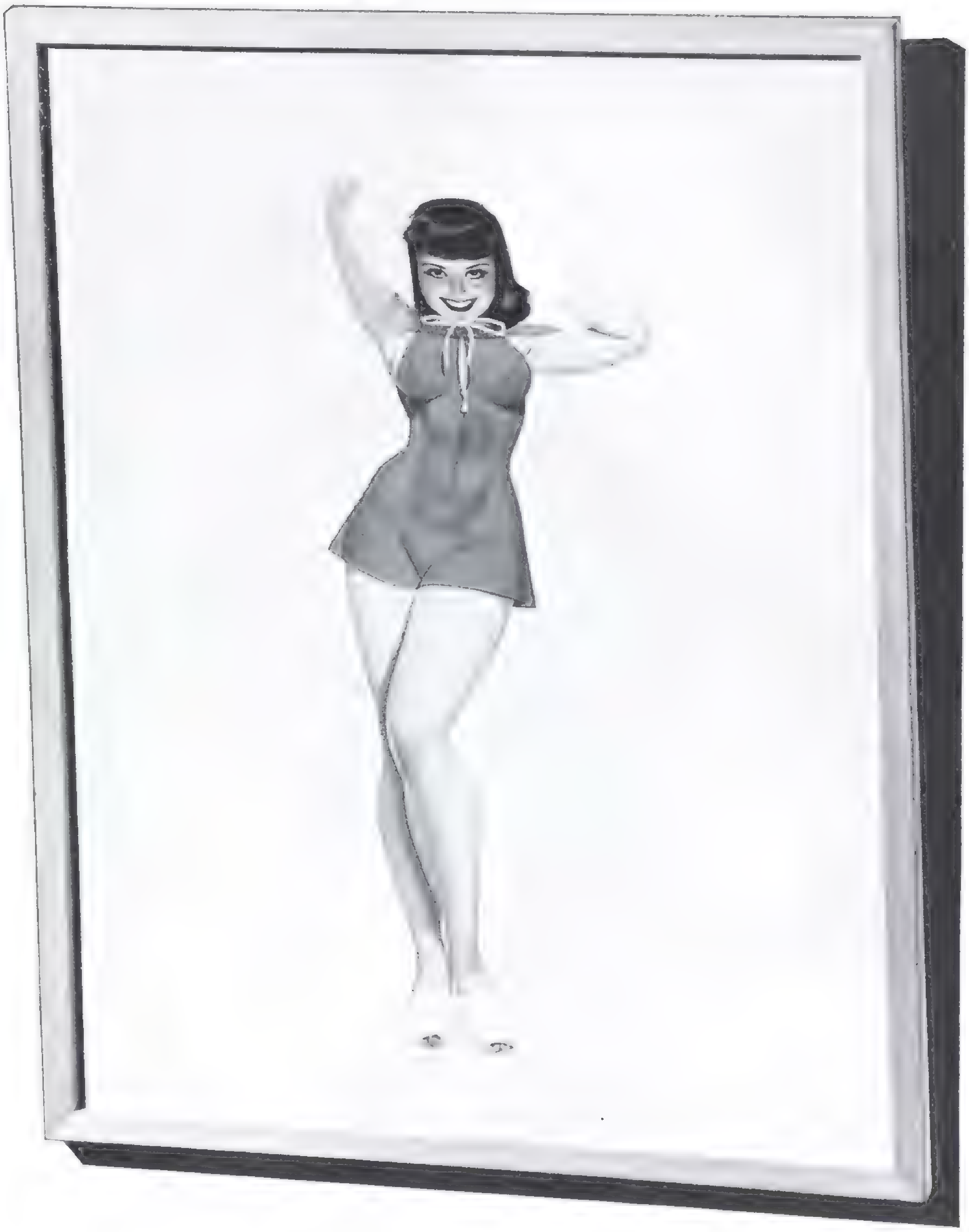
In using such tackle we no longer handle a fish as the boys did in those Good Old Days. It cannot be done. Yet we use reels made just as though we still fished that way. We cling to the right-handed reel mainly because they started out being made that way.

I admit that a man can achieve a considerable degree of dexterity with this tackle, just as it now stands. But by the same token you could probably learn to do a fair job of combing your hair with your feet if you lost both hands.

You haven't lost your hands, though—or if you have it isn't my fault.

So when you start your boy off fishing, try this experiment. Give him both a left-handed and a right-handed reel. Let him fish with both of them, and see which one he settles down to using. Induce him to give the left-handed equipment a fair trial as he goes along. And if he hooks fish which really give action, I have a hunch he will end up using left-handed tackle.

I'm not trying to change those old fogies like myself who are wedded to our mistakes and have learned to love, honor, and obey them. I'm merely suggesting that we are probably all fishing left-handed, and it might be wise to do a bit of experimenting and bring up the next generation so they can fight a fish without having to do it backwards. ##



A Petty Girl Is Like a Melody...

It has been said that princes weary of love, like Francis the First; or of pleasure, like Henry the Third; or of action, like Henry the Fourth; or of virtuous affection, like Henry the Eighth.

Now men vary in their given tastes, just as women vary in their given names. But the one thing that has been common to all men, in all times, and of which it has never been recorded that any man, at any time, in any age has ever tired, is female beauty itself—for its own sake.

That is why that excellent epicure, Mr. Walter Pater was so insistent about the notion that not the fruit of any *specific* experience, but the experience of beauty *alone*, is the end.

It is also the reason Plato was always prodding Xenocrates to "sacrifice to the Graces."

For the exquisite curvings, and the vari-colored sweetness of a woman's beauty are things apart—the distilled essence of life itself. They can never dwindle nor dull, because they are themselves things full men live by; they—and not their wearers—are the answer to the eternal quest. Abstract as Bach, intoxicating as hasheesh, primitive as a voodoo drum, they, and they alone make the sap rise afresh each vernal solstice, in quivering corn.

In a large measure, this accounts for the singular place of the Petty girl in the phantasies and pleasure coves of the modern man. For she is not one girl, nor another; not Melisande, not Francesca, not Nicolette—she is the quintessence of all the things for which men did high deeds on the Hellespont, and for which they blithely died on the plains of Troy.

While we do not propose to replace the late Sir Joseph Daveen in matters of art, we suggest, in passing, that you invest $1.50 in a modest soul-salving *objet d'art:* the full, life-colored rendering of the piquant Petty girl pictured above, laminated and framed to last throughout this century, to add distinction to your gallery, joy to your hearth, and fine yearnings to your sleep.

Clip and mail today to Esquire, **Dept. L,** 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sure, Esquire, count me in. The new June Petty girl, illustrated above, certainly is a soul-salving *objet d'art.* By all means rush me one of those 20" x 15" June Petty reproductions in full color—and the sooner the better. I understand it will be shipped to me carefully packed, framed in a blonde modern frame and protected by Lamination (a glasslike film—unbreakable and soilproof). Here's $1.50 to cover all charges. (U. S. orders only.)

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BAYONNE, N. J.

A Morning in Court

Continued from page 41

the families of rabbis and also that the boy was not confirmed. These last our laws would discount." Then, turning to the boy, Pilate asked: "Where is the money?"

"They took it away. And two more they also took from me. These last two shekels belonged to my father. I was paid for delivering vegetables that day."

"What day?"

"Last week, on Wednesday."

"Where were you since then?"

"They held me in the Temple cellar and beat me in the bargain."

"Then I say," spoke Pilate boldly, "the boy has been punished enough for four shekels. And since the money has been returned, I will set him free. But . . ."

"The Lord bless his Excellency!" cried the mother of the boy.

"But he must promise never to go near the money tables again."

"I promise," said the boy, with a lump in his throat.

"Go free."

"The Lord bless our governor!" cried the mother.

"Wait," ordered Pilate. "Let them pay you the two shekels belonging to your father. Only the other four belong to the tables."

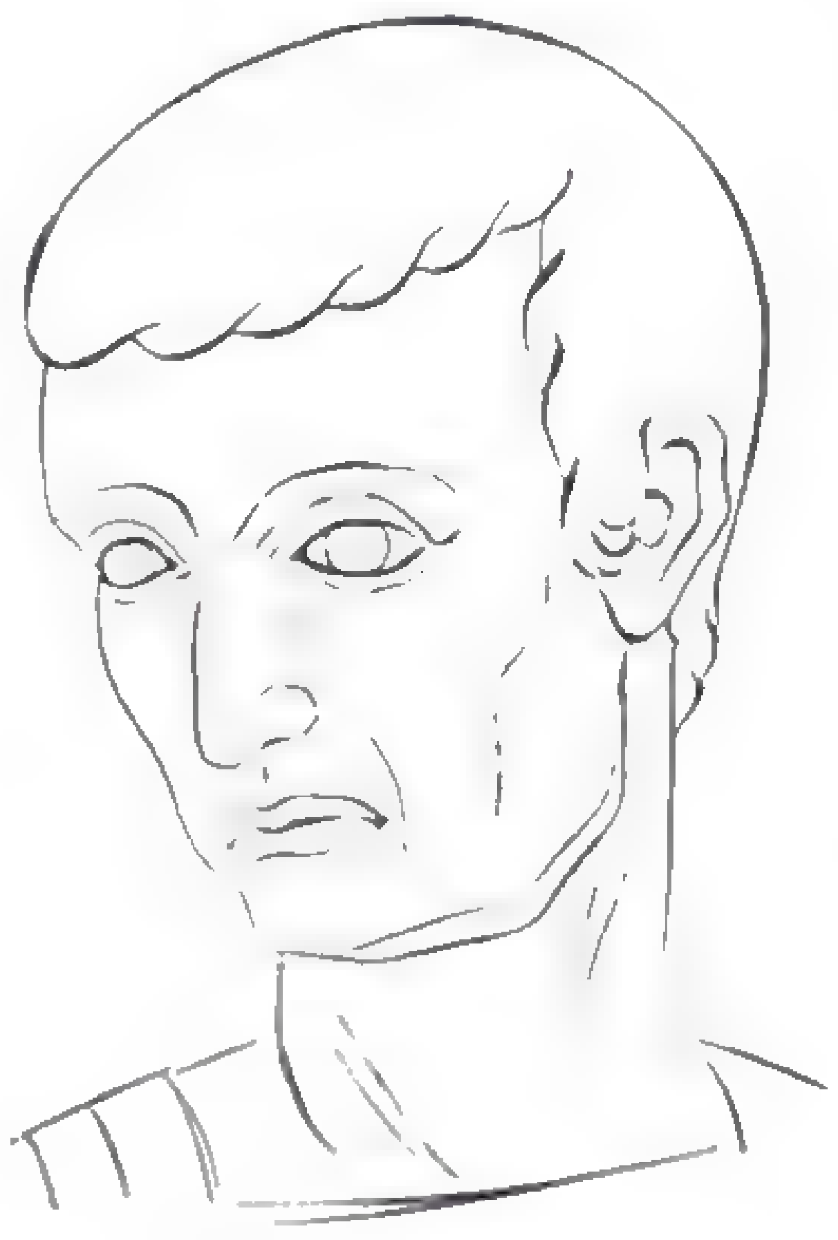
The young prosecutor with his highly oiled hair drew his leather pouch very slowly and biting his lips, took out two silver shekels. The boy held out his hand but the prosecutor pretended he did not see the outstretched palm and dropped the coins on the pavement.

"Bring me no boys of fourteen while the robber Barabbas is free. Four shekels make no case for high law," said Pilate. "Bring the woman prisoner. Untie her hands. What is she charged with?"

"Your Excellency, this is another one and we demand that it be stopped. She was caught singing the song."

"And for this you ask the penalty of death?"

"Yes, because it profanes the houses of our rabbis. An example must be made or soon the whole city will be singing this song."



"Yes," cried the woman prisoner in a shrill voice. "The whole city will be singing the song and the thieves will be driven out."

"Hush, woman," said Pilate. "You will have your turn to defend yourself."

"You see, she admits the deed."

"Yes, I cannot see how an example of one would stop others from singing this song."

"Our officers have strict orders to arrest anyone caught singing this refrain."

No sooner had the prosecutor spoken these words than someone in the crowd gathered in this street before the court was heard to sing, in a voice harsh and defiant:

Woe is me, for the house of Annas,
Woe is me, for their clubs.
Woe is me, for the house of Boethus,
Woe is me, for their ugly whisperings.
Woe is me, for the house of Kathros,
Woe is me, for their fists. . . .

"Stop them!" cried the prosecutor. And several other Temple officials rose to their feet and appealed to Pilate. "Stop them!"

The voice from the crowd stopped suddenly; but several other voices a slight distance away took up the refrain and continued the lines of the forbidden song.

Woe is me, for they are the high-priests.
And their sons are the treasurers,
And their sons-in-law are Temple-officers,
And their servants beat the people with staves.
Woe is me, and all Israel shall weep.

"Is that the song?" asked Pilate, although he had heard it before and knew it was.

"She is guilty of profanity. She even admits it," shouted the prosecutor.

"But," said Pilate gently. "If I convict her, I must also convict the others. She is not the only singer on the streets of Jerusalem."

"It is not a song," cried the woman in her high shrill voice.

"The words are very sad, it is true," spoke Pilate. "Could you not sing something gayer?"

"No. I cannot be gay. I have nothing but sorrow in my heart. If I sing it must be a lament, or I won't sing at all."

"You see, she is brazen!" cried the prosecutor. "An example must be made."

Pilate addressed the prisoner. "These accusations which you throw out so easily, the chidings and the ugly whisperings, and fists and stones, are these mere inventions, or could they be proven?"

"All Jerusalem is my witness," replied the prisoner. "I am not the only offender. You have yourself heard others while I stood before you."

"I have. Now let me see. There might be something in the law about an evil song but there is nothing in law to stop a lament. I must let the prisoner go free. But if she continues to sing against these famous houses and is again brought before me, I will order that she must produce proof and that the houses of Annas, Boethus and Kathros send representatives to this court to defend the charges against them. The scribe will record my words as I have spoken. So it shall be."

A low murmur of discontent came from the Temple officials. Pilate's verdict did not please them.

The prosecutor now drew his striped shawl over both shoulders and with a frown on his forehead retired to the stone bench beside the dais.

The freed woman went off into the crowd and her high voice was heard explaining her case to those who had already heard and seen what had taken place. The scribe beside the dais wrote the words of Pilate on the parchment before him.

The prosecutor, after whispering to several of the Temple officials on the stone bench beside him leaned forward and asked the scribe to make him an exact copy of this last verdict of the Roman governor. "We want it for our records," he added. "Because a time will come . . ." His threatening voice halted and he did not finish what he began to say.

When the space before the dais was cleared a delegation of four Temple officials in official dress came before the Procurator of Judea. Their leader and spokesman held a scroll in his hand.

"We come with a petition," spoke the leader.

"If it is reasonable, it will be granted," Pilate replied.

"It applies to the games about the take place this afternoon."

"How can the games possibly concern you?"

"Very much, your Excellency. In the first place, our city is a holy city and the games are not part of our heritage."

"True. Very few of your race attend the games. But we have enough Greeks and Arabs and Romans to fill the arena to its very brim."

"It is a heathen sport."

"That may also be true. We amuse ourselves in the way we like and you are free to amuse yourselves as you like provided it does not make a disturbance."

"Because of the coming events the entire city has been upset these last few days."

"That I am unable to control. The games do no harm. Your markets and bazaars are filled with visitors. The city only grows richer because of the games."

"And there is still one more serious thing. The young prince is a Jew. He is the son of Ben Shaba."

"Yes, that I know. He is my guest and has come here on my invitation."

"But he should not be allowed to take part in the games."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not customary for Jews to enter into contests with Gentiles."

"That is a debatable point. In Rome we have had many fine contestants who were Jews. Many have distinguished themselves in the arena. If they are not forbidden in Rome, then why should they be forbidden here?"

"Because here it is not customary!"

"That is also debatable. Shall I remind you that your own late king Herod attended every performance of the games? Was not his life attempted once by a blind man in the stadium?"

"Herod was a tyrant."

"True. And you may still have some Herods amongst you. But he was your king and he always attended the games. Also, I would remind you that your rich merchants often attend the games and that last year one of the running contests was won by the son of the cooper Mishan who is a Jew."

"This may be true."

"It is the truth and you know it."

"Yes, but running on foot is not racing with horses."

"Now you begin your worrying art of verbal quibbles. A foot is not a hoof and a hoof is not a foot. A race is a race, be it on foot or with horses." Pilate spoke these last words with some impatience.

"Then we must add an unpleasant fact."

"Come now. Out with it!"

"Ben Shaba is the richest man in Judea and still he refuses to live in Jerusalem."

"What can I do about it?"

"He should be made to live here so he may pay tribute to the Temple. We lose each year a sum . . . If every rich man were to move out of the city, where would we be?"

"I cannot force people to live where they do not want to live. And the only reason you want him is because he is rich. Would you want the poor also from the wilderness? Would you like the multitude who are now following that Teacher to come here also? This desert Teacher feeds them. Would you feed them if they came here?"

"No. They cannot come here. Their heads are turned by a false Messiah. They speak evil against us and against the sacred laws of Israel. They are forbidden to come here and neither may their leaders pass through the sacred gates of Jerusalem."

"You want the rich but not the poor. Are not all people the creatures of your God?"

"They are if they worship our God. But when they worship new gods, then they become the enemies of Israel."

"Truly, it is hard for a Roman to understand these matters. With us, things are quite simple. We have many gods and each god has his work and domain. Our gods do very well by the Romans. I am not one to complain about things in heaven."

"Pagans are Pagans and Gentiles are Gentiles."

"Very well," said Pilate genially. "Let it be so."

"But that is not all," said the leader of the Temple delegation. "What you have not given us by request we must take by demand."

"Speak your demand."

Continued on page 150

The "Spirit" of Scotland
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AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON... THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

A Morning in Court

Continued from pages 41-149

"We want a warrant for the arrest of Lazarus!"

"Arrest my guest?"

"Yes."

"What has he done to offend you?"

"Nothing. But he must not race in the arena with the common Pagans."

"And on what charges would you propose to hold him?"

"We would hold him in place of his father. Some years ago his father came to the Temple. At that time he was merely an ordinary caravan driver. And he was arrested for a crime."

"What crime?"

"Breeding discontent within the Temple grounds."

"Yes. Go on. Where was he tried?"

"He was never tried for this offense because he escaped. He should be arrested and tried. And that is why Lazarus must be held until his father appears."

"Ben Shaba is an old man now. Tell me, when did all this occur?"

"Thirty years ago."

"Thirty? Did I hear you aright?"

"Yes, thirty."

At this Pilate let out a loud laugh. "Ha, ha! Thirty years ago. Your old Herod was alive then. Ah! Those were nice days. And Herod should have judged him, only he escaped. Ha, ha! I tell you what. Since you insist on digging so far back, you get your old Herod back from the grave and I will give him my seat here and issue the warrant. Thirty years! Ha, ha! My, my, even time seems to make no impression on you whatsoever."

"He will not race!" cried the leader.

"How will you prevent it?"

"If reason and decency will not sway you, then we have other means."

"Your words seem threatening."

"They are what they seem. We ask for justice and you give us a stone."

"You ask for blood and I send you off with milk!"

"We have appealed in the name of the reverend Annas and now we wash our hands and will not be responsible."

"The name of Annas, your high-priest, is no longer a good name. Your own people cry out against him. Go and tell him what I have said. Bring me a better name next time. . . . Wait! One thing more," he shook his finger at them. "If a single hair of Lazarus' head is touched, I will send fast messengers to Aretas, king of Arabia, whose armies now wait on the borderland. He will move in upon you like a swarm of locusts and then perhaps. . . . This I swear I will do and you may believe my word. This much I would have clear before you go. I do not meddle with your Temple and I will not allow you to meddle with our games. The Temple is yours and the games are Roman. What is Roman will remain Roman until the end of time."

"And the eagles!" cried one of the delegation in anger.

"The eagles must remain over the Temple arch, for so has the Emperor in Rome ordered."

"It's a graven image and against our law."

"It does no harm and only shows that Rome is ready to protect you."

"From whom?"

"From Greeks, from Arabs, from wandering bands in the wilderness, from all invaders."

"Yes, but who is there to protect us from Rome?"

This last was said with a good deal of sarcasm. But Pilate was quick to reply.

"I am here," he said with a smile, "for that purpose."

When these words were spoken a loud blast of trumpets was heard. The notes rent the air with shrill dissonance. There was something wild and barbaric in the trumpets' call. And those standing about were struck with a strange terror, for these were sounds unlike any they had heard before.

A sharp clatter of hoofs was heard. Soon ten Arabs mounted on white and pale colored steeds, with their cloaks flowing in the breeze, came trotting through the main streets of Jerusalem.

"These are officers from the Arab camp of the king Aretas," cried one.

"Bid them welcome," ordered Pilate.

"They have come to attend the games because they have no doubt heard that the steeds of Arabia will today be matched against those of Greece and Rome."

"Bid them doubly welcome and provide seats for them on the podium," Pilate ordered.

When the horsemen had passed, Pilate called back the departing temple delegation.

"You see," he warned. "The armies of the Arabians are close at hand. Let this be a warning to you. And as for Lazarus... I have already spoken and you have heard. The scribe has marked my words and what I have promised and sworn, that will I do. There will be no Temple meddling with our games."

The embittered delegates started on their way and did not wait for Pilate to finish speaking. As they mingled with the crowd in the streets they grumbled and voiced their discontent and several of them even threw out ugly threats.

"Well," said Pilate wearily, "each day is the same. Bring the basin, that I may wash my hands of all these petty quarrels."

A small copper basin was held before him and he dipped his fingers in the water and wiped them on a napkin.

"There," he said. "Now it is done and the rest of the day belongs to me." ⌗

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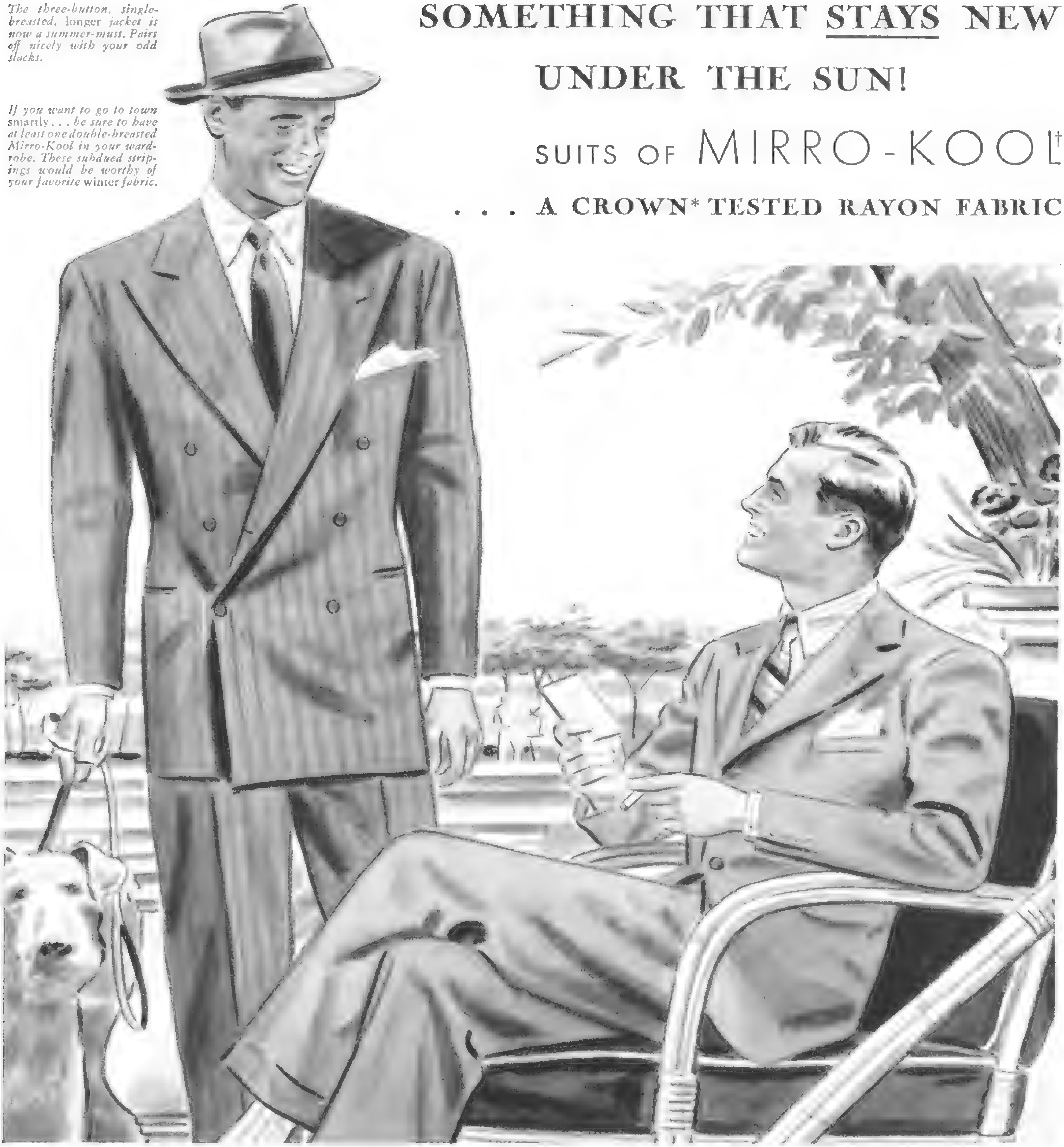

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON . . . THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

Sailboats in the Sky

Continued from page 75

countered an upcurrent and started flight. On the first attempt he did better than six hundred feet, steering around cactus clumps and rocks by swaying his body from one side to another. Flight after flight was successful, but the ship was finally wrecked by a tangled tow rope. He continued experimentation, developed wing warping to control balance, and made flights of as long as twenty minutes by launching from hot air balloons. He stopped flying when one of his men was killed.

The popularly credited father of gliding is Otto Lilienthal who began building successful gliders in Germany in 1891. Although his planes lacked even the rudimentary controls used by Montgomery he became skilled enough to maneuver through a 180 degree turn, and made flights down hill as long as 1,300 feet. His experiments, unlike the more advanced work of Montgomery, were widely publicized, and were carried further forward in this country by Octave Chanute, a well-known bridge designer. With several younger associates Chanute experimented on the dunes of Indiana, and developed the famous Chanute type biplane. An assistant learned to navigate the glider in winds up to thirty miles, and to make turns in flight so he could soar along parallel to a ridge.

The Wright brothers experimented with gliders at Kitty Hawk, going on where Chanute left off. They were the first to use a vertical rudder, and to combine controls into a rudimentary "stick." They also learned to soar a few feet higher than their starting point, and in 1902 hung up a record distance of better than 2,000 feet. However, they had no interest in gliding as a sport, and as soon as they succeeded in power flight in 1903 lost interest in motorless flight. Eight years later Orville Wright used a glider to test some new developments and stayed in the air for nearly ten minutes, but missed entirely the significance of what he had accomplished. His attitude was expressed in one statement which has been variously credited to a number of early pioneers in power flight. "Give me enough power and I'll fly the kitchen table."

It was not until the Versailles Treaty placed severe restrictions on German aviation that there were any significant improvements in glider design or any developments in soaring technique. Germany's returning war birds, barred from regular flying, took up motorless flight for recreation. Engineers, unable to work on designing power planes, turned to research on gliders. Soon old records began to fall. Duration of flights increased from seconds to minutes to hours. Distances increased from a few hundred yards to many miles. Performance characteristics improved rapidly as designing problems were solved, and the modern sailplane was born.

The difference between a utility glider and a sailplane is entirely one of flying efficiency and sturdiness. Each is a light monoplane, usually provided with an enclosed cockpit and a single center wheel for landing. Controls and most of the instruments are the same as on a modern light plane, except, of course, that there is no throttle. The glider has comparatively stubby wings, usually reinforced at the tips to allow for banging around during the student's first attempt to maneuver down the field. When launched in the air it will glide forward at twenty-five to thirty-five miles per hour while sinking at a speed of three to four feet per second.

The high performance sailplane has long tapered wings, as delicate in appearance as sheer chiffon hose, but strong enough to withstand heartbreaking strain. They are designed for the utmost in efficiency, and give the ship a cruising speed of thirty-five to sixty miles an hour while sinking from two to three feet per second.

Learning to soar is both safe and easy. You begin in a utility glider fastened to a tow car by a long rope. The instructor tows you across the field at just under flying speed, and for a few minutes you struggle frantically with your controls while learning to keep the wing tips level and your ship on a straight course. After a few tows he increases the speed slightly. You glide forward on the single wheel, tail high. Then he signals you to lift it from the ground. You rise six inches, gently push forward on your stick, and return to earth. Then you go up to two or three feet, level off, and fly along until he waves you down. On the next tow you ease the ship up and up until you are ten or fifteen feet in the air. He signals you to pull the release cord, and the tow rope drops. You hold the ship in a steady glide, watching your airspeed indicator to be sure that the angle is right. If your training ship is designed to cruise at thirty and the indicator shows higher, you ease back gently on the stick; if speed drops below thirty, you ease forward, because with too low a speed you will stall. But, if you do, there will be no harm except a noisy bump.

Hop by hop takes you higher. With a longer tow cord you reach fifty, sixty, one hundred feet. You learn to make turns, simple at first and then more complicated. You fly by instruments and by the seat of your pants, overcome your initial tendency to flop the controls too violently, master each step so that every maneuver becomes a reflex action. After a total of eight to twelve hours instruction you are ready for graduation to a sailplane and real soaring.

Flying a modern sailplane is a sport for gods and kings. You put on your parachute, fasten the safety belt, and pull the transparent hood over your head. If you are launched from a hill top you may be started with a shock cord, which is nothing but a gigantic sling shot operated by fellow members of your soaring club (you belong to a club, of course, because soaring is inherently a group sport requiring the co-operation of many willing hands). Spread in a giant V they dash down the slope, until the elastic cord is stretched taut enough to throw you forward into space like a missile from a youngster's catapult. If you take off from an airport or flat field, you will be started down the field by a half mile or so of towrope attached to an automobile or motor driven winch, or by a shorter rope attached to an airplane. At somewhere between 500 and 2,000 feet (or higher if you have an airplane tow) you pull the release ring, and begin sinking at two to three feet a second while cruising forward at forty to sixty miles an hour. Unless you find an air current that rises more rapidly than you sink you will be forced to land. It is much the same as sailing a boat against the tide; if the craft travels three miles an hour against a ten mile tide it will be carried with the current. Likewise if your plane is sinking three feet a second through a column of air rising ten feet a second, you will gain altitude. Hence you plot your flight to find the updrafts which enable you to soar. As a sailor bucking the tide seeks its weakest current, you search through updrafts for the strongest ascending current.

The two commonest types of updraft are ridge currents formed by wind blowing against the face of a hill and bouncing upward, and thermals, which are great bubbles of sun-heated air rising from the surface, much as warm air rises from a furnace.

You knew the wind direction before you took off, and if there is a ridge below, you can soar back and forth over it in sweeping figure eights as long as the wind continues. But if you wish to fly cross country, you will rely chiefly on thermals. You can spot these sometimes by the puffy cumulus clouds which form above them, or you can watch for circling gulls, eagles, hawks and other soaring birds. Your knowledge of topography will help you; that plowed field may be mothering a thermal, while that green clump of forest warns you that there is probably a descending column of cool air.

You will recognize the thermal when you reach it by the bump on the seat of your pants, and will circle round and round in it until you reach its highest point, where the heated air spreads out to be chilled and sink again to the warm earth. Your rate of climb indicator will tell you when you have reached the top, but if you are still climbing as you approach a cloud you will duck out anyway. Soaring pilots know the awful forces operating sometimes in those innocent looking white puffs.

When you leave the thermal you glide in the direction you wish to go, making all possible speed across descending currents of air, moving steadily earthward until you find another thermal or a likely looking ridge where you can catch a free ride up. On some days you can follow a skyway from cloud to cloud, getting new altitude with every one, until you decide that there really are such things as sky hooks.

If your objective is to make the greatest possible distance you will go downwind, because with your low cruising speed you will need all the help you can get. Moreover, thermals usually move along with the wind. If your course is cross wind you will zigzag from thermal to thermal. In any case you will study your maps constantly, watch wind direction near the surface by smoke from chimneys, ripples on water, movements of trees, or even the flapping of long underwear on a farmer's clothesline. You may find a long ridge paralleling your course closely enough to give you a ridge ride for many miles. At times you may come so close to a forced landing that by rocking your wings you can break loose a bubble of heated air from the surface and create your own thermal.

All this time you are gliding silently through the air, flying by your own judgment and knowledge of the air, sailing as truly as if you had a catboat on the water. It is you against the elements; rather, it is you using your knowledge of the elements to overcome the force of gravity. You are truly flying, not driving an engine with wings attached, doing something that only the birds and other soaring pilots have done before you. And you will find that the birds are interested in what you are doing; as you circle in spirals you will pick up traveling companions in gulls, hawks, and eagles, companions you can frequently leave below you in your ascent toward the heavens. You will circle airports at high altitudes and laugh at the stinkpots shuttling back and forth thousands of feet beneath you. You will hover high over large cities, riding on the thermals that frequently rise from them.

But all things end, and sooner or later you must land. Perhaps you have tacked and maneuvered to bring you back to your starting point after a flight of many miles over surrounding territory. Again, you may be many miles from home. You have been watching conditions every moment of your flight, and have kept a dozen possible landing fields in sight at all times. If you can, you will pick an airport where you may decide to spend the night, get a tow in the morning, and try to fly back home. If your landing is out in the country you will pick a field near some farm home, so you will not be faced with a long walk to the nearest telephone. Then you will call a fellow member of your gliding club, and wait until he arrives with a car and two-wheel trailer. It takes only a few minutes

Continued on page 151

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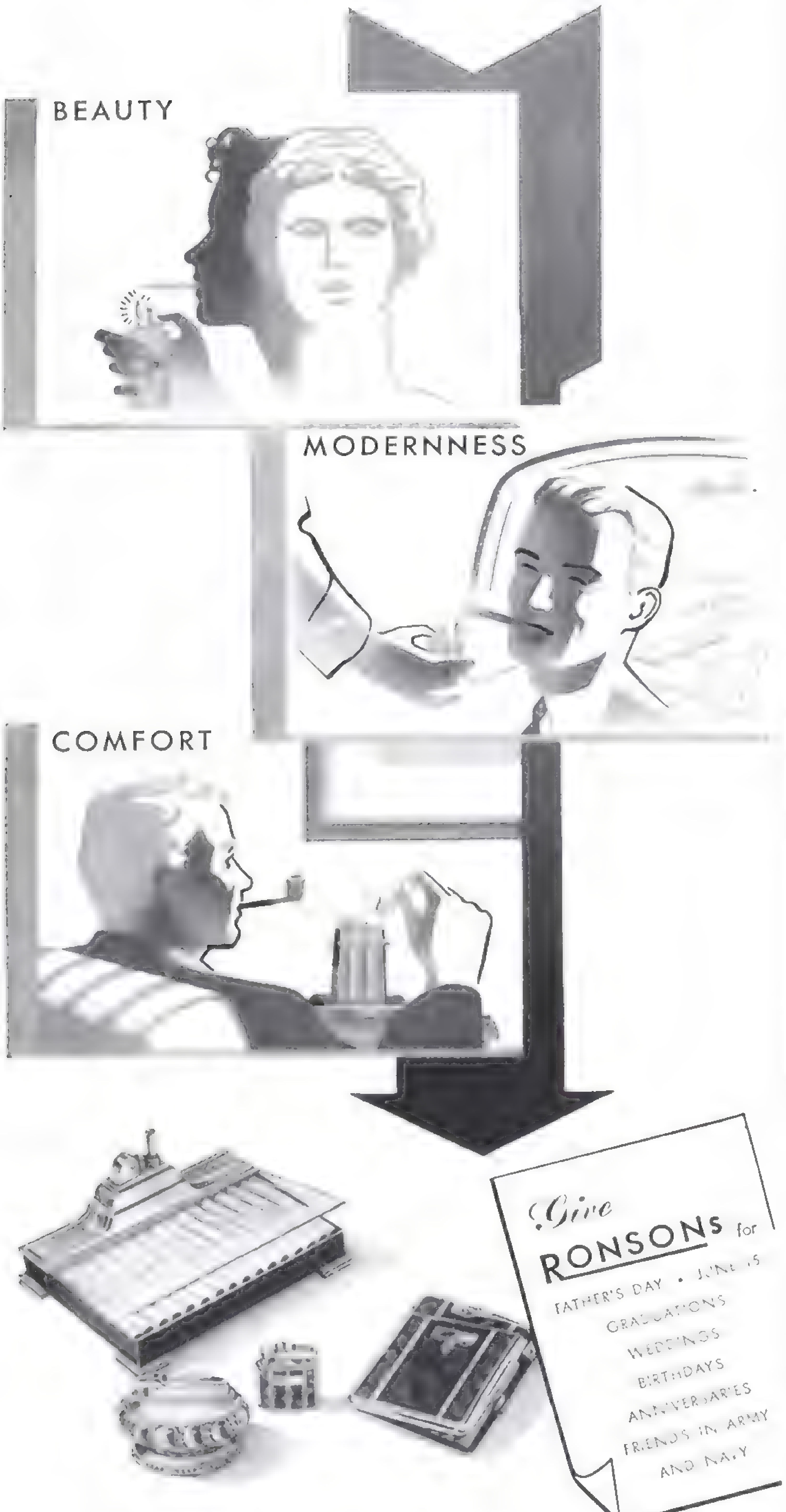

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Sailboats in the Sky

Continued from pages 75-153

to remove the wings from your sailplane and stow it on the trailer. Then you set off for home. Next time it will be your turn to wait near a telephone until one of your club members calls in from nowhere and asks you to pick him up.

Soaring has been a tremendously popular sport in Europe since the early 1920's, but it was virtually non-existent in this country until 1932, and has since been confined to a small group of enthusiasts who found it difficult to persuade other aviation interests to take them seriously. There are fewer than 200 certificated gliders in the country as this is written, and about the same number of licensed pilots, although there are several hundred more who can operate a sailplane. Soaring here would probably remain in the same category for years to come, were it not for the war in Europe and the driving energy of one man, Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr.

However, the art is being brought from obscurity and launched as a great and tremendously important American sport as a result of the same McDonald unorthodoxy, enthusiasm for new ideas, ability to get things done, and genius for organization which have made him and the radio company he heads such spectacular successes. Gene McDonald pioneered such "firsts" as short wave reception, automatic tuning, single battery operation, wind-driven generation for farm sets, foot control for automobile radios, and other developments which were frequently labeled premature or screwball at the time he launched them. He has no commercial interest of any kind in soaring, but has taken to it with the same enthusiasm he applied to business, and started a movement which will fill our skies with sailplanes during the summer of 1941.

An outstanding McDonald characteristic is intense patriotism (his "Commander" is World War Navy). When the blitzkrieg against France and the low countries showed the tremendous importance of Germany's numerical superiority in trained military pilots, he became concerned about the bogging down of our own pilot training program. He was not concerned about our productive capacity, or about the ability of our mechanically trained kids to fit easily into their places in a mechanized army. But when he heard the statement that we had nothing to fear in the air because one telephone call from the White House could start our automotive industry producing warplanes at an unprecedented rate, he asked, "Who is going to fly the planes after they are built?" He knew that Britain, despite its ambitious training program, was suffering a serious shortage of competent pilots.

The answer, as he saw it, was in the use Hitler made of German glider pilots. Back in the days when *Der Fuehrer* was still considered only a little mountebank, long before anybody saw the connection between gliders and military aviation, at a time when foreign observers laughed at the way the Germans played with their powerless toys, German youth learned the real sport of soaring. Glider clubs sprang up all over Germany. The *Deutscher Luftfahrt Verband* (D. L. V.), an aviation association which had been founded in the early 1900's, distributed blue prints and specifications for the construction of all types of gliders and high performance sailplanes. Boys in local clubs built the planes themselves, with government inspection of the craft before they were covered with fabric. This program threw gliding open to poor kids as well as more prosperous youngsters who could afford factory built jobs; primary training gliders were constructed for less than one hundred dollars each. With these the boys learned all of the fundamentals of flying. After mastering the the basic controls they built or purchased sailplanes and learned to soar. When Hitler began his career of treaty breaking in 1933, he found at hand a reservoir of several hundred thousand sport sailplane pilots who were quickly transformed into military flyers. It was the old story of a sailor taking up powerboating.

McDonald has been a water enthusiast all of his life, even to the point of making his permanent home his yacht, the *Mizpah*. It was perfectly obvious to him that a reservoir of soaring pilots could provide a potent force of trained military pilots much more rapidly than the same boys without sailplane training. However, he is not, and does not pose as, an authority on aviation, so he took up the the question with a number of outstanding military and commercial flyers. Without exception, they said he was right, that a knowledge of soaring made a better pilot of anybody, that many accidents had been prevented in commercial work by pilots who knew every movement of the atmosphere from their experience in motorless flight.

Gene does feel that he is an authority on the creative ability of American youth. In 1925, while commanding the *Peary* on Donald MacMillan's arctic expedition, he maintained radio contact with this country at a time when expensive government stations in Greenland were unable to do so because of the unending daylight. He did it by "going down in the bucket" of despised short wave and contacting American amateurs. He says that every important development in radio today has come from kids who tried the unorthodox because nobody told them it was the wrong thing to do. The chief engineer of his company is thirty-six years old, and Gene feels that he has 50,000 research engineers working for him because he encourages radio hams to send in new ideas.

He investigated the model building field, found that a couple of million American youngsters were doing a magnificent job of building new designs, following the by-guess-and-by-God technique of radio hams. He learned that sailplane construction and research has already had profound influence on airplane design; such features as highly tapered wings, monospar wing construction, and new developments in wing and fuselage design were born in the sailplane's need for high efficiency. Even the giant wings of the four-motored Clippers follow closely the design of a sailplane wing that Igor Sikorsky saw at an Elmira meet, and the new stratoliners now in transcontinental service have tapered wings similar to those first developed on German sailplanes.

So Gene McDonald took up soaring, and found in it a three-dimension version of his first love, sailing. Then he got busy on the terrific problem of making glider training a nation-wide movement.

There are numerous youth and service organizations constantly on the lookout for new youth activities which are safe, wholesome, and constructive. Soaring fills all of these specifications perfectly. Training is safer than motoring or bicycling along crowded roads. The air is free and open, the student has mastered all essentials before he is put in a position which might become dangerous, and landing speeds are so low that crashes seldom injure anything but the plane, if that. For example: a student recently misjudged the effect of down drafts over a timbered area and ended in a tree. He climbed down uninjured, got help in removing the plane, and by patching a few punctures in the fabric had the glider in perfect shape. Soaring is a group sport which develops cooperation, willingness to take turns, and general good sportsmanship. It is, in short, an ideal sport for youth as well as adults.

McDonald sounded out various youth organizations and met with enthusiastic response. Bishop Sheil, head of the Catholic Youth Organization, became so interested that the CYO sponsored the American Open meet at Joliet, installed a course of glider instruction in the Lewis School of Aeronautics at Lockport, and is preparing to sponsor local gliding clubs throughout its organization. Forty-five students at Chicago's Wright Junior College are taking soaring. Aero clubs at Purdue and the University of Minnesota are working on new designs. Seven Chicago high schools are preparing to manufacture sailplanes from plans furnished by the Frankfort Sailplane Company of Joliet, which has started commercial production under a Class I approved type certificate. The Tennessee Bureau of Aeronautics has started courses of instructions for high school students in and near Nashville, with the intention of expanding to other portions of the state. Kiwanis is actively at work getting ready for summer club sponsorship, and other service clubs and youth organizations are moving in the same direction. Many civic organizations through the country are arranging to sponsor local gliding clubs.

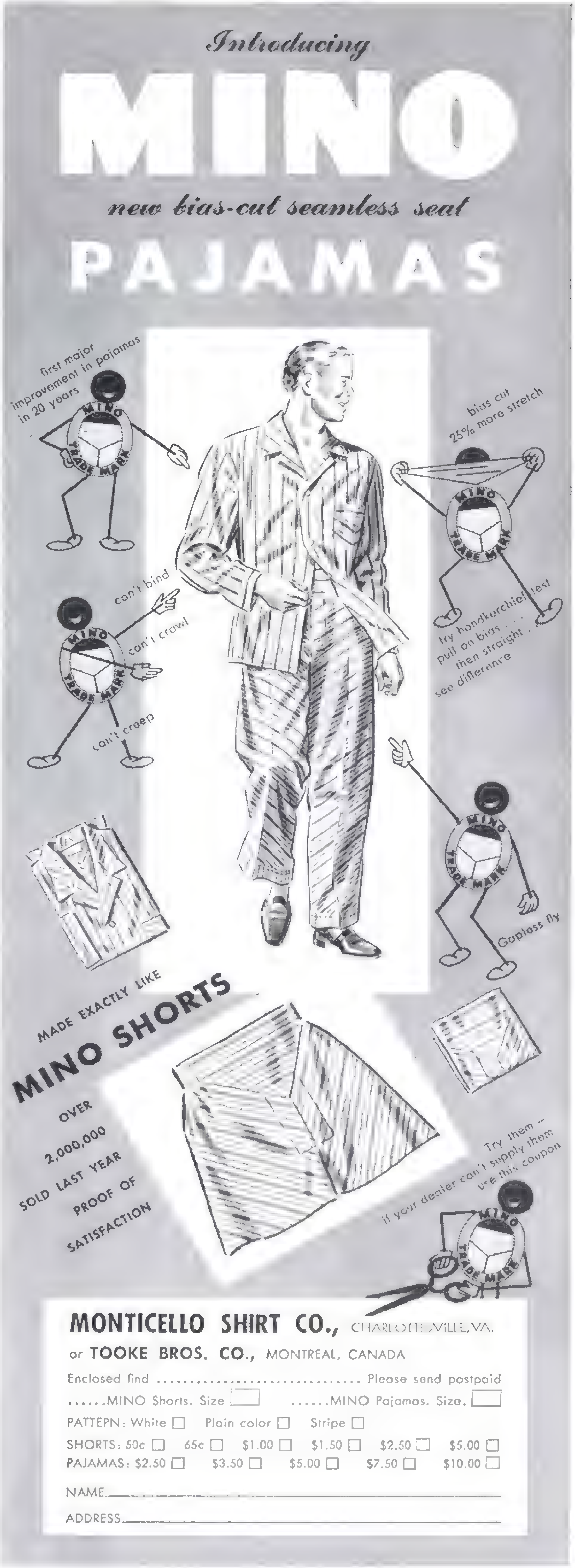
Several small companies have gone into production on gliders, with prices ranging from 800 dollars to 1,500 dollars each. From his radio experience McDonald recognizes that these prices are too high for mass development of the sport, but believes they will come down rapidly with volume production. However, he is greatly impressed by the example of German development, and believes that standard plans may be produced by which local clubs can make their own planes of approved and safe design. There is also a unique youth organization, Junior Achievement, which has about 2,000 companies made up of approximately eighteen boys each, sponsored for the purpose of developing manufacturing and business skill in American youth. Heads of the movement have turned to soaring as an ideal industry for many of them.

New developments are springing up with great rapidity. Amphibian gliders have already been proved; they differ from standard models only in their waterproof fuselage and wingtip floats. It is possible with one of these to get launched by a speedboat tow, soar over city thermals of Chicago, New York, Los Angeles and other waterfront cities for hours on end, and glide to a landing on either land or sea.

Bills are pending in Congress appropriating up to $5,000,000 for encouraging gliding by subsidizing clubs, instructors' courses, and research. There will soon be enough trained instructors to launch thousands of gliding clubs; it is only in the past year that we have learned that thermal soaring conditions are good throughout most of the country.

By the time good soaring weather comes the publicity campaign begun by McDonald will have spread until there will be dozens of potential discoverers of gliding as a sport and means of building national defense. So impressive is Gene McDonald's record for launching new ideas, that it is safe to predict his present one-man show will become a nation-wide movement within a few months. He regards it as a sport for young and old that has no parallel in history, but most important in his mind is its value to youth, and the repayment youth will give to the nation.

"Once we make soaring cheap enough to fit the poor boy's pocketbook," he says, "American youth will do the rest, just as it did in radio. When we have several hundred thousand youngsters soaring, aviation will leap ahead with startling rapidity. Our kids are ready; what are we waiting for?" ⌗



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Cikovsky: Out of the Steppes

Continued from page 92

salami with tea to wash it down was the customary ration.

In 1913 Trutnieff died. The students wanted one of their teachers, Ivan Ribakov, a Narodniki to be appointed director. Instead, St. Petersburg sent down an old-time reactionary. The boys struck and the school was closed down. Several of the students, including Soutine, hit the road for Paris. The others remained with Ribakov, who opened a private school with municipal support, Cikovsky, for his loyalty to his teacher, receiving continued free tuition. The following year, upon the outbreak of the World War, Cikovsky entered one of the government's advanced schools at Penza, near Saratov, in the vicinity of the Volga River.

Cikovsky knows of no American equivalent for the Penza institution. It was some sort of college or lyceum in which art was emphasized but in which it was only one of a number of subjects. Exemption from military service may have been one of its attractions for young men in the middle of a world war, especially such young men as Cikovsky who were involved in private battles. But when revolution broke against the stone walls of the school, the more advanced young men, Cikovsky among them, jumped into the water.

With the help of the more radical teachers, the young men reorganized the institution as a grown-up art school, scrapping the rest of the curriculum. To make the school a cultural weapon for the revolution, the Soviet which governed it organized courses in poster work and theatrical design, supplied the community's art needs and, within limits, made the school something like a regional art center for the province.

Artists were the propagandists of the revolution, loud speakers in a medium other than the voice in the effort to maintain fighting morale among both soldiers and civilians. Therefore, in 1919, when Cikovsky was drafted into the Red army, his superiors did not diminish his usefulness by taking pencil and brush out of his hand and putting a gun in it. He became an artist in uniform, and he believed in the uniform. In the Culture Division of the Red army, Cikovsky was assigned to Ekaterinburg, in the Urals, headquarters of the units fighting Kolchak. He painted stage sets for the mobile theatre which the culture division had created for the entertainment of the soldiers, and executed whatever other art commissions were required.

In 1921, the White armies on all fronts had been vanquished or dispersed and Cikovsky, as a soldier of the revolution, obtained a scholarship to the High Technical Institute in Moscow, to pursue his art studies. He starved under some of the best teachers whose services were then available to Russian art students. He worked in a studio under a master artist, Mashkov, and took courses in graphic art under the great Favorsky. If the extension of Cikovsky's student period into almost his thirtieth year was an accident of the disorganization of Russia, it was not wholly an ill wind, for this prolongation of the student status certified his control over many art mediums, so that when, finally, in the New World, he struck out on his own as an artist, he could deal with many problems in drawing, painting and graphic art as one who didn't have to stumble his way toward the answers. He had learned them, in many of their variations, some time ago. If he was slow to learn, he was quick to execute, and able and skilful, as many givers of prizes have since learned.

But, in the meantime, there were distressing inconveniences. There was that empty feeling at the pit of the stomach. Students and teachers were weak with hunger in the cause of that better day. There was rarely anything more than bread, sometimes dry salt fish. The studios were cold, art materials were often lacking. Not until the end of 1922 did the boys have a taste of warm food, the first in years, when the American Relief Administration began providing luncheons of cocoa and rice. Later came food packages sent by American relatives. Cikovsky tells me that none complained, that they worked and suffered silently in the assurance that tomorrow would be better, and sometimes they smothered the pangs with cheerful talk about art. At any rate, Cikovsky today—ruddy, stocky and clear-eyed—gives no indication of having been a refugee from a famine. During the NEP period (New Economic Policy, by which private trade and initiative were encouraged) the students banded together in the effort to make a living. They made toys for children; they wrote, illustrated, printed and marketed children's books, and several of the men even undertook to paint portraits, but these solutions were not permanent, for NEP was soon ruled out. The answer, for Cikovsky, was enclosed in a letter from America, late in 1923, to the effect that his elder brother had died, leaving him an inheritance, and to come and get it. Thereafter came passage money from an uncle, and Cikovsky left, late that year, for the new world.

* * *

The heaps of steel and concrete that loom up as the skyline of New York made Cikovsky feel that he had landed on Mars, a grassless Mars. His first home in the New World was under his uncle's roof at Elizabeth, New Jersey, but the artist and the house painter were uncongenial spirits. Uncle belonged to an orthodox church and an orthodox trade union and lived within narrow horizons generally. His conception of art was limited to magazine illustration and he goaded Nicolai to hurry up and make that fortune that was waiting for all artists.

The one man who, although no blood relation, may be said to have stood to Cikovsky in the nature of an uncle, or of an elder brother, was David Burliuk, the Russian futurist in poetry and in art, who had come to the United States in 1922 and to whom, in Russia, Cikovsky, when a boy, had looked up as to a master. Burliuk became Cikovsky's guide, inspiration and reservoir of courage. With Burliuk, then living in the Bronx, he went out on frequent painting expeditions throughout the city and its environs. They would paint and sketch day and night. They discovered Inwood Park, then the closest thing to a forest within the city's limits. Cikovsky painted dozens of portraits of Burliuk and his family. They spent parts of summers together; in Keansburg, New Jersey, Cikovsky taught Nicky, the Burliuks' elder son, to swim, and in 1928 Burliuk introduced the younger artist to that most paintable fishing town, Gloucester, Massachusetts. In one way, Burliuk made easy Cikovsky's introduction into American life, by providing a Russo-American bridge toward it; in another way, Burliuk made it easy for Cikovsky to put off that induction. Not until he tore loose from Burliuk, says Cikovsky, was he able to swim independently in American waters—and that is said with full recognition of the loyal friendship and genuine hospitality which Burliuk extended. It was fortunate for the younger man that the careful husbanding of his inheritance made it possible for him to take a leisurely pace toward the problem of making a living, although in that direction, too, Burliuk was able to extend a helping hand. Cikovsky, with a figurative sigh, tells of haunting South Ferry and looking out across the water toward that far place from which he came, forgetting perhaps, in the interval, how glad he must have been to leave a land in which, by his own report, he had enjoyed chiefly hunger and free tuition.

He had not come to America to repeat the Russian pattern. He was ambitious and he had no intention of allowing others to use up all the opportunities. He, too, could work hard and as a virtuoso of media he could put pencil and brush to many uses. Long before his inheritance was exhausted, he had begun casting his nets. In Russia there had been for him no direct art market. You might be able to dispose of your art skill, but there was no place to go with a picture. In Russia he had never sold a painting; in America he sold the first painting he ever exhibited. This canvas, hung in the 1925 display of the Independent Society of Artists, was purchased by Dr. Christian Brinton, a patron of Russian painters and a particular patron of Burliuk's. Dr. Brinton subsequently bought another half-dozen Cikovsky's.

The following year he was represented at the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial exhibition. Miss Katherine Dreier, art patron, added Cikovskys to her collection and included the artist's work in exhibitions which she organized under the name of the Société Anonyme. Cikovsky made many sketches and portraits for *Russky Golos*, the Russian language daily of which Burliuk was an editor, and also for *The Centaur*, the Russian monthly which Burliuk edited as a private venture. An introduction (by Burliuk) to Robert M. Chanler's spacious and hospitable Bohemian studio-home led to various commissions and engagements. He designed sets for short plays and ballets given in an experimental theatre under the patronage of the wealthy Mary Carey Rumsey and worked on theatre sets also for the more professional Boris Aronson. For Louis Bouché, then art director for Wanamaker's, Cikovsky painted a set of murals to be used in connection with that store's anniversary celebration. He worked also in Chanler's studio.

He may have executed these commissions so rapidly that he had a lot of time in which to gnaw his fingernails, or the commissions may have come in bunches which gave him too much leisure when they had been completed, or else, as in the case of an ambitious man who seeks solid satisfactions, a little less than enough is far too little. At any event, he had plenty of time in which to feel lonely and neglected and to indulge his fears of the future. He pictures himself around this time living in Bronx and Harlem lodging houses, staring starvation in the face. He describes himself a lonely wanderer around the streets of the Bronx mitigating his loneliness by sketching in gouache.

During 1926-27 he had completed a set of pictures but for a long time feared to show them to any dealer. Finally he decided to take his courage in his hands and make the rounds. The first dealer said No, the second said No and the third was the Daniel Gallery, at which he was asked to leave his work. The next time Cikovsky called, he found that one of his gouaches had been set in a silver frame and hung upon the corridor wall. He was as greatly pleased as if he had never before exhibited a picture. His work was shown in a group display. In 1930 he received his first one-man show and the press recognition was encouraging. Besides, Daniel, on a verbal contract which ran for one and a half years gave him a weekly allowance which saved him from that word's in again—starving.

The painter then moved down to Greenwich Village, where he experienced love and English. The talkies were coming out then and Cikovsky heard them (rather than

Continued on page 158

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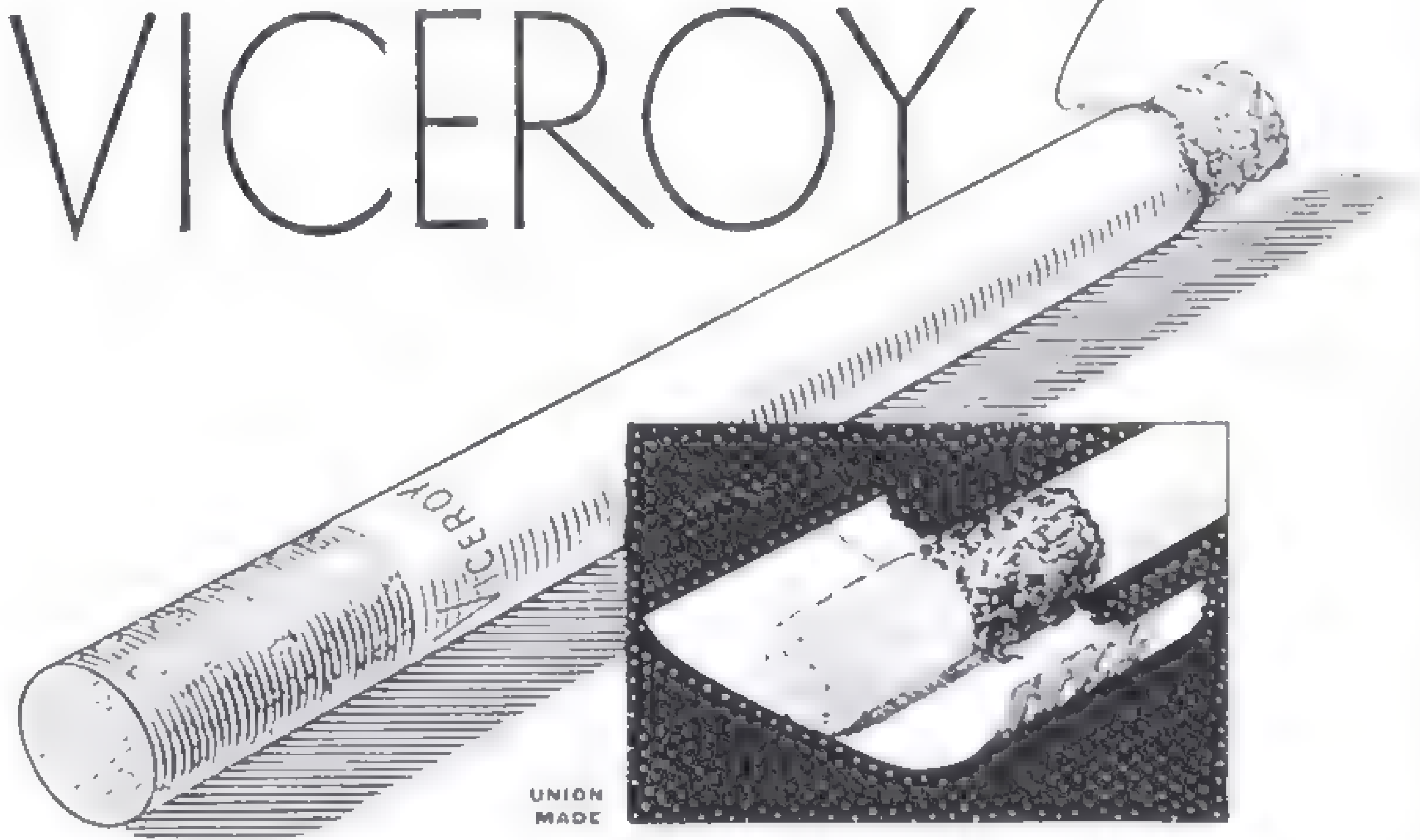

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Cikovsky: Out of the Steppes

Continued from pages 92-157

saw them) for they were mainly instrumental in teaching him the language. Also he read the papers. Then he met Raphael Soyer, his most potent post-Burliuk influence, and through him learned about the East Side, the Jewish immigrant and social content in art, of which he became one of the more skilful protagonists. During this period Cikovsky painted canvases so closely resembling the fuzzy-edged paintings of Soyer that it used to take a little time to tell them apart. This is no longer true, however, although their common source may be said to be Alexander Brook, coming through Jules Pascin. It was during the Soyer period that Cikovsky emerged into independent status and stature and realized many of those ambitions which his calm, shock-proof demeanor would lead you to believe he was indifferent to.

In 1929 he became a naturalized American and thereafter eligible for prizes. They came in such fortunate progression that the artist who hungered during the boom years enjoyed the flush of comparative prosperity during years that were depressed for most American artists. Cikovsky himself has made note of this fortunate circumstance. The sequence began in 1931 when the Chicago Art Institute gave him a bronze medal and three hundred dollars for a landscape, *Valley*. The following year the same Institute gave him its first prize of fifteen hundred dollars for *Pigeons*, a still life, a department of painting in which he can be superb, as the reproduced *Mandolin* and *Old Corcoran* proves. The words hunger and starvation definitely took their welcome exit from his vocabulary. The following year, 1933, was no less a banner year. The Worcester (Massachusetts) Museum gave him its five hundred dollar prize for his triumph in bravura painting, *Girl before Mirror*, and another five hundred dollars for the painting itself. He was miles from Moscow but the discipline of those barren years had not been in vain.

He was going miles from Moscow in another sense, too. Without disdaining or disowning his European inheritance, he was becoming a more self-conscious American, deliberately or accidentally. A group of literary intellectuals and a young woman played their parts in the readaptation of Cikovsky. The quality of this influence, no less than the integrity of his own nature and his own early revolutionary conditioning would make it impossible for him to be adapted Babbitt-wise. During the Summers of 1931-34, which he spent on the farm of Kenneth Burke near Andover, New Jersey, he came under the influence not only of Burke, but also of Malcolm Cowley, Robert Coates and John Chamberlain. Their conversations and discussions led him to a more complete understanding of contemporary American literature. On the Burke farm he also met Miss Hortense Hilbert of Minneapolis who, in 1932, became Mrs. Nicolai Cikovsky and thereafter an active partner in the shaping of the artist's career.

During the Summer of 1933 he taught at the St. Paul School of Art. The Middle West held so many points of resemblance with Russia that often the artist felt as if he had come home, and it was partly home, for it was the country of his wife's people. He painted many landscapes that year and the following, when he returned again to teach, the University of Minnesota bought a Cikovsky painting for its art collection. During the Winter of 1935-36 he taught at the Cincinnati Art Academy and since early 1940 has been instructor at the Corcoran Art School in Washington, D. C., which is today his home. He has made his contribution toward the enrichment of the nation's public buildings. For the new Department of the Interior building he completed four mural panels on conservation of the soil and decorated also two Maryland post office buildings, at Silver Springs and at Towsen.

His painting, *John Brown at Harper's Ferry*, which created a minor sensation when it was exhibited at the Whitney Museum in New York, indicates his ability to give art form to the sense of the American historical past which confronts a new and sensitive American along the storied Virginia coast. Compare the fuzzy *Unemployment* of 1934 (with its almost closed circle of human flotsam draped on the stone steps of Union Square Park) with the painting of the white-bearded, prayer-reading Abolitionist flanked by his insurrectos against the rocky coast of Harper's Ferry and there is set down, for you, in a manner more graphic than words can describe, the distance in art and in attitude traveled by one Nicolai Cikovsky during the past five or six years.

Incidental to the satisfaction of a man's natural ambition to obtain security for himself and his family, Cikovsky desires to enrich the country of his adoption through the free exercise of his gifts as an artist. Just now he may be a little more conscious of America than of art, but that is because his art is at his fingertips while the sense of America has still to be conquered, and because he desires to meet his environment halfway. He is perhaps, too impressionable; he has been Burliuk, he has been—Soyer, and he may emerge as Cikovsky. He is neither rebel nor reactionary. He would rather ingratiate than offend, but he will ingratiate without doing violence to his integrity as an artist. At what final station he may get off the train no one knows. ⵌ

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The Higher Escapism

Continued from page 27

necessarily accept all Spengler's conclusions; I do suggest that they are at least worth consideration. Why should we suppose that our own civilization will be an exception? In the light of what principle do we permit ourselves to imagine that we alone will escape the destiny which has overtaken most, if not all, the civilizations which have preceded ours? Do not all the indications point in the contrary direction? Is there not reason to think that the frantic nationalism which has in Europe broken out into a second war within a quarter of a century will destroy the present civilization of Europe and lead to generations, or even to centuries, of misery such as followed the disruption of the western Roman Empire and, later, of the Carlovingian Empire. It is difficult to overestimate the wretchedness of these periods. Can our civilization, one wonders, survive unless it finds some means of avoiding this recurrent plague of war?

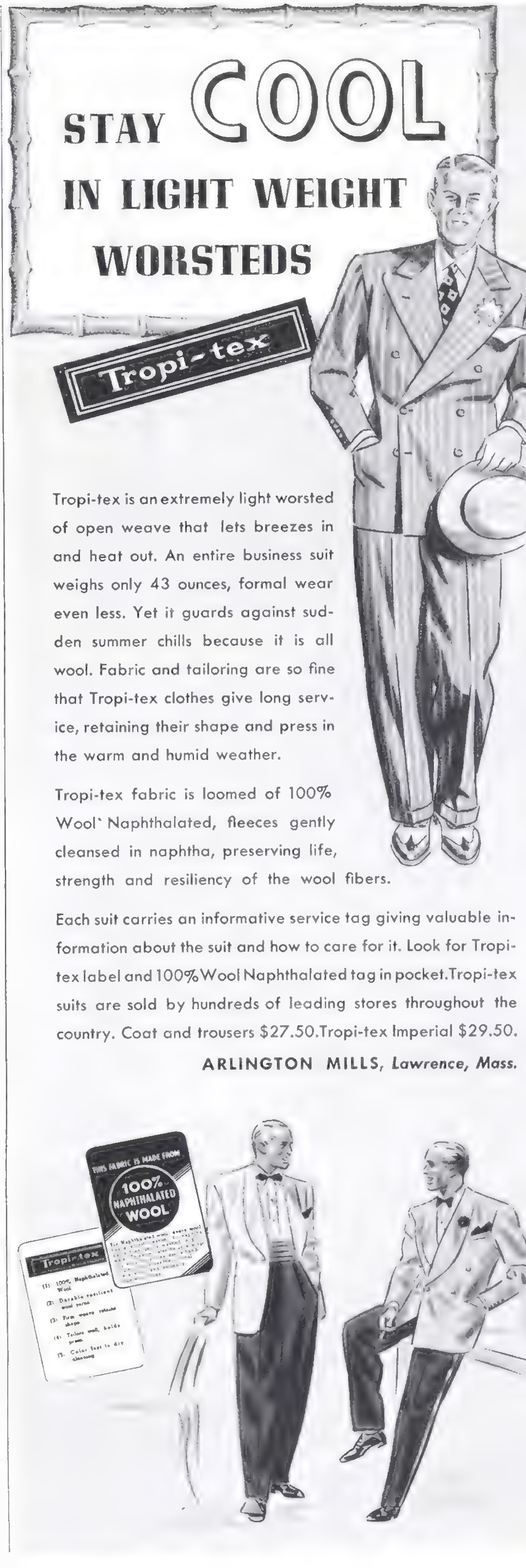
In "Ends and Means" Huxley argues with unmatched force, as Pascal argued before him, that civilization cannot be saved unless the men and women who compose it become better, and by "better" he means morally better. In that book all the recipes currently proposed for betterment are discussed and found wanting. Men cannot, it is maintained, be made better by Act of Parliament, economic emancipation, psycho-analytical nostrums or moral exhortation; and emphatically they cannot be made better by achieving personal power or belonging to great, glorious, or conquering States. Nevertheless, they *can* be made better. How can they? Huxley's answer is, briefly, by becoming aware of the real nature of the universe, of their participation in that real nature and ordering their lives in accordance with their awareness. Here, then, we come to the recipe which is offered by the new mysticism for the evil of our times. Except we adopt it we cannot, we are warned, be saved. The statement of the recipe falls into two parts.

There is, first, an affirmation of what might be called the traditional wisdom of the East and its application to our current Western discontents; secondly, a reinforcement of its conclusions from the standpoint of modern biological science. The first belongs to Huxley, the second more particularly to Gerald Heard.

The fundamental reality of the universe is what the great religions have always known it to be, a universal spirit or consciousness. Hence the everyday world of familiar things and objects moving about in space is an unreal world; or rather, it is only an appearance of the world that is real. An appearance to what? The answer is, to our familiar everyday mode of consciousness which takes an unreal, because partial, view of things. Why does it do so? Because it is itself not fully real, being, like the world which it believes itself to perceive, a fragmentary and partial expression of a reality that underlies and informs it. This, then, is the first point that is emphasized. The familiar ego or personal consciousness is a fiction and so is the world which it inhabits. But though the everyday self is unreal there is, nevertheless, in us something of reality. There is in short a real self of which the everyday self is an expression as the everyday world is the expression of the real world. Now the real self which lies before the threshold of consciousness is not the psychoanalyst's unconscious, that prisoner in an underground dungeon, the harborer of hates, the fount of emotions, swept by uncontrollable desires and atavistic lusts; it is that part of the superpersonal consciousness which is reality. When, therefore, we experience with the real self we are experiencing reality, and since we ourselves are parts or aspects of the reality which expresses itself in us, in experiencing reality we are at the same time discovering ourselves. Thus to realize the self is to know and to become one with reality; just as to know and become one with reality is to discover the self.

The experience by the real self of reality is like the experience of lovers raised to the nth degree, the real self literally becoming one with that which it experiences. In brief, to know reality is to become one with reality. How then, are we to know it? The answer, unfortunately, is not very clear, but we are informed that various techniques have been devised by means of which we can cross the threshold which separates our everyday fictitious personalities from our true or real selves and achieve a realization of our own oneness with reality. If I may use a metaphor, we can eviscerate ourselves of all elements of the personal and the individual so that we become empty shells to be filled with reality. When once our consciousness is emptied of the thoughts, emotions and desires which spring from our condition as separate individuals, it is left bare for the entry of reality, which comes flooding into it, and so lifts us up out of the plane of the individual and the personal self. Thus by following certain psychological techniques we can become conscious of that fundamental oneness both with reality and with one another of which the great religious teachers have spoken. Meditation, recollection, concentration, in a word—and the word shall be an impolite one "navel contemplation." By these means we can escape from the personal plane with its personal desires, and lose ourselves in an impersonal reality. Such, in brief,

Continued on page 160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The Higher Escapism

Continued from pages 27-159

is Huxley's teaching. It is, as I have said, the traditional teaching of the East, the teaching of a Buddha, of the Hindu mystics, of the Chinese sage Lâo-Tse. Whether it is true or not, I do not profess to know. If men could be induced to follow it, it would certainly have the effect of abolishing the distresses from which we are suffering today. But true or not, men have persistently neglected it in the past and it is not clear why they should suddenly begin to pay heed to it in the present.

It is, however, at precisely this point that Gerald Heard enters the field armed with the latest conclusions of modern biology to give a scientific backing to mystical wisdom.

Heard's thesis, like Huxley's, is that if our civilization is to survive, men's consciousness must be enlarged so that they may realize their true selves and become aware of a new order of being which is the real order, and of their own participation in that order. Now this enlargement of consciousness, Heard suggests, is the next item on the evolutionary programme. Evolution has already passed through two main phases. First, the physical phase; creatures were successively evolved who were first progressively larger and then progressively more complicated. The limits of physical evolution were reached in man; hence, if man was to continue the process of development, he must contrive a new method of evolving. He did so, and introduced the second, or technical phase of evolution. Briefly, this consists in the making of tools and machines which, biologically regarded, are limbs which we have contrived outside ourselves to supplement our physical inheritance. Thus we make cranes and lifts to do the work of arms; trains and cars to take the place of legs; we even devise limbs that we have not got and equip ourselves with aeroplanes to take the place of wings. We have now reached the end of this second stage of evolution, and unless we can contrive a further method of evolving, we shall relapse and fall back. The technical phase is, indeed, already showing signs of decadence in the shape of increased specialization without co-ordinating purpose—scientists reach their results in watertight compartments, while philosophy and religion, which should connect the compartments and pool the results, are sterile or derided—and in the accumulation of material resources which we do not know how to use. Whereas at the end of the first phase the Mesozoic reptiles continued to accumulate fresh tissues without evolving the brains which might have directed their use, at the end of the second, the typical youth in his car accumulates fresh speed in order to save time, without the faintest idea of what to do with the time when he has saved it.

Granted the need for a new method of evolving, on what plane will it take place? Obviously, upon the psychical. Hence he looks forward to a new mutation occurring this time in the soul of man, as a result of which his consciousness will be so enlarged that it becomes capable of conceiving reality, and so of setting before itself worthy instead of our present unworthy ends.

But if this mutation is to occur, we must co-operate in its production; in other words, we can only change, if we will to do so. Hitherto evolution has been a blind, instinctive thrust. In man the evolutionary process has emerged into consciousness and can be consciously intended. Hence man's own consciousness decides and can alone decide whether he will mutate, or fall back into degeneracy because of his failure to carry forward the evolutionary process. But the mutation, once it is decided on, is instantaneous.

Heard believes this spiritual mutation to be imminent. His reasons are first, that evolution has ceased in all other species because they have reached the limits of specialization. In man alone further evolution is possible precisely because he has not specialized; indeed, so far as bodily development is concerned he has specialized in unspecialization. Secondly, we find that although his physical evolution has ceased for an unusually long period, yet man continues to be animated by immense reserves of energy. This energy, which is at present surplus, shows itself in an unprecedented sensitivity to pain and an unprecedented activity of sex. Finally, the whole tempo of evolution is rapidly accelerating and the periods between mutations diminish. The steps of the argument are, therefore, as follows: (a) evolution must go on somehow; (b) it cannot go on in the animals; (c) it cannot go on physically or technically in man, therefore (d) it must go on psychically in man and take the form of a mutation in consciousness.

As a result of this mutation the barrier between consciousness and the unconscious will disappear; we shall consciously realize the oneness of our lives with those of others, and through our enlarged consciousness we shall enjoy a direct insight into the nature of reality. Also, incidentally, we shall be free from the spur of sexual desire, lose much of our sensitivity to pain, and cease to resort to violence in our human relationships.

There is a practical corollary to all this. It is that men and women who accept the premises of the mystical faith should, as far as possible, remove themselves from the influence of our decaying civilization. This they can

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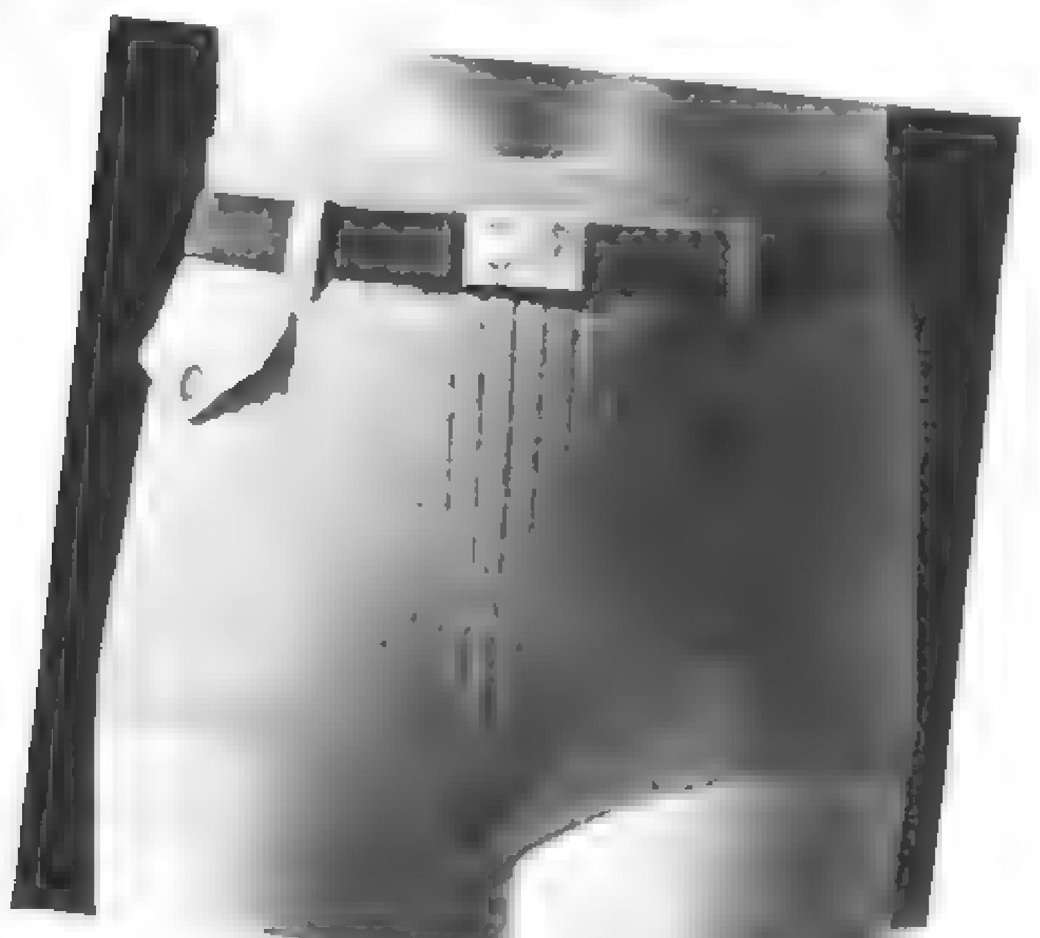

most effectively do if they form communities. The advantages of the community are twofold. First, negative. If you are in daily contact with those who repudiate the standards and disown the values of your civilization, you will find it easier to resist the temptations which it offers; easier, therefore, to steel yourself against the solicitations of pleasure, the lure of wealth, and the ambition for power. For the community member, the dance hall and the stock exchange, a night with Cleopatra or a seat in Congress will all exercise their attractions in vain.

Secondly, positive. The way of life by following which the soul may make contact with reality, which is also the way of life whereby the expected mutation may be assisted, may best be practiced in company. It is easier to meditate, to concentrate, to recollect, as one of a group than in solitude.

Hence arises a movement to form communities which will be as far as possible self-supporting. Using all the resources of machine power to perform the menial offices which, once performed by servants, can now be delegated to machines, the community will set its members free at the cost of a few hours' machine-minding a day for the cultivation of a new and a better life. The community is in fact the medieval monastery brought up to date, clothed in a modern dress and calling science to its assistance to oil the wheels of life. In these communities what is valuable in the culture of the old civilization will be preserved, and the first steps will be taken in the formation of the new.

It follows that the communities will be peaceful. If you and I both desire the possession of the same material thing, there will be conflict, since being limited in extent, it cannot belong both to you and to me. Thus material goods divide. But with spiritual goods it is not so. There can no more be competition for them than there can be competition for a larger share of air or for the possession of a musical composition. Men possessing the enlarged consciousness to which Heard looks forward will have learnt that, as Pascal puts it, "the true good should be such as all can possess at once, without diminution and without envy, and which no one can lose against his will." Hence to substitute immaterial for material objects of desire is to rid the world of competition and, therefore, of struggle and of war. If only the required enlargement of human consciousness can be achieved, the new civilization that results will be both durable and peaceful. Can it be achieved?

That a mutation in the human species should occur is not by any means impossible. Suppose we adopt the view of evolution which Bernard Shaw has popularized in *Back to Methuselah*, according to which evolution is to be conceived of as a creative process, or life force. Creating living things, it uses the matter in which it manifests itself as an instrument for the pursuit of its own purposes, molding and transforming it just as the fingers of a skilled potter mold the clay. In pursuit of its purposes it can change at will the structure of living matter. Thus if I imagine to myself a roll of muscle on my arm, will to have it and do the necessary exercises before breakfast, I shall gradually develop an enlarged biceps. In other words, I shall by an act of will create living tissue which, apart from my will, would not have existed.

Human beings, then, are devices for giving conscious expression to life's instinctive purposes. In pursuance of this general conception Shaw envisaged evolution as suddenly producing human beings who possess the capacity to live longer. What a nuisance it must be, from the evolutionary point of view, that just as one of life's instruments has, through a lifetime of experience, accumulated a certain store of wisdom and insight, his body should begin to decay and with his body his brain, so that, before the evolutionary process has had any service from or benefit of his experience he is consigned, a worthless mass of matter, to the scrap heap. What a waste and how important, from the point of view of the furtherance of life's purpose, that instead of dying at 70 he should continue to live. And so in Shaw's plays human beings suddenly discover to their own and everybody else's embarrassment that they are failing to die. I can think of an evolutionary mutation that seems to me to be even more urgently required than longer life, and that is the direct communication between minds. It is, when we come to reflect upon it, a fact no less astonishing than it is humiliating, that the only way in which we can normally obtain any knowledge of what is passing in other people's minds is via an inference from the behavior of their bodies. An inference, moreover, which must depend for its plausibility upon an often misleading analogy. We have, in ordinary experience, no direct knowledge of any mind other than our own. Why is it, for example, that I suppose you to have a mind?

I deduce a person's anger from the flushing of his face, the flashing of his eyes, the raising of his voice; a person's love from other facial movements which it should be unnecessary to specify; and, if it be said that it is the words which people use which really convince me that they are angry or that they are in love, I am compelled to recognize that even words are only movements in the larynxes of the people uttering them, movements which set going waves in the atmosphere which, in due course, impinge on my eardrums and cause me to hear sounds.

But what a clumsy, what a roundabout procedure! To what mistakes does it give rise? What

Continued on page 162

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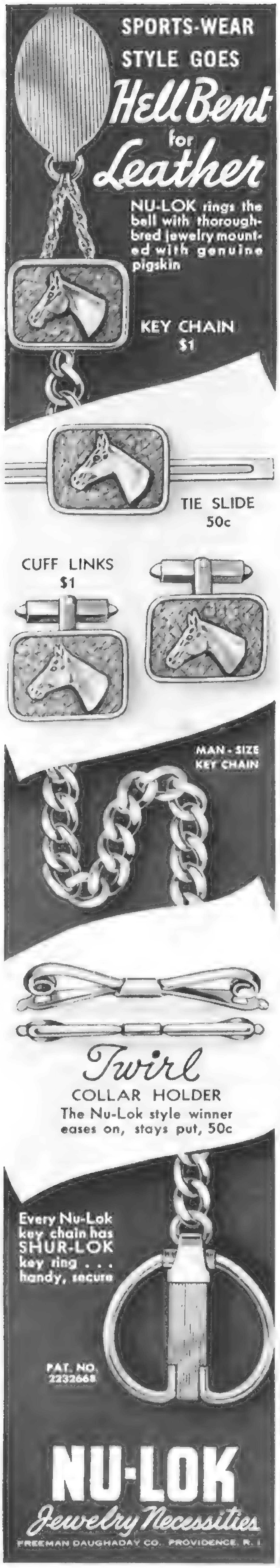
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The Higher Escapism

Continued from pages 27-159-161

fears of insincerity and hypocrisy does it encourage?

Clearly, direct knowledge of other people's minds is a power which life has an urgent incentive to evolve. Like the capacity for living longer, it is something which life's most advanced representatives are, given the truth of the hypothesis of creative evolution, almost bound sooner or later to manifest.

In the light of this, I am inclined to credit Dr. Rhine's assertion that both telepathy and clairvoyance's abnormal awareness of happenings not immediately present to the clairvoyant's senses—are demonstrated facts. Dr. Rhine's results have, I know, been severely criticized and there is the disconcerting fact that in England, conducting identical experiments under identical conditions, we have entirely failed to reproduce them. Nevertheless, believing in general in the creativity of the evolutionary process, I should confidently look for the appearance of human beings who directly know what is passing in one another's minds: some such mutation, in other words, seems to me to be all in the day's work of the evolutionary process. Which brings me back to Gerald Heard's suggestion.

Can we accept it? The answer depends upon whether we can accept the mystic's world, upon, in other words, our attitude to reality as a whole. Huxley, in direct line of descent from the Eastern mystics, affirms a spiritual reality to exist and to be knowable. I do not wish to deny it. Whoever has the slightest acquaintance with science or philosophy knows that there is something very "fishy" about the so-called real world of everyday life. In what, after all, does this reality consist?

In atoms and electrons, that is to say, in charges of electricity? In humps in space time? In waves of probability undulating into nothingness? In colonies of cells or sets of sense data, or ideas in the mind of God? These are only a few of the answers that have been given by scientists and philosophers to the question: What is real? Though we do not know which of them is true, it is at least reasonably certain that the familiar everyday world of chairs and tables and people and things does not, as we commonly assume, exist independently of ourselves. For example, its qualities vary according to the conditions under which we perceive it. Look at it in one light and it appears different from what it does under another. It is different again if you look at it through a telescope or through a microscope; if you put Santonin in your eyes, then everything will appear yellow; the world wears a different appearance to a man and to a dog, and its appearance to a dog differs from its appearance to an earwig.

You have only to raise your temperature a few degrees and you will notice that the world looks different and still more markedly feels different—different and richer. Who, lying in bed with a high temperature, has not noticed the increased sensitivity of his perception of the texture of his sheets? Now there is not the slightest reason why the real world should be that which is revealed to the senses of human bodies heated to a temperature of 98.4 F. In short, alter the perceiving apparatus of the mind and the body and you alter the nature of that which is perceived.

Now ascetic practices can be devised for altering the body, mystical disciplines for altering the mind, in such a way that the altered body and the altered mind perceive a reality which is different; different and more exciting. So much more exciting, that the mystic who perceives it affirms that it is God, that it is spirit; that it alone is real and that the ordinary reality of everyday life is a figment.

So be it. I have not myself enjoyed such experiences and I am not in a position either to assert or to deny their validity; but one thing at least is clear. If the mystic has in fact discovered such a world, he cannot communicate to us the results of his findings; or rather, he can communicate only to those in whom similar experiences have left some trace, however faint. For language was invented to convey the meanings of this world; it cannot, then, be used to communicate the meanings appropriate to another. If, for example, I have toothache, I shall only be able to convey to you the quality of my experience provided that you at some time or another have yourself suffered from toothache. If you have not, there is no bell in your experience upon which my words can strike and cause meaningful reverberations. This is the position in which most of us find ourselves, when mystics seek to convey to us what it is that is exciting them. With their talk of a "dazzling darkness," a "delicious desert," "the drop in the ocean and the ocean in the drop," they seem to most of us simply to be babbling, merely because the words they use belong of necessity to this world and cannot, therefore, adequately convey statements about another, unless we also have experiences in the light of which we can understand what they are talking about. Thus mysticism is strictly incommunicable. With his customary good sense Dr. Johnson, after listening to the vaporings of a mystical poet, expressed this truth once and for all in the characteristic comment: "If Mr. has experienced the unutterable, then Mr.——should not try to utter it."

I conclude that the mystical renascence which I have been

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trying to describe can never appeal to more than a few privileged minds; it can never become a great religious movement to move the hearts and to mold the lives of masses of men. It is not, then, a recipe for the salvation of our civilization.

Whatever may be the theoretical truth of the mystical view of the universe, the practical effects of its adoption seem to me in this, the crisis of our civilization, to be disastrous. Men, it implies, are evil, and so long as they live on the plane of unreality they can bring forth no good or valuable thing. And therefore? Therefore, on the plane of unreality it is no good trying to improve oneself; in fact it is no good making efforts of any kind.

Emphatically I deny it. Even on the plane of unreality some ways of life are better than others and we should strive to live according to those that are better; even on the plane of unreality some things are really valuable in themselves, beauty and laughter and love, the pleasures of going on a journey and the jolly companionship of one's kind. These goods may be humble, but we cannot afford to despise them in the interests of some doubtful metaphysical Nirvana; nor shall we be well advised to turn our backs upon the infinite variety of this life, to forego its hopes and ambitions, and its setbacks and successes, the better to subordinate all our faculties to the cultivation of a higher plane of consciousness. Nobody has preached the doctrine of full and various living, nobody has praised more enthusiastically the joys of this world than (in his unregenerate days) Aldous Huxley himself.

As in the sphere of ethics so in that of politics. It is not true that all societies are incorrigibly bad because they are projections of the fallible human beings who compose them; or rather, it is not true that they are all equally bad. Democracy *is* better than totalitarianism, freedom than slavery, equality than injustice; a tolerant Liberal government such as we enjoyed in my own country in the early days of this century, distributing by means of legislation increasing installments of social good for the benefit of the people as a whole, than the government of thugs and gangsters which, in Germany suppresses liberty, penalizes thought, and sends a generation to its doom.

And just because some governments are better than others, it would seem to follow that in the sphere of politics it is our duty to try to substitute the better for the worse, and that our effort to perform this duty is always worth making, even if it fails of success.

My criticism of the mystical movement in this year of disgrace, 1941, is that, at the most critical moment in the history of our civilization, it withdraws some of its most able men from the service of their fellows, and sets them cultivating their own souls instead of summoning them to the rescue of a society in peril.

This criticism has a special relevance to Heard's expectation of a mutation in human consciousness. If the mutation comes, well and good; but to sit down with folded hands and await its coming is neither well nor good. It is not even enough consciously to will it and to practice for its coming. The condition of our civilization is too grave, the times are too urgent for such long term remedies. It cannot, I think, be right that men like Huxley and Heard, whose abilities fit them to direct the thought and guide the steps of those less talented, should abdicate from the service of their fellows and gather in communities to cry woe to the world and await the Apocalypse. Let them come down into the market place and help. ⌗

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 91

them convinces me that they enjoy indulging in petty rationalisms, and perpetrating elaborate and expensive tomfoolery.

We must have an end to it, and secure immediate legislation to protect the creator not only of hats and dresses and jewelry, but of songs and paintings . . . and secure for him a good living, at least as good as for the inventors of washing machines, flush-toilets, and electric kitchen utensils.

The government should take over the job of protecting artists. In France, to steal a design meant jail, and the government did the prosecuting. That is a prime reason why France has been the center of creative endeavor.

In Washington the procedure is to grant a composer a copyright then instigate a suit forbidding him to pool his rights. Alone, he is powerless. He cannot check up on all individual radio stations twenty-four hours a day.

Broadcasters do not pay composers enough: one cent a performance for a popular song is scandalous. The individual creator must compete with all composers, living and dead. And most dead composers' works cost nothing. There is no case against the users of music and the abusers of composers. There is a case against the law, against the obstacles it imposes on the creator. It fails to secure for him fair returns. It implies that Communism should be the rule for works of art while Private Property remains the rule for everything else.

At any one time in the history of the world there are not and never have been more than 200 people who could write songs which would entertain 200,000,000. Since the 200 give so many of us pleasure, should we not see that they are well paid? Their creations may be intangible, but their value is none the less real. ⌗

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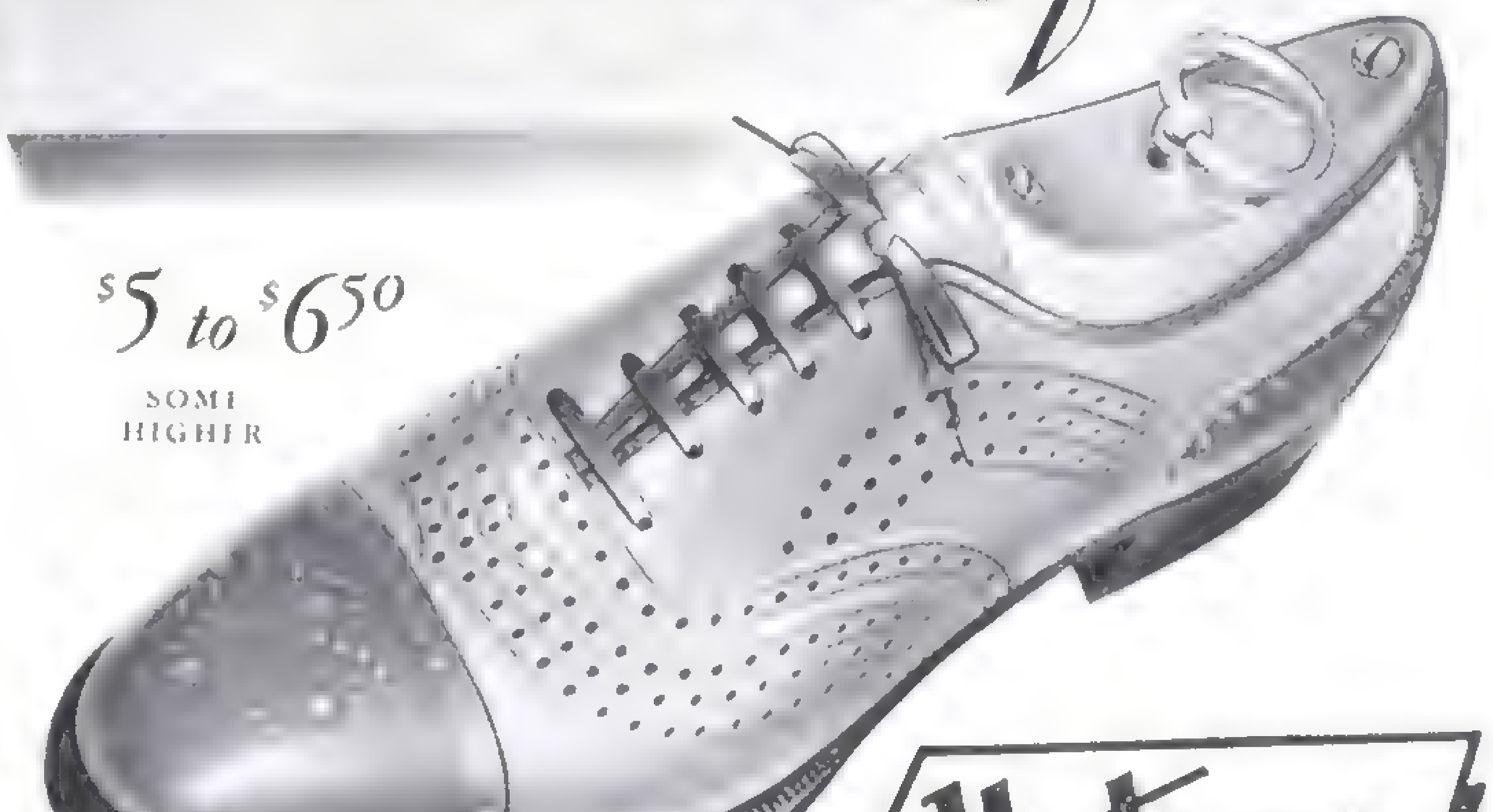

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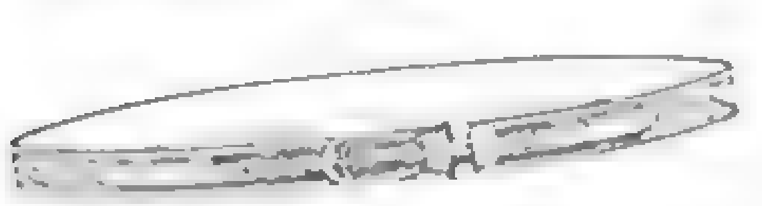
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The Woman from Twenty-One

Continued from page 29

over them. Ray told the story to Hat who seemed to ascribe as little importance to it as Elizabeth did, and wanted to know if he could come out to Fiji this spring.

But the effect upon Ray had been profound. It made him remember why he had left New York in the first place. This woman was what everything was for. She should have been humble, not awful, but she had become confused and thought she should be awful.

So Ray and Elizabeth would go back to Java, unmourned by anyone except Hat. Elizabeth would be a little disappointed at not seeing any more plays and not going to Palm Beach, and wouldn't like having to pack so late at night. But in a silently communicable way she would understand. In a sense she would be glad. She even guessed that it was the children Ray was running to—to save them and shield them from all the walking dead.

When they went back to their seats for the third act the party from twenty-one were no longer there—nor did they come in later. It had clearly been another game of Run, Sheep, Run. #

The Simple Game Called Golf

Continued from page 63

other way of saying it. But—among the three of us we really might be called a little golf clinic working for simplification of golf instruction. I correspond frequently with Jones and Angel and thus we are working at it together every day of the year.

I was preparing this article in California and a publisher I had been instructing, who read part of it—the part we come to later—seriously suggested that I write a book about my method.

I told him that it wasn't my method at all—it was simply a clear and easily remembered and applied description or formula to which every good golfer, consciously or unconsciously, conformed.

Furthermore, I couldn't fill a book. I haven't enough words. Besides—any book I might write would perhaps by sheer size confuse a thing so simple that—frankly—I'm having to pad a little even to make a brief article out of it.

So now, if you don't mind, I'll give you a complimentary lesson.

You can take this lesson outdoors or in—anywhere you have room to swing a club. As a matter of fact, I brought one business man's handicap down from fifteen to four by a few lessons given in his office on Mondays.

Well, you're my pupil.

First of all I'll hit a ball with my driver—and unless I fail to practice what I'm preaching, the apple will travel about two hundred and forty yards or so.

Then I'll ask you: "Was that ball hit hard?"

Chances are, you'll say, "Yes" . . . that opens you for point number one.

I'll tell you, "That ball was not 'hit' at all—by me. It was in the line of my swinging clubhead—at the bottom—in the natural 'Speed Area.'"

When my club contacted the ball, the speed of the clubhead was so great and the force I exercised so little, that it felt like hitting an egg—no resistance—the ball was gone even before I knew it.

I go through this, because the first thing I want to impress you with is the absence of force and the presence of speed.

Then I'll continue my lecture: "The ball is hit by the *face* of the club—the rest of the clubhead is simply weight to back the face and give you 'feel.'"

When I swing a club I start the clubhead—the clubface goes back smoothly and easily and yields to the swinging club—then I let the clubhead swing me.

My mind is on the club*face* when I address the ball—I know where that clubface is—the part which hits the ball—every second—back—down—through and finish. So does every scratch player in the world. Ask any of them if this isn't true.

But—I don't try to control the position of the clubface. I just try to stand and swing so that it comes into proper position at impact *by itself*.

I don't have to watch the ball—I can hit it blindfolded if I stay easy—remember the clubface and let the clubhead swing me.

Now you have the general idea. Speed with rhythm (*not* force) drives the balls—your mind on the clubface—let the clubhead swing you.

Let's see if we can give you the "feel" of the clubhead.

Take hold of that driver—but—hold it by the *head* instead of the grip.

What do you feel? Nothing, of course, because you are holding the club by the heavy end.

Now take hold properly—by the grip.

What do you feel now?

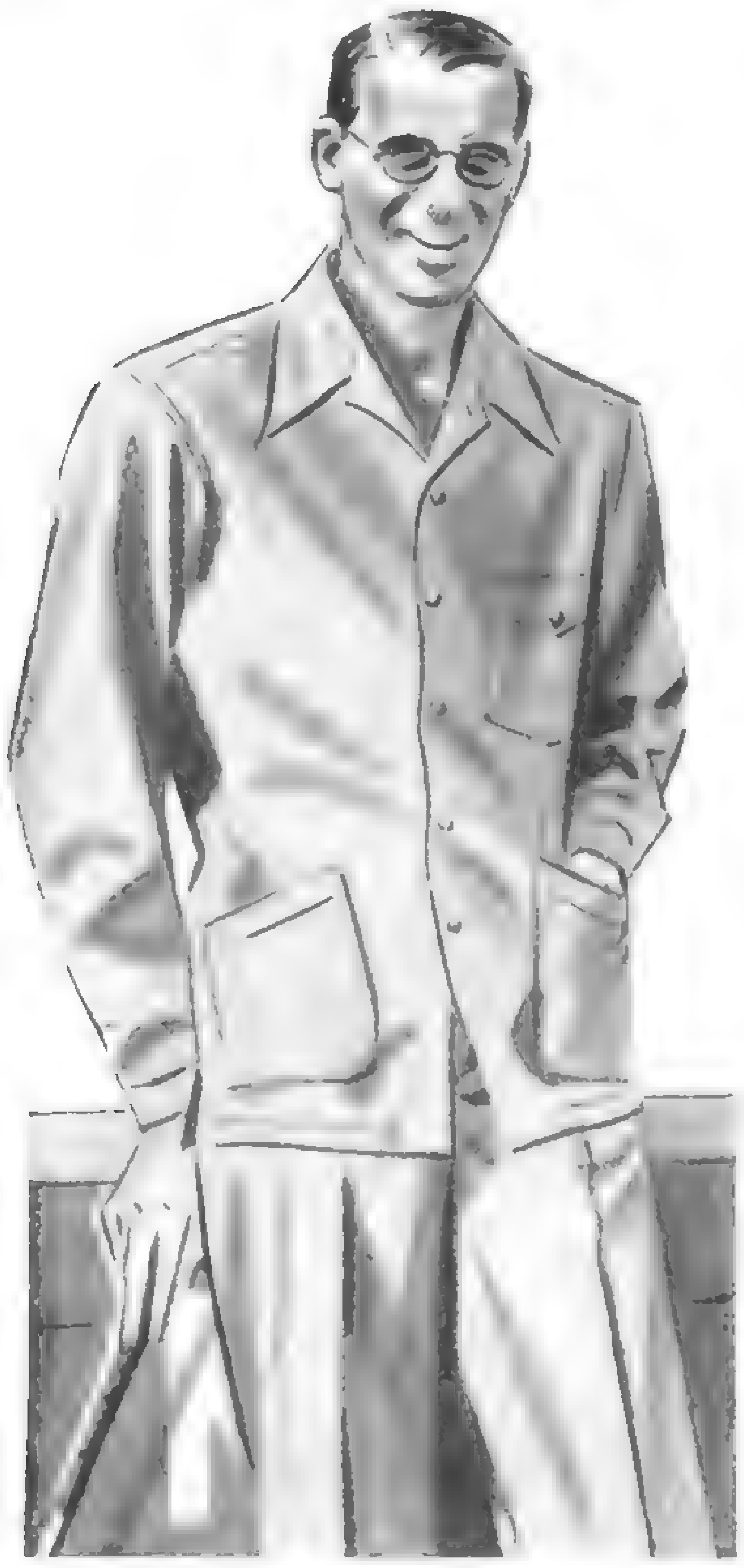
The clubhead of course. And that is what you must feel—every moment the club is in your hands.

Suppose we try a simple little exercise that will accustom you to "feeling the clubhead"—and feeling that clubhead is one of the few fundamentals of success in golf.

Hold the club in front of you—and "write your name" in the air.

Make it as near vertical writing as you can—this because the major wrist action in golf is up and down—and you might as well

HOT TIP!



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The shirt's a two-timer: Worn outside the trousers, it's a jacket! Note the corded inch-darts for semi-form fit. Pleated trousers have a self-belt. Matching shirt-jacket and slacks in Parchment tan, Cocoa tan, Misty blue, and green. Ensemble, $8.50. Separate slacks, $3.95.

What does Crown Tested mean? It means that fabrics containing Crown Rayon and identified as Crown Tested have been constructed and finished according to definite standards for consumers' satisfaction. Samples of the fabric have been tested and approved by the better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc., official laboratory of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, for fabric strength, seam strength, color fastness, and dry cleanability.

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acquire the right wrist action at the same time you're working on the feel of the clubhead.

Do that for a while—do it for a long while. That's one reason club makers in the old days used to hit a ball well. They acquired and retained the "feel of the clubhead" handling clubs in the shop—control became instinctive through continual testing the "feel" of different clubs they were working on.

Write your name until you feel that the clubhead is writing it for you.

Then you have the feel.

And remember when you stand up to hit the ball—you must feel that clubhead through the whole swing just as you did in writing your name.

Now look out!

I'm going to put you back in kindergarten even if your handicap is six. Take the mashie out of your bag.

Write your name with it for a minute or two so you get the feel.

What's that? You ask if your grip is right? I'm not interested.

Your grip will take care of itself. It's right when you feel the clubhead and wrong when you don't.

Now—still feeling the clubhead—start brushing the grass—skimming it with the club—brush the grass every time you come through—keep it swinging back and forth—that's fine, you're feeling the clubhead and letting it swing you.

This is going to be a little harder.

Set the club down as if you were going to hit a ball and then take it back and brush the grass coming through.

You "lost" the clubhead that time—try it again. Now it's working.

Let's put down a dozen balls—about a foot apart.

Just let the club swing through and take the ball in its path—smooth and easy. Never mind direction. Get used to the clubhead feel.

Put the balls down again. You have the clubhead feel—this time start thinking of the club*face*.

On the next one THINK YOUR LINE TO THE HOLE and swing the clubface through on the line.

Fine. That was straight but too far.

That one was better but short.

This time think *both* line *and* distance.

Perfect—in short shots you think *both* line and distance. In full shots you think *only* the line.

Stance?

Be easy and comfortable. If you think the line when you address and let the clubhead swing you with your mind on the club*face*, you'll subconsciously adjust your stance to the direction you're thinking.

Ah—that sounds complicated, doesn't it?

Well—it isn't. But that's why I want you to keep at these short shots awhile. After all, these short shots are the "Speed Area" of the big shots—the only difference is that they're a segment instead of the full circle.

And, after you have worked on short shots, after you demonstrate you can THINK THE LINE AND DISTANCE and let the CLUBHEAD SWING YOU knowing always where the FACE is—then and not before. I'll try to start you on half shots—but you'll rebel and insist on the driver and against my will, I'll give in. After all, you've been pretty patient.

All right—you have the driver in your hand.

In these full shots you want to swing your circle through the back of the ball—therefore you start your swing toward the inside back and around—and the moment inertia is overcome and you begin to feel the head swinging—the club swings you—and travels around—finds its own path in back of you and up between your neck and your right shoulder at the top.

You don't have to think about starting it down—or breaking your wrists or straightening them—all those things are automatic so long as you feel that clubhead just as you did in writing your name.

Just keep your head as the hub of the wheel—stay easy—and the ball is an incident in the path of the clubhead.

Now there were two reasons why I kept you at the short pitches—apart from the fact that they are important in scoring.

The first reason was to get you thinking the direction by continuous concentration on the clubface.

The second reason was even more important if such a thing is possible.

Here it is:

The bottom of the swing is the "Speed Area" when the swing is being made.

But in starting the swing—in taking the club away from the ball—it is the INERTIA segment.

In other words, the club addressing the ball is in a state of INERTIA which must be overcome to start the club swinging away.

This is where ninety-nine per cent of the players go wrong—if the swing is improperly started at this point it will never right itself.

YOU MUST OVERCOME THE INERTIA START YOUR FULL SWING WITH THE SAME DELICACY AND CONTROL YOU WOULD USE IN A TWENTY-FOOT PITCH TO THE GREEN.

"Slow back" won't do it. You can lose the clubhead in a slow start as well as a fast one.

Overcome that inertia delicately—smoothly—feel the flow of the clubhead start—feel it almost at once—no pressure—just play the clubhead for the start of a two hundred yard drive or a half buried iron shot just as you would the mashie pitch to the green—let smoothness, not effort, do the work.

This is the vital part—the start of the swing—when I get off on my long shots, I go back to short

Continued at top of page 166

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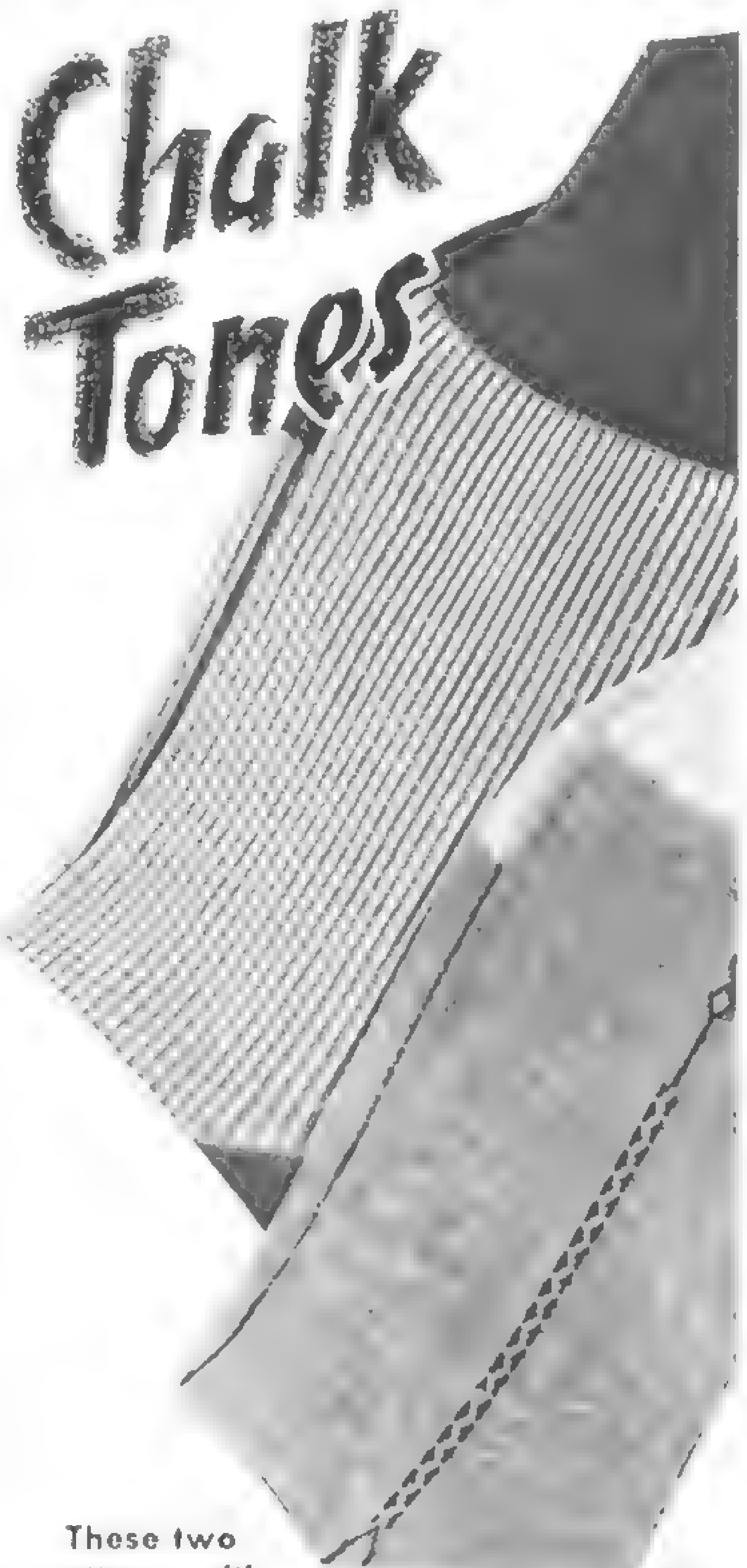
soft, dusky light shades in HOLEPROOF fine-quality socks!



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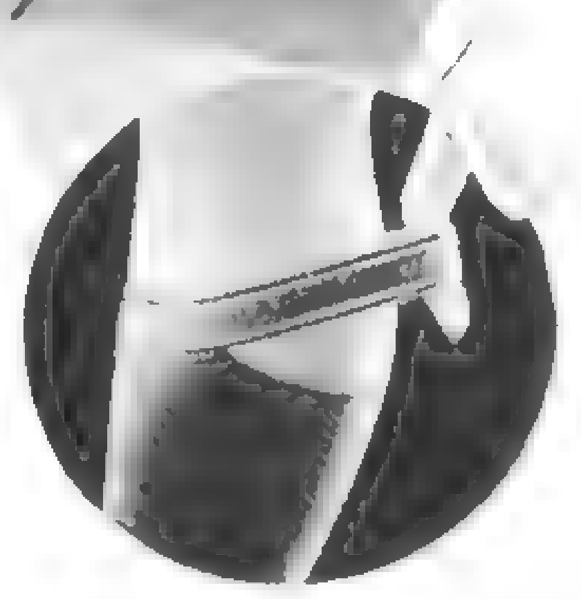

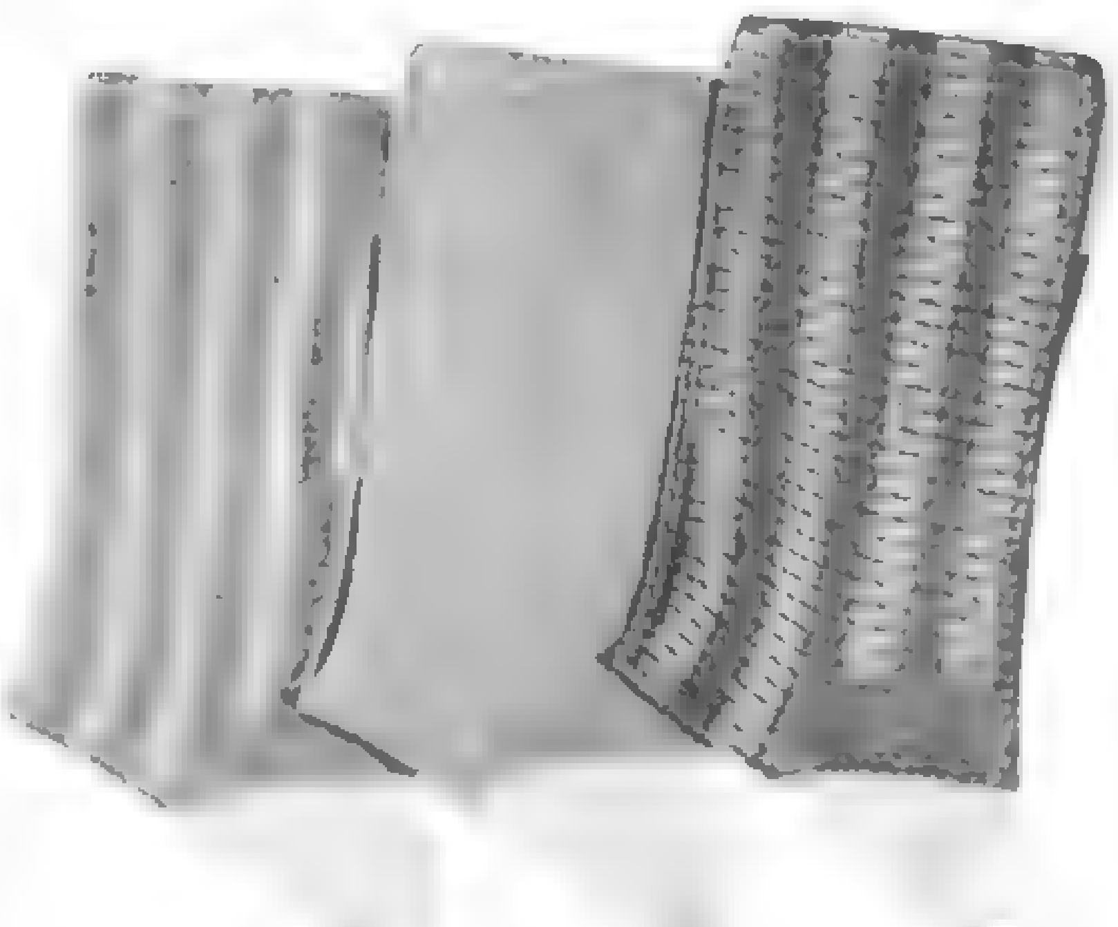

These 3 patterns in Halfhose and Pacer Short..3 pairs at $1

At last! For the man who doesn't like white or pastels! CHALK TONES—soft, dusky tones of blue, gray, brown and green. Yet, all the life, all the sparkle you want in Socks for warm weather wear! Patterns that make you say "Exactly right!" Best of all, you can have your favorite pattern in different CHALK TONE colors!

If you haven't worn Pacer you're in for a surprise! "Tops" in comfort, Pacer is the only Sock in America with the garter actually part of the Sock—guaranteed for the life of the Sock—assuring you of freshly laundered garters with each wearing! At leading stores everywhere!

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TWO TONES OF COMFORT

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BE A COOL MANSFIELD CUSTOMER

When temperature goes up, your mind goes down—to your feet. Cool them off in Mansfields: two-toned to look cool; built to be cool. Catching breezes at top is *Dunlop*, a ventilated oxford in two shades of brown. At ease (center) is *Cranston*, a quarter brogue in Bootmaker brown and ivory, a Mansfield color scoop. Vacationing on boat (bottom) is *Normoc*, a cool casual moccasin . . . $5 to $6.50

MANSFIELD SHOES · WHITMAN, MASS.

The Simple Game Called Golf

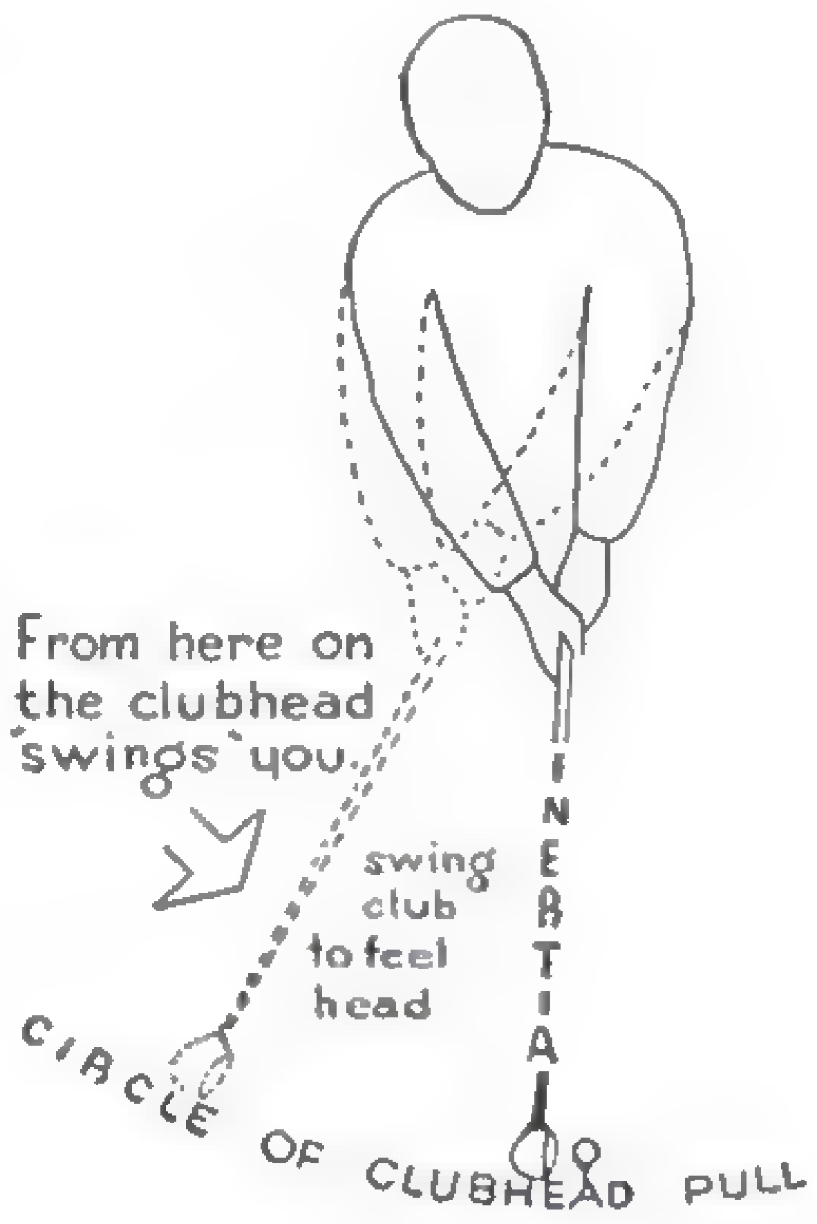
Continued from pages 63-165

pitches to regain the "clubhead feel."

Perhaps I can describe it this way—the first few feet—the lower segment in the swing gets the "feel of the clubhead" in your fingers and hands—from that point on—THE CLUB SWINGS YOU.

Get the feel in the first few feet then—let the clubhead swing you. Let it swing you back—let it swing you through.

The ball is an incident—it happens to be in the way of the clubface which is the one thing you are conscious of throughout the swing.



You're accustomed to driving two hundred yards. All right.

For the time being, I don't want you to try to drive over a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty at most—but let the clubhead swing you. Think of the face and direction.

Now swing it.

What's that? Certainly the ball went two hundred yards at least. That's an object lesson in *not hitting.*

I suppose I should say something about the difference between irons and woods.

To me there is only one difference and that is in the length of the shaft which of itself determines the angle of the swing.

There is no difference in the playing. Unless I am buried, I take no turf with irons—make no attempt to "hit" them.

And my iron shots go as far and true as the next fellow's.

Some of you are going to quarrel with the utter lack of instruction for stance—address—pivot and all the other time honored fetishes of conventional golf instruction.

Deeds speak louder than words and somebody else's "deeds" perhaps show less bias than mine might.

So, instead of trying to prove the point with what I have done myself, I refer you to two pictures in Ernest Jones's new book *Swinging Into Golf.*

The first picture is one of Jones himself *sitting on a chair—and hitting a ball two hundred yards!*

The next picture is one of my old and valued friend Leo Diegel hitting his shot *standing on one foot*—he has scored in the 70's standing on his right foot alone. What price stance, pivot, etc.?

Well, I have certainly succeeded in using a lot more words than I expected to. But, after all, I've just been saying the same thing over and over again. And that's golf—doing the right thing over and over again so that it becomes muscular memory.

It takes a deal of patience to get this idea into your muscles.

But there's one grand thing about it. It stays. Once there, your "off days" will be few and far between.

And—when you do get off back to the short pitches—to remind you.

So—that's the end of the lesson. The rest of it is up to you. ♯

The Winnah—and Still Champion

Continued from page 58

which took a little longer—he certainly wasn't in need of a vacation. It was rather the fault of the prospective victims, who more or less suddenly decided that they needed a vacation. Mr. Arturo Godoy, the gentleman from Chile, even went to the trouble of making a moving picture in Buenos Aires—just so that he wouldn't be available for Joe Louis.

The fact that Mr. Mike Jacobs announced so many Joe Louis bouts so long beforehand, proved something besides his unshakable determination to make money. It proved that he was never terribly worried about what might happen to Louis in these bouts.

To be frank, nobody else was worried either. Nobody took it very seriously when Mr. Jacobs announced that each of Joe Louis' opponents had to sign a contract with him, stipulating that if he won he would defend his title only for him, Mike Jacobs. Neither was anyone perturbed about the remarkably good form of all of the opponents and Joe Louis' bad form—just before the fight.

In a way, I think it is really nice that so many people try so hard to protect Joe Louis' financial interests. Though, to tell the truth, I don't think there would be one customer less going to a Joe Louis fight if these gloomy intimations about what might happen to him were not made. The paying customers know perfectly well that Joe Louis will beat his opponent and beat him without wasting too much time. They long ago stopped having illusions about surprises when Joe Louis is in the ring. Fact is, when Louis is in the ring they hardly see the other fellow. For their money, he's a one-man show all by himself and a good one. For their money, it takes only one to make a fight—if that one is Joe Louis.

This scribe covered the first

Be sensible about FALLING HAIR

If lazy circulation is the cause

Wake up your scalp

with amazing new finger-massage machine

★ Don't gamble with "magic remedies" to stop that receding hair line. Ask your doctor. If sluggish scalp circulation is the reason you're losing your hair, he'll tell you: daily massage *with your own fingertips* is the most sensible thing you can do to help.

Simple, tireless — with Vitalator. You need no special skill. This ingenious machine combines hand and electric massage. Just feel your scalp tingle and glow as Vitalator imparts to your own fingers the correct rotary strokes of Swedish massage. And you relax — Vitalator does all the work.

Now try a common sense aid to vigorous, good-looking hair. Use Vitalator alone, or with your favorite hair tonic. Women, too, find Vitalator a big help for dry, lifeless, hard-to-manage hair—and they like the way it applies beauty creams with professional technique. See it, try it, own it. Vitalator is sold at all cosmetic, drug and appliance counters.

SCALP CIRCULATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

GILBERT Vitalator $8.95

ALSO IN NATURAL PLASTIC OR CHROME $9.95

Made by the A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn. Mfrs. of fine quality electrical appliances

New York fight of Joe Louis against Primo Carnera in June, 1935, for a Paris newspaper. He sent a cable about twice the length ordered, but though he raved madly about the Negro boxer, he hadn't gone so far out of his mind as to forget to send it collect. He got an immediate answer from his editor which read: YOUR CABLE TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS. DO YOU REALLY THINK JOE LOUIS IS AS GOOD AS THAT? The writer cabled back: YES. He still thinks so.

Of course, a good boxer has been known to be beaten by an even better boxer. Admirable qualities may be outclassed by even more admirable qualities—or maybe some which are not so admirable, at that. In a word, the strength of a boxer is something relative. A sensible question, therefore, would not be how strong is a boxer but how strong is a boxer compared to any of his opponents?

"Now take Hitler, for instance," a very charming and intelligent lady friend of mine who does not like Hitler, remarked the other day. "I don't believe he's so hot as all that. The trouble is that all the others who should fight him are even worse than the Nazis. Anybody can beat people who are beaten before they start to fight."

I didn't answer because I don't like to interrupt people when they are blasting Hitler. My friend went on, surprisingly enough, to talk about a non-Aryan. "Now take Joe Louis." And that's where I got interested. "I don't think he's so hot. Whom did he ever beat? Second-raters, that's all. It's the same thing with Hitler."

Now, while anything goes about Hitler, this seems to me a little unfair so far as Joe Louis is concerned. It really goes too far to use it against Joe Louis that he has done away with so many opponents in such a hurry. It is just turning the whole matter upside down. Why must the fact that Joe Louis got through all his opponents without exerting himself prove that they were just bums? Why shouldn't it prove that he was an extremely capable fellow?

Around Jacobs' beach—that is, between Broadway and Madison Square Garden—they say, "anybody can be a good fighter against a bum and a bum against a good fighter." How true, as one of my great-aunts used to say! But tell me, who is a good fighter, then, and who is a bum? You see, it is all very, very relative.

Strangely enough, some people in the boxing business actually admit that Joe Louis may not be strictly off the cob, a bum. But they insist frantically that any of the champions of the good old days would have made mincemeat out of him.

Some of the former champions have been approached on the subject and, after some deliberation, they finally said yes, they were convinced they would have beaten Joe Louis. They even explained—byline and all—how they would have gone about it. Jess Willard, of all people, stated that he would have waited for Louis to lead with his left and then would have countered with a right. Jim Jeffries would have walked inside his hook—indeed, he would!—and thrown short jabs to the body. Dempsey would have crowded him, and would never even have let him get started. Jack Johnson, age sixty-four, went further and explained with his customary modesty that he would outpoint Joe Louis today over a distance of three rounds.

The only one who was cautious in his comments was Gene Tunney, who remarked that he would try to throw left jabs at Louis' nose and try very hard indeed not to be hit by the great Negro.

Needless to say, all this is so much hooey. Indirect measurements have never proved a thing in sports. Fortunately for those gentlemen, as well as for us, they can no longer be asked to step into the ring with Louis. And that is that.

But how long will this go on? This is the question you are dead certain to hear from every citizen who says he's interested in boxing, if you finally have got him around to admitting that Joe Louis is really a great boxer. How long will he last?

Well, some champs lasted long and some didn't. Some, as for instance John L. Sullivan or Joe Louis, became champions when they were only twenty-three. Jack Johnson, Jim Braddock, Jack Sharkey, were over thirty when they got the title. And Bob Fitzsimmons was almost thirty-five. So there is no clue for the perfect sleuth to figure out when Joe Louis will get murdered.

Nobody really knows how good a boxer is at a given moment, if it isn't immediately after a fight, and even then it is sometimes impossible to figure out the consequences certain punches will have in the future. That is why there are more so-called upsets in boxing than in any other sport. But it isn't really an upset. It is just the result of the development of two boxers which were unknown to you up to the fight.

You couldn't know, nobody could, that Jack Sharkey, after having taken the world championship from Schmeling, was all burned out inside and was going to lose his title to the first bum he took on, Mr. Carnera, of all people. You couldn't know, nobody could, that one year of New York night life had weakened the unbeatable Max Baer to such an extent that even the elderly Jim Braddock could take his title away from him. And of course, you can't know, and neither can I, what may have happened to Joe Louis just a minute ago, while you were reading this piece.

But just because it's Joe Louis, and just because he has been such a good boxer all these years, everybody always thinks he's slipping. There is a strange distaste among many fans for being caught by surprise. They want to be in

Continued on page 168

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The Winnah—and Still Champion

Continued from pages 58-167

the know. They want to be able to say if and when something really should happen to Joe Louis, that they knew all the time it was coming. I personally have the ugly suspicion that some of them only go to Joe Louis fights hoping to spy out some sign of decline.

Well, there never has been a fight after which you couldn't say that so-and-so really should have done this or that, and too-bad-but-he-isn't-what-he-used-to-be. They've been after Louis for a long time now. They have found out that, though he still has his punch, he isn't so fast. They've discovered that, though he's still fast, he hasn't got his punch any more. Mr. James Braddock has even found out something about Joe Louis' reflexes. "Louis has slipped," he announced to a breathless reporter. "Maybe it's his reflexes." Maybe it was at that. Other experts are broaching the whole subject from the psychological standpoint—maybe it's their reflexes. They point out that fame and money never did any boxer any good, and they are horrified that Joe Louis recently has not shown his killer-diller instinct of earlier years.

And what have you!

One word about the secret weapon. The secret weapons are in the possession of those boxers and their managers who are going to fight Joe Louis. Before the fight. Afterwards, the boxers at least are strangely silent. Now, it is quite understandable, especially from the manager's point of view, that they want a fight with the world's number one drawing card. So far, so good. But why don't they try to play up Joe Louis, so that when their man is carried out of the ring it doesn't look so bad?

But not the managers! For them, Louis is just a bum. And they aren't afraid of him, especially because their man has a secret weapon. Some boxers actually have succeeded in holding off the final disaster for a few more minutes by doing strange things in the ring and getting Louis awfully curious. But sooner or later Louis remembered that he had to knock somebody out, and that was that. After a recent fight in Philadelphia, the worthy champion remarked, "They needs a new gag. This crouching don't go no more against me." He was referring to the rather peculiar carriage of Mr. Dorazio, a boxer—whispered about during several weeks in January, 1941 in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. But it really goes for all the other secret weapons. They might have some success if Joe Louis would just stand pat and let the other fellow have a try. So far he hasn't obliged.

So he's slipping, is he?

I don't see why. After all, he has never taken very much, except possibly in the first Schmeling fight. He knocked out most of his opponents before they could touch him. He knocked them out so fast that the total rounds he has fought in fifty professional fights is amazingly low.

Well, even if he is slipping—so what? He'll have no difficulty going on and defeating any boxer who steps into the ring with him, even if Mr. Galento makes a comeback, as he threatens to do. Even if Mr. Max Baer actually does sign a contract for a fight—that contract he talks about all the time when Joe Louis is not around, Joe Louis won't be in any mortal danger for a long time to come.

He was really in danger only once. That was in the first Schmeling fight, in 1936. As you remember, he was knocked out. The only defeat in his professional career. He won all his other fifty fights, and forty-two of them by K.O.

In a way, I'm glad he lost once in his life. I'm always glad when super-athletes lose once in a while. It makes you feel that they don't do it with mirrors. Incidentally, that defeat was a good thing for Joe Louis. He learned a lot from it. He wouldn't be what he is today if it weren't for that right of Schmeling's that knocked him out.

When I say this was the only time that Joe Louis was really in danger, you will pardon my naïveté. I am so hopelessly naïve that I always believe what I see. Really smart men, of course, believe what they don't see. And one especially smart man only a few months ago finally blasted wide open the illusion about Joe Louis' superiority. In fact, he proved to all of us who listened, horrified, that anybody probably could beat Joe Louis if the bout was on the level.

I speak of none other than Senator John J. Haluska of the Pennsylvania State Legislature. After witnessing the fight in which Joe Louis knocked out the aforementioned Mr. Gus Dorazio in the second round of their match, Senator Haluska declared, "The fight was a disgrace. It was a perfect dive."

Of course, the Senator believes in what he doesn't see. And the charges of the State Athletic Commission, that he would never have opened his mouth if they had given him complimentary tickets, are utterly ridiculous. The trouble is that if Joe Louis can beat only Dorazio when the latter consents to take a dive—and we have the Senator's word for it—how can he have beaten anybody else? Maybe he hasn't.

Or maybe the Senator read too many newspapers before the fight, all telling of Dorazio's secret weapon and saying that Joe Louis was slipping. Maybe he believes what he reads. Or maybe he just didn't want to miss seeing Joe Louis licked. Maybe he wanted to be the first one to find out all about it.

I'm different. I know that some day Joe Louis will be all washed up. But I can wait patiently for the sad news to surprise me. ##

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The Natives Return

Continued from page 68

he is simply terrific, he is great, he is wonderful. Maybe you remember Jimmy Durante's song about singing Mammy at an audition and Jake Shubert crying out, "throw in the other knee, and Jolson *goes!*" Where Jolson himself throws in the other knee; he gives everything, and not just showering particles of electric energy all over the place, but keeping the atmosphere right, pacing the show, breaking in and out of ad libs. And singing.

It must have been in 1913 that I heard Jolson sing *Row, Row, Row*, in a show with Gaby Deslys; I think he was the first performer about whom I felt so warmly that I wanted to write a piece for the papers (and had no paper to write for). Shortly after that Jolson was heading his own shows and breaking them up at about 10:45 on opening nights, coming down to the footlights, and telling us after each wild burst of applause that we hadn't heard nuttin' yet. Things like that may not get into your blood and they mayn't even be the highest type of entertainment; but they do get into your memories and if you heard them in happy days, your heart is warmed and you aren't fit to judge whether the old magic is there. You're sentimental. So I'd better say that on the whole I think the recall of the repertory was Jolson's only weak spot. There was a moment—during *Swanee*—when I thought he was tremendous, but I may have been thinking of the day I walked into the apartment above mine on East 19th street and a dark, lean young man finished off the last bars of *Swanee* and I met the composer, George Gershwin. Jolson singing *Mammy* is of course the corn growing so green and high that it looks like the best wheat; it is the deliberate perfection of the wrong style, a burlesque now of all the people who have imitated Jolson singing it, and still absolutely correct in manner and technique for that kind of song.

But Jolson coming on to meet the audience is a different thing. That's a technical exploit, too, a mixture of the spontaneous, which has to be good, and the tried routine which has always gone over, and yet may drop dead. Some gags are safe—the one about the four empty seats which mean seventeen-sixty less at the box office—particularly good because Jolson owns the show; and when the seats are filled, he's got another gag, and introduces himself to the latecomers and asks them if they haven't made a mistake, because Ed Wynn's show is next door. All the backstage stuff is good and the elaborate Louholtzian gags with their rude and funny payoffs; and the Jolson style is disarming, the effort to get progressively more confidential, "no wait, I really want to tell you . . ." and sliding away from one story into another, and apparently being altogether out of control. Lots of other performers use the same material and much the same method; Jolson has used them for years and not always succeeded. And now he does, mixing the elements up so craftily that at the end he can do what no one has done since Maude Adams asked the audience to applaud if they believed in fairies; for Jolson actually steps down and asks you to surrender: "All I want to know is, did you like the show" . . . and thousands cheer. That's corn, too; but still the sweetest corn.

For the sake of contrast, take a man whose work is never corny: Charles Laughton; and look what happens to Laughton in a picture called *They Knew What They Wanted*. Every movement and gesture is pressed one tenth of a degree too far, as if nobody trusted Laughton's discretion, but kept yelling, "that's all right for a characterization; now add something for the hicks—this picture's got to play to big grosses in Higgsville, too." For years the quarrel has gone on about Laughton; there are those who see in him only a bag of tricks, crafty tricks and tricks new to Hollywood when Laughton made himself famous as Henry VIII; but no more than tricks. And there are others, including myself, who think of him as an astonishing actor who falls back on the best tricks when he can't get into a character, but has to play him nevertheless.

And the moment an actor falls back on his tricks, he begins to be a personality. At that moment he begins to say, look at me playing this part, not at the part which I am playing; at that moment, his press representative takes over and he begins to face the end as an actor. That won't happen for a long time to Laughton, because he is a man of great common sense; he has a critical eye to his own capacities. But if he is miscast, and cast for type, and if he is directed by people who aren't in his general style, he'll have to exaggerate, more and more, the physical tricks, the grunts and the leers and the slow smiles. Then he'll probably come back to the stage and play the part he wanted to play ten years ago: *Hamlet*. (He always refers you to the duel scene in the fifth act, when the Queen says, "Our son is fat . . . and scant of breath.")

Coming back to the stage is an old trick for exiles. Jolson has a long, rather foolish song-sneer at the radio on which he earned a pot of gold; actors return and somehow feel themselves grounded in integrity again. It is not because the stage is purer or better than the movies or the radio: the prime exploitation of personality went on in the theatre generations before Hollywood. But as an actor faces a different set of requirements, as he begins to learn even a fresh set of tricks, the necessity for creating something, for imag-

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The Natives Return

Continued from pages 68-169

ining and expressing, compels him to *work* again; he can't get by on personality for the first few weeks anyhow. Movie players particularly can gain a lot by shedding their screen selves and acting again. What they learn may not be of much use when they return to their salaries: but the exercise will be good for them. And, as they often say, they love to get back to their public.

We the people seem to love them for coming back to us. The return of a movie favorite in a movie is considered a sort of charitable act: old-timers, which may mean stars of three or of twenty years ago, are often herded together to pull at the heart-strings. Once in a blue moon a minor comeback occurs. But on the stage it seems to take. In the old vaudeville days we had some rather dreadful assortments of creaking people; but Billy Rose has three times proved that sentiment produced with skill will make old favorites acceptable; and this year's batch, of the vintage of just-before-the-first-war is the final proof.

This isn't meant to explain what genius is; and just how it gets along in the world. I merely thought it worth mentioning that personality isn't enough. There's so much personality floating around in real life, why should I go to a theatre to see any more of it? ⧺

The One-Eyed Poacher's Paradise

Continued from page 77

critically on his lifelong comrade's idea. "Trouble with you is, you got no polish about things. You get a pretty good notion now an' then, but you don't work her out good. Only go so far. Fact is, I may get Jumbo Tethergood to go on the trip with me."

Zack stumbled on a snow-hidden root and bruised his knee against a boulder. The pain made his lips twitch. "I don't see why you say that," he whined. "Jumbo would never of thought up that silk cushion. You never even thought of it your own self."

"First place," ruthlessly criticized Jeff, "that girl on page nine is too young. I told you that last winter. She ain't a day over seventeen." The old poacher's head roared, his climbing fever stimulating his imagination. His infected forearm tortured him. "Still an' all," he tolerated, "if you like her, bring her along. I'm comin' right behind you in an armchair with a canopy over it. There's tassils to this canopy, and di'mons danglin' from the tassils. Jest behind me, Stumpy Coldwillow's playin' his mouth organ, soft an' low. Lorraine, the Lure of Laredo, is settin' beside me. She jest put a silk cushion under my head, too. But first you know what she done?"

They had been three hours on the portage, and Zack's knee had stiffened, despite constant motion. He walked with a heavy limp, and every step was agony. "I know what she done, all right," he bridled. "But you can't do that with a girl on this trail, not even her. Not with everyone lookin'. You got to be alone with her to do that."

"Natchully," replied Uncle Jeff coolly. "But we ain't got to that yet. I'm tryin' to tell you what Lorraine done to that cushion. If you'd only lissen: 'Fore she tucked it under my head, she sprinkled it with Evenin' in Paris perfumery. Ever smell Evenin' in Paris?"

"Prob-ly smells like mink bait," said Zack bitterly. He was humiliated that he had not thought of perfume. He saw now that Jeff's idea was a splendid embellishment. His old friend was always one up on him. Zack did not speak again until, staggering with exhaustion, they came to the shore of the Little Mopang River. While he cut two dry spruce poles with which to set the canoe down over the rapids, Zack invented a stunt for their trip which brought a squawk of delight and approval from the one-eyed poacher.

"We better bring that young game warden along with us," he said huskily. "We'd make him gather beechnuts for us, an' shell 'em—with mittens on."

Since Uncle Jeff loved beechnuts, and loathed game wardens, the deal was closed, and the two partners started downriver. They planned to spend the first night below Ellum Stump Rips, and if all went well, they might get home the following night. But the blizzard made the familiar river seem strange and forbidding. The swirling snow distorted things. Shapes lunged at them through the gathering dusk. They were puzzled and bewildered. On a sharp turn, two miles above Ellum Stump Rips, they struck a ledge in mid-current. The ledge had been dynamited by log drivers, and a jagged edge cut a hole two feet long below waterline amidships. They swung sidewise in the rapid, and the canoe filled. Zack saved the knapsack containing the cat skins and their food, but the canoe crackled and folded end-to-end in the pressure of the water. It was a total loss.

They knew, without saying anything about it, that the loss of their canoe meant an overland trip to the hamlet of Privilege, the nearest civilization they could reach cross-country. They floundered from the river on the Privilege side. Jeff had some dry matches in a gutta percha salt shaker with a watertight cap. He peeled some bark from a white birch and got a fire going. They dried out the cat skins, wound them around their necks; and, as night fell, they sat on opposite

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sides of the fire, their clothes steaming, and the noises of the storm closing upon them from the surrounding forest.

They devoted most of the night to drawing maps of their trip, using birch bark and burnt alder. The river sounded muffled in the swish and tinkle of sleet. Far back in the woods a tree fell. They leaned close to the fire for warmth and light. Uncle Jeff had mapped the territory, and was indicating a cache on the shore of the big river below Forty Brook. "We'll send a crew ahead," he explained, making a cross on the birch bark, "and we'll have 'em bury some supplies for us, so's we can look forward to somethin'. Say, we'll have a flask of Hernando's Fiery Dagger; some trout hooks, an' a ham."

By daylight, the birch-bark map was studded with caches containing everything from hot water bottles to flowered silk pajamas. It was the most complete expedition ever imagined by man. As they proceeded toward Privilege, their feet swollen and bleeding, their eyes haggard, they decided against having any band music on the trip on the grounds it would scare game away. The discussion lasted them to the peak of Slewgundy Ridge. From there it was nineteen miles to Privilege.

By noon the snow had turned to rain, and Uncle Jeff's moosehide moccasins had soaked and stretched. At Bald Otter Brook, he happened to glance down, and discovered that he was in his stocking feet. His moccasins had slipped off without his knowing it. The swelling in his forearm now extended to his hand. It was puffed, purple, and useless. Zack helped him cut the big cat skin into strips. He tied the strips around his feet, fur side down, and they went on.

"To wake us mornin's," Uncle Jeff offered, somewhere between Bald Otter Brook and Tam'rack Heath, "we'd have chimes. I can hear 'em now."

"Too heavy to lug," Zack feebly protested. "I'd ruther have a canary in a gold cage hangin', outside the tent. They sing lovely. I'd wake up, an' then roll over an' sleep till 'most seven o'clock."

"Mighty good su'jestion, Zack. Mighty good figurin'." The one-eyed poacher's hatbrim, heavy with water, hung down around his face. His zig-zagging tracks were red in the snow. By mid-afternoon the rain quit. The wind backed into the North, and the weather cleared cold.

"I smell smoke," said Zack, who was ahead. His face was so stiff he had great difficulty pronouncing s's.

"'Tain't neither," contradicted Jeff, swaying alongside. "It's a rum an' cinnamon."

The one-eyed poacher was delirious, and very happy. He had dreamed himself so far beyond pain that even the crusting snow was like rose petals under his torn feet. He did not want their trip to end, and as they came into the main and only street of Privilege at dark, supporting each other, he said: "Dang it, Zack—we could stay jest a few more days."

From some strange recess of his brain, Zack Bourne had conjured artichokes. Foggily he tried to trace the notion to its source. Either some sportsman had mentioned them, or he had seen one pictured in a colored advertisement.

He mentioned them to his companion, and Uncle Jeff owlishly took them under consideration. Zack couldn't remember the name of the yellow sauce that went with them, and they were wrangling over whether it was whipped cream or pork fat, when young Tom Corn, the game warden, looked from his window and saw them. It was obvious to Tom that they were nearly done in. Strips of cat skin trailed from the one-eyed poacher's feet, and his gestures, usually so imperious, were mere gropings in the air. Zack Bourne's clothes hung in ribbons. The young warden opened his door and stepped toward them.

"You say whip cream," muttered Uncle Jeff Coongate, giving his partner a feeble shove, "an' you don't even know whether an artichoke is a berry or a veg'table."

"Whip cream," said Zack, his voice a whisper. "It's a kind of fruit. Like a—like a—"

Tom Corn spoke, and they turned and bleared at him. Their brows drew together. Then things seemed to be very clear. For Tom Corn was the very warden who was to mix their rum, lemon and sugar at proper intervals along their trail of phantasy. Indeed, it was young Tom who had so frequently arrested them in real life for jacklighting and salmon spearing. But on their dream trip they were having their revenge, for he was gathering beechnuts for them, and shelling them—with mittens on.

"Where you been, boys?" the warden asked.

"First I'll have a water tumbler of Hernando's Fiery Dagger," said Uncle Jeff loftily.

"Me, too—if there ain't no Old Sabre Tooth," Zack sighed.

"Well, you just step into my house, boys, and I'll fix you up."

Zack looked at Uncle Jeff. The one-eyed poacher returned the look. They nodded solemnly. Quite clearly their dream had come true, or else they were in paradise. It didn't make much difference. Tom Corn led them into his house. On his kitchen table there stood a glass jar half-full of shelled beechnuts. Noticing this further realization of hope, the old-timers nodded at one another once more. Something was stealing into them. It seemed to come from Tom Corn's stove. They dimly remembered that this strange and lovely sensation was warmth and drowsiness, and before Tom Corn had poured them their rum, they had fallen asleep. ###

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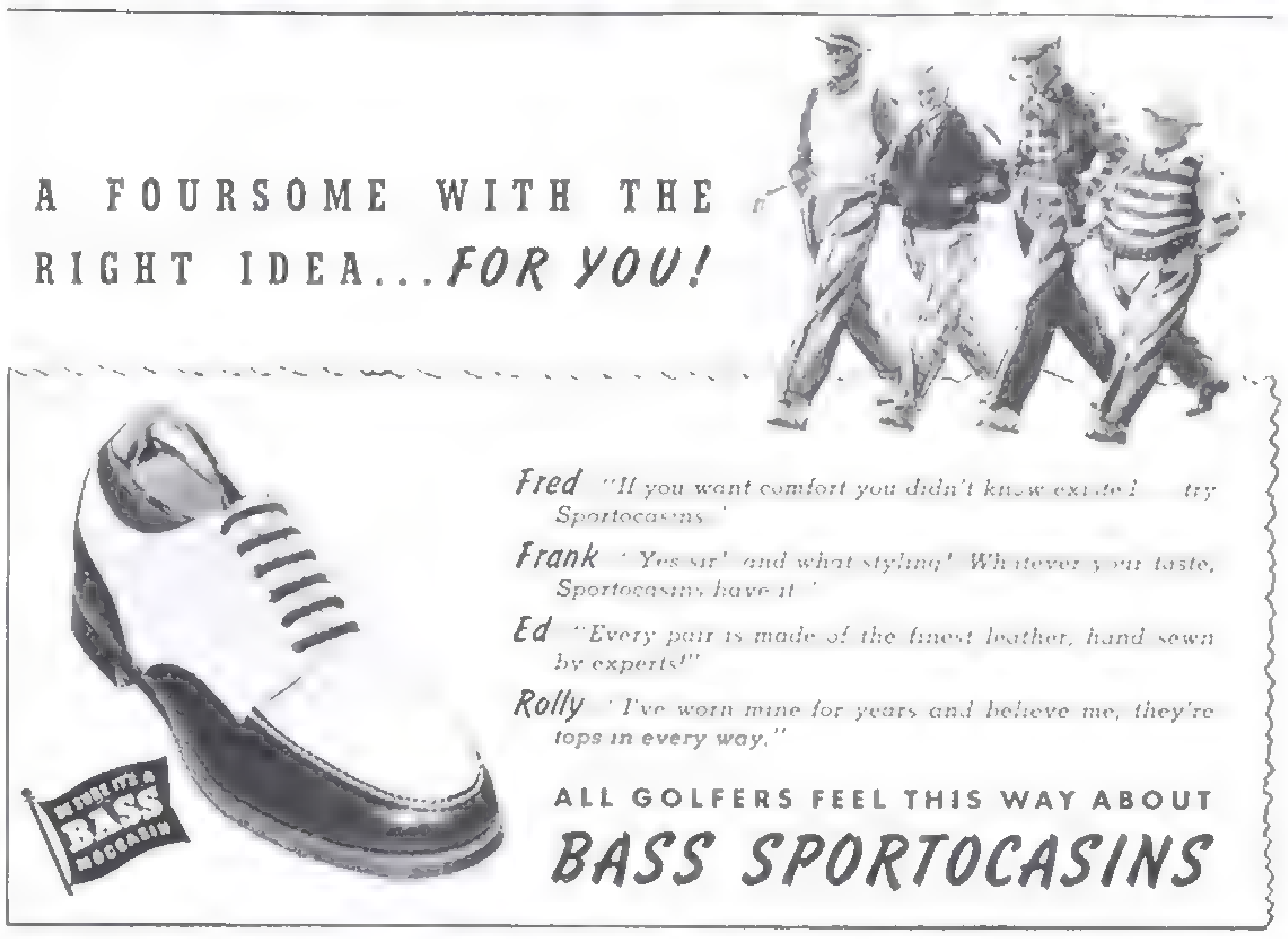

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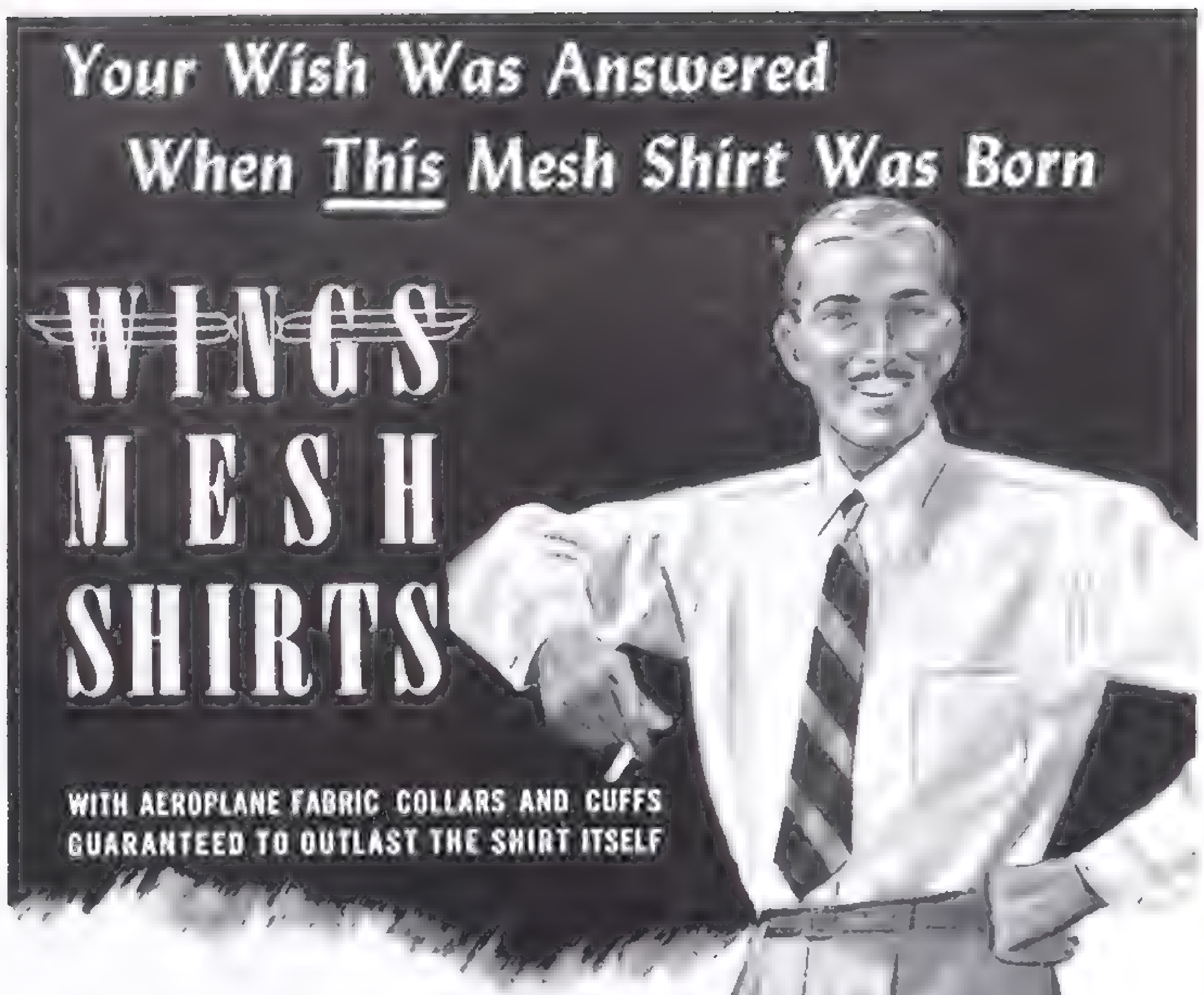
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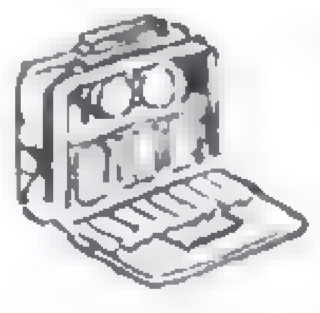

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Manners for Motorists

Continued from page 56

brigade. Here is the criminal instinct at its refined peak. Many a milquetoast turns on his lights full force; and then imagines himself King Kong. You blink your own lights, you honk, you squirm, you shade your eyes. Nothing does any good. Finally you stop dead, one wheel in a ditch. The man sails serenely on, dreaming happily of the talk he is to make the next day to the boys and girls of the Four A Club.

The time will come when such grown-up water pistol bandits will receive their just due. This department suggests slow execution by the constant sounding of B-flat on a pipe organ.

* * *

The subject of noise brings us posthaste to the case of the harrowing honkers: Most drivers toot their horns on every possible occasion, more from nervous habit than need. Honking, like glarer-flashing, gives them a feeling of both omnipotence and completion, saying, at the same time, "Here I stand, a streamlined master of the Day of Judgment," and "I have warned you, now; the rest is up to you."

Conversation, it will be observed, generally fulfills the same function. Faced with a problem, most people feel that if they talk about it enough, and with enough vigor, they solve it. Sheep, it will be noticed, also bleat all through the night; and no sheep yet has sheared a shepherd.

Honking seldom solves any driving problem. It merely wears on everybody's nerves, including your own; and plants the seeds of murderous resentment in the breast of the honkee. Honking also interferes with the intellectual life, if any, of the community through which you are driving.

Schopenhauer, in that celebrated essay on noise, points out that a great intellect sinks to the level of an ordinary one as soon as it is interrupted and disturbed; and he asks, with much point, why a truck driver, carting away a load of manure, should "thereby obtain the right to kill in the bud the thoughts which might happen to be springing up in ten thousand heads?"

Blasting, drilling, the nagging of women, crying of children, and the music of juke boxes are horrible sounds; but the real murderer of peace and reflection is a driver with St. Vitus-Dance-of-the-horn. Perhaps it is really he who should get the punishment of B-flat.

* * *

In winding up these brief extracts from the case histories of bad manners on the road, a word might be said about the parking glutton. This psychopath is the victim of a common delusion, like the piano that suddenly became philosophical, and decided that the music of all other pianos was just nothing but the echo of its own playing. He says to the curb, in a word, "Thou must have no other car before me."

How often have you come staggering out of your saloon, only to find that your Mercedes has been treated no more ceremoniously than a piece of dried-up lettuce in a three-decker sandwich. The relations of the other cars, with yours, fore and aft, look like a page out of Krafft-Ebing. And, further, your erstwhile neighbors left their cars in gear, emergency on, and doors locked. This, we submit, is exceedingly *gauche*.

You wind up by jacking up both of the other cars, and sliding yours out underneath—a job that tires the girl out before her time.

* * *

Now, about *L'esprit des lois:* Time was when it was the sign of good driving to ignore traffic laws. Every man who considered himself to the motor born ignored regulations the way Prohibition *bon vivants* ignored the 18th Amendment. Laws, he held, with Mr. Rousseau, are made for fools and knaves.

But the social code of the road is quite different, in the faster-paced "Forties." You can't break a really essential law and get away with it—at least for long. You can't, for example, violate Ohm's Law, Boyle's Law, Charles's Law, Gresham's Law, or the Law of Diminishing Returns, without facing a swift penalty.

Well, the same thing holds, in modern times, for traffic laws. If you don't believe this, try speeding the wrong way up a one-way road, some Sunday afternoon. Or try driving through a red light at Broadway and 42nd Street, some odd Saturday evening—and knocking down a cop.

Good manners—*le vrai savoir*—in other words, calls for a strict observance of the letter as well as the spirit of the traffic laws. This is particularly true when you have no license.

Manners, however, are much more concerned with unwritten than written laws. Unwritten laws are arbitrary and variable; but all the more important because of this fact. For their function is to enable people to do the same sort of things without clashing overmuch. In the final act of *Tristan and Isolde*, for example, it is nowhere legally required that the first tenor, in dying, sing the words written in the score. Yet, somehow, it is much better all around if he sticks to the score instead of going, say, "Boop-boop-a-doop."

So it goes for all the conventions, in driving or in life. It doesn't matter much what the convention is, so long as it is generally agreed on—and, as such, mutually understood. Take the custom of taking off your hat to a girl. It is certainly an arbitrary gesture; observed here, but scarcely if at all in Senegal or Samarkand. And it would in no way upset the status of social philosophy if we agreed to take off our neckties, or shoes, instead. Yet if we went ahead and took off these vestments before such a convention was established, our politeness might be misunderstood.

All of this holds for driving; and argues for a strict observance of whatever conventions prevail, in the exact form in which they prevail—without too much effort at originality or revolution. If the convention calls for putting out your hand for a left turn, then by all means throttle any impulse to put out your foot, or to stop and play Tosti's *Good-Bye* on the ocarina.

There is an old Chinese saying to the effect that if you are punctilious in the small things, you can fall down, occasionally, in the big things; and certainly this has been true in all times and places. It is the one generality that applies to society today as in the times of Tutankhamen, and on a six-lane highway as well as on the "Street Called Straight."

Follow this as a general rule and you can lay claim to the best manners in motordom. There is only one caution to add: use the right convention at the right time. Or, as the sage, Lâo-Tse, put it: "Don't use the axe to swat a fly on your grandfather's head." ⧺

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 95

she knew her business far better than any coloratura today.

Connoisseurs of good singing don't mind scratchy, imperfect surfaces. Of course, some old records sound better than you would expect. The quality of acoustic recordings varies tremendously. Listeners who have heard Caruso and Farrar on the early phonograph have no conception of how their voices can be reproduced today. Old machines wore out records quickly and a worn record, whether old or new, sounds like a blitzkrieg.

In general, the reproduction of the voice on the best acoustical records compared favorably in brilliance (and volume) of tone with electricals. But only the voice registers faithfully; accompaniments never equal those on electrically made discs. Many singers, Hempel and Eames among them, feel that acoustic discs give a truer, less exaggerated reproduction of a voice than modern recordings, which can make a flea's squeak sound like a tenor.

The date of a recording has little to do with its mechanical quality. A 1902 Caruso is often clearer, more vital in quality than a 1912 Caruso. Earlier records are more natural and vibrant because, after the start was made, sound levels were reduced. The earliest records were often so brilliant they "blew up" contemporary instruments. Victor, in particular, adopted a "play safe" policy, the result of which was that in 1905-06 voices sounded fainter, more muffled, tight and lifeless compared with those of 1902-03.

Great singers began to record on cylinders in the nineties. Sembrich, Plançon, Ancona, Campanari, made a number of cylinders which are listed in a catalogue, but I know no one who owns them. If found in good condition, it is almost certain that they would be vivid, life-like reproductions of immeasurable value.

In 1902, the Gramophone & Typewriter Company, Ltd. of London issued the forerunner of the Red Seal celebrity series that today includes the bulk of all artists alive. These 1902 discs are rare: Caruso (recorded in Milan), Plançon, Calvé, Maurel. Melba joined the group in 1904, Patti in 1905. Especially scarce are good discs of Jean or Edouard de Reszke . . . and of the great Ternina.

Scarcity alone, however, is not enough to make a record valuable. Many records are rare merely because they were not good enough to sell. Some discs bring as high as fifty dollars, but prices vary from fifty cents to three dollars, with five and ten dollars unusual. Second-hand and Salvation Army stores used to be rich in Red Seals, which could be had for a nickel. Now you pay more at the Collectors' Record Shop, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York, and the Half-Price Record Shop, 101 West 53rd Street, New York. The International Record Collectors' Club, 318 Reservoir Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut, issues re-pressings every month.

The current HIS MASTER'S VOICE catalogue has a special section devoted to historical records and records of considerable intrinsic value. Victor should prepare a similar list in collaboration with connoisseurs. Singers whose records I especially like include:

1909—Blanche Arral: *El Bolero Grande* (Victor 64107)
1907—Battistini: *A tanto amor* from *La Favorita* (Victor 92045)
1906—Bonci: *I Puritani* (Fonotipia 39084)
1908—Calvé: *Ma Lisette* (Victor 88123) or International Record Collectors' Club
1907—Caruso: *Vesti la giubba* from *Pagliacci* (Victor 88206)
1904—Caruso: *Una Furtiva Lagrima* from *Elisir d'Amore*
1913—Caruso: *Mamm mia, che vo' sape* (Victor 88206)
1913—Clement: *Le Rève* from *Manon* (Victor 6062)
???? —Julia Culp: Beethoven's *The Cottage Maid* (Victor 64493)
1909—De Gogorza: *Serenata* from *Don Giovanni*
1912—Emmy Destinn: *D'Amor sull' ali rose* from *Il Trovatore* (Victor 88557)
1911—Emma Eames: *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (Victor 88367)
1904—Farrar: *Sempre Libera* from *Traviata*
???? —Farrar: *Seguidilla* from *Carmen* (Victor 88511)
1911—Gerville-Reâche: *Paul et Virginie* (Victor 88317)
1911—Alma Gluck: *Rossignol's Amoureuse* from Rameau's *Hip-*

Continued on page 174

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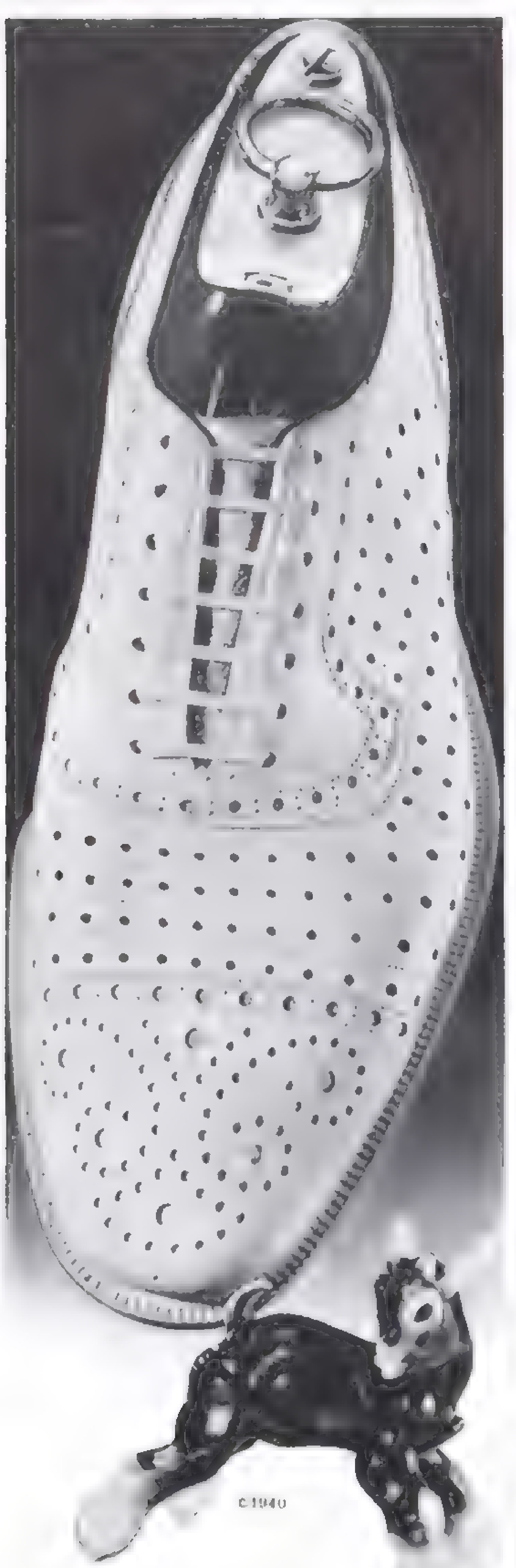

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Brogandi
GENUINE GOATSKIN
This TAG identifies a shoe made of genuine Evans Brogandi

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 95-173

polyte et Aricie (Historic Record Society 1037)

1913—Frieda Hempel: *Vien diletto* from *I Puritani* (Victor 88470)

1907—Lilli Lehmann: *Casta Diva* from *Norma*

1916—John McCormack: *Il mio Tesoro* from *Don Giovanni*

1907—Nellie Melba: *Caro Nome* from *Rigoletto*

1906—Adelina Patti: *La Calasera* (International Record Collectors 17)

1904—Pol Plançon: *Le Chalet* (International Record Collectors 25)

???? —Paul Reimers: *Le coeur de ma vie* (Victor 45063)

1909—Schumann-Heink: *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* (Victor 88188)

1904—Tamagno: Death Scene from *Otello* (His Master's Voice DS-100)

* * *

A recent addition to collectors' items are the autographed Paderewski "Golden Anniversary" Albums (Victor M-748), which have been placed on sale for twenty-five dollars at the Liberty Music Shop. The famous pianist has never before autographed his records and did so now only to aid starving intellectuals among his countrymen. If you want one, address I. J. Paderewski, Liberty Music Shop, Madison Avenue at 49th Street, New York City.

Mr. Paderewski recently recorded a talk for the occasion of the Golden Anniversary of his first concert in America, which occurred November 17, 1891. The voice of the greatest of all pianists of our time is deep and moving. "My dear friends," he says. "So many of you all over your great and glorious country have wholeheartedly welcomed me during the past fifty years that I am happy to take this opportunity to offer you my warmest thanks. Since words are inadequate to express my gratitude for your hospitality, your friendship, and your affection, I have long ago given you my heart.

"The day will come when I will have to part with you. After all, it is only natural at my age. Life the complicated problems it offers, the wisdom of living in order to achieve a full satisfaction, in my opinion, can be summarized in a few words: *Keep on the right track.*

"These words guided me throughout my life and, as I look back, I feel that they represent the only unfailing precept leading to human perfection. In conveying them to you, I am trying to give you something of lasting value. For everybody endowed with a normal moral structure, the demarcation line between good and evil is firmly established. All one has to do is never to cross that demarcation line in the wrong direction.

"Human actions achieved within the right path contribute inevitably to the strengthening and to the development of culture. The contrary means, and will always mean, a setback. It certainly is important to individuals, as well as to groups of individuals, to keep on this path. No considerations, be they social or national, racial or religious, can abolish or even impair this basic fundamental idea. Unnecessary sufferings could be spared, ruthless wars and endless destruction avoided . . . the natural striving for perfection, the march of humanity toward general happiness could be assured if everybody would keep on the right path. The problem looks simple, yet it obviously requires a great improvement in human nature before it can be solved. We are still too far from God and we still too often neglect His Commandments.

"May I be permitted to express my hope, my ardent conviction, that both your great and noble country and my beloved Poland will always, as in their glorious past, remain unshaken champions of truth, of justice, and of good will."

* * *

In the Paderewski discography printed in March Esquire, the Brahms Hungarian Dances No. 6 and No. 7 were omitted. On Victor 1529, they are among his most interesting electrical recordings. Unfortunately, early piano records sound tinny, tinkly, like plucking on a guitar. The piano's tone starts to die the moment it is struck. In early records it fades out much more quickly, due to the resistance of the wax in the cutting process.

Very few collectors keep violin records because present-day violinists, unlike singers, can perform quite as well as their predecessors. Other collectors' oddities are comics of the late 90's and early 1900's, but by far the largest group are interested in jazz recordings. The beginnings and development of jazz can be traced and studied only through records because jazz is actually more a way of playing than a way of writing music. It is a personal, individual style which must be heard to be comprehended. A hundred years from now, no one would have the vaguest notion of jazz merely by reading the notes.

It will be from records like Columbia's Boogie-Woogie Set (C-44) that music-lovers of the future will get an idea of what we listened to in the days between the great World Wars.

To my collection I am adding: Pablo Casals' playing of the first and sixth of Bach's suites for unaccompanied cello. . . . Alec Templeton's recording of the *Rhapsody in Blue*. . . . Dorothy Maynor's singing of *Depuis le jour* (Victor 17698) with the Philadelphia Orchestra. . . . Mozart's Serenade for Wind Instruments (Victor M-743) . . . and the Horowitz-Toscanini version of the Brahms B-flat major Piano Concerto, recorded in Carnegie Hall. It is perfection. #

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Esquire on the Record

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Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); *Minuet in G Major* (Paderewski); Ignace Jan Paderewski. Victor 16250	*You Might Have Belonged to Another; Oh! Look At Me Now;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27274
Blue Danube Waltz; Tales from the Vienna Woods (Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Dr. Livingstone, I Presume? When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin;* Artie Shaw & His Gramercy 5. Victor 27289
Don Quixote (R. Strauss); Emanuel Feuermann—Eugene Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-720	*Song of the Volga Boatmen; Chapel in the Valley;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11029
Symphony No. 4 in E Minor (Brahms); Serge Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-730	*There'll Be Some Changes Made; Dardanella;* Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird B-11025
Jalousie (Gade); *Amor Brujo—Ritual Dance of Fire* (DeFalla); Arthur Fiedler and Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 12160	*It All Comes Back to Me Now; Sunset at Sea;* Teddy Powell. Bluebird B-11000
	May I Never Love Again; Buzz Buzz Buzz; Bob Chester. Bluebird B-10904
Columbia Recording Corp., Bridgeport, Conn.	
Capriccio Espagnol (Rimsky-Korsakoff); John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia X-185	*Stardust; Chicken Gumboog;* Will Bradley. Columbia 35939
Scheherezade (Rimsky-Korsakoff); Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-398	*Rockin' Chair; There'll Be Some Changes Made;* Mildred Bailey. Columbia 35943
Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-395	*Music Makers; Montevideo;* Harry James. Columbia 35932
Gaîté Parisienne (Offenbach); Efrem Kurtz and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia X-115	*High On a Windy Hill; It All Comes Back To Me Now;* Gene Krupa. Okeh 5883
Piano Concerto in B-flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Egon Petri and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Goehr. Columbia M-318	*Walkin' Through Mockin' Bird Lane; You Walk By;* Tommy Tucker Time. Okeh 5973
Patter Songs (Gilbert & Sullivan); Nelson Eddy. Columbia M-440	*Daddy's Lullaby; Maria Elena;* The Champagne Music of Lawrence Welk. Okeh 5939
Johann Strauss Waltzes; Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia M-364	*New San Antonio Rose; Bob Wills Special;* Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys. Okeh 05694
	Be Honest with Me; What's Gonna Happen to Me; Gene Autry. Okeh 05980
	You Are My Sunshine; Crying Myself to Sleep; Bob Atcher and Bonnie Blue Eyes. Okeh 05370
Nelson Music House, Billings, Montana	
Tales from the Vienna Woods; Blue Danube Waltz (J. Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Anvil Chorus* (Part 1 and 2); Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10982
Musical Americana; Raymond Paige. Victor Album G-28	*Boogie Woogie; How Long Low Long Blues;* Count Basie. Decca 2355
Moonlight Sonata; Minuet; Ignace Paderewski. Victor 6690	*High on a Windy Hill; The Last Time I Saw Paris.* Victor 27254
Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor Album M-265	*Serenade; Evening Star;* Wayne King. Victor 27229
Concerto No. 2 in D Minor (Wieniawski); Jascha Heifetz and London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Album M-275	*Perfidia; The Man Who Comes Around;* Ozzie Nelson. Bluebird 10626
	I Hear a Rhapsody; The Moon Is Crying for Me; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B-10934

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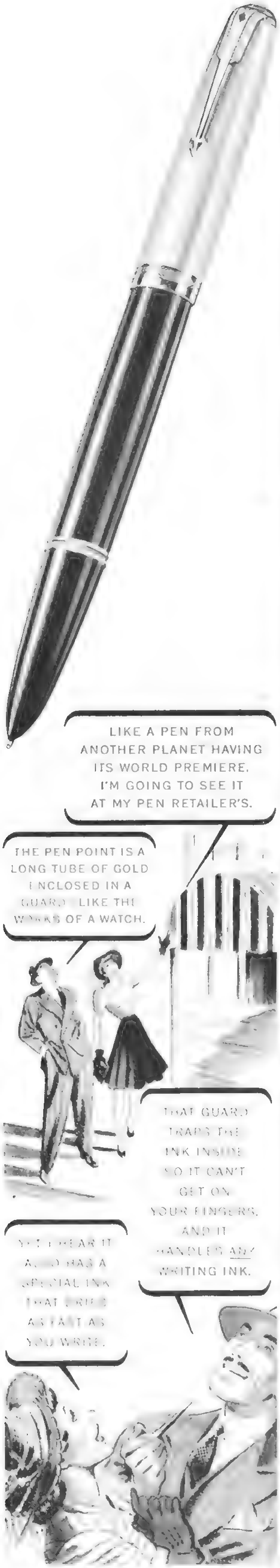
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THE PEN POINT IS A LONG TUBE OF GOLD ENCLOSED IN A GUARD LIKE THE WORKS OF A WATCH.
THAT GUARD TRAPS THE INK INSIDE SO IT CAN'T GET ON YOUR FINGERS. AND IT HANDLES ANY WRITING INK.
YET I HEAR IT ALSO HAS A SPECIAL INK THAT DRIES AS FAST AS YOU WRITE.

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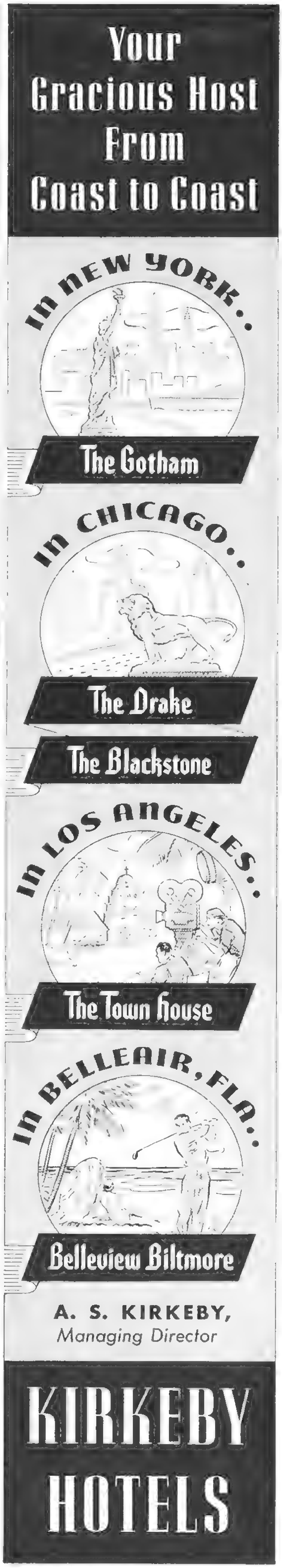

De Bosis Unafraid

Continued from page 32

Fleet as a guest of the Navy on the *U. S. S. Arkansas*, our first super-dreadnaught. At that time Tom Paige, a cousin of my wife's, was United States Ambassador to Rome, and he gave a dinner, to which I was invited, for the Admirals and Captains of the Fleet.

At the dinner, I, who knew no Italian, was seated between two Italian gentlemen, who knew no English, and who, even when I loosed on them my limited French, evidently thought I was still conversing in my native tongue. I had been trying all evening to find out whether they knew Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor. But when I pronounced Ezekiel, as we pronounce it in America, with the accent on the "zek" they had not the slightest comprehension of whom or what I was speaking. When the liqueurs were being passed I made a last, final effort to query the Italian on my left about Sir Moses.

The light of understanding leapt into his eyes. "Ah, Zekyell," he said, accenting the "yel" instead of the "zek" as I had done.

Immediately he spoke in rapid Italian to a gentleman just across the table from me. It was Sir Moses Ezekiel himself. He had been my vis-a-vis at dinner all evening. He was a noble looking old gentleman, with long gray locks and eyes that smiled. When we were introduced he rose and embraced me across the table. We talked of our Alma Mater, the V.M.I., and he asked me many questions, and after dinner he said, "Tomorrow, at five you must come for tea in my studio, which is in the Old Wall of Rome."

And the next day I went there and we had tea, and talked, and he showed me his work, and when I left he made me promise that if I ever returned to Rome I would visit him again in his studio.

But, I did not go to Rome again until 1925, when I was chairman of a delegation from the American Legion to the FIDAC Congress held that year in Rome. Assigned to the American and British delegations as guide and mentor was a most charming young Italian scholar and veteran of the War, named De Bosis. His father was a well-known Italian poet, his mother an American woman from St. Louis, Missouri. I took a great fancy to him as did everyone in the two delegations.

He was at all times most considerate of his English speaking wards, and I remember especially the evening of the official Italian dinner at the *Castello di Caesari.*

The dinner was to have begun at eight, but in the FIDAC Congress there had been a prolonged fight over the election of officers, and when finally we sat down for dinner it was near eleven. Inconsiderately the Italian principal speaker spoke for some forty-odd minutes, and presumably everything he said had to be translated into French and English. The task of translation fell to De Bosis. Bringing his glass of champagne and a plate of *petites gâteaux*, he came around and took his position in front of the speakers' table. He smiled at us encouragingly as if to say, "I will make this as snappy for you as I can."

The Italian speaker began. After he had coursed down the oratorical highway for a considerable stretch, De Bosis, with a gentle wave of the hand, signaled him to stop. Then, summing up the first lap of the oration, in a few epitomized phrases, mercifully brief, he flashed on the green light again. The speaker sped on. De Bosis took a sip of champagne, nibbled at a little cake, and smiled encouragingly at us again. Then a wave of the hand and another equally brief summary. He cut down the oratorical part of the evening by an hour at least. We were all very grateful to him.

The next day the delegation from England and America visited the famous villas around Rome, with De Bosis as our guide. Our last visit, near sunset, was to the Villa Falconiere. This ancient villa was not nearly as impressive as some of the others, but in it there was one shining gem, a pool, with tall cypresses around it. It was especially beautiful at sunset. There was no wind to ripple the water. Like a mirror of burnished steel it reflected the images of the pointed cypresses against the sun.

The sight of it was so satisfying to the eye that I lingered after the others had left. Instinctively, I fumbled for my camera. But, as I was maneuvering for an angle, I suddenly realized I was not the only one who had stayed. Seated on a marble bench across the pool, and quite lost in the beauty of the scene, was a young Italian girl.

Folding up my camera without taking a picture, I thought, "She is photographing this scene in the only way it should be done."

I recognized her as a member of our party although I did not know her name. As I approached her, she rose, realizing as I did that it was time to join the others. I accompanied her down a long series of stairways to the street where De Bosis, in the last of our long procession of automobiles, was anxiously waiting. His anxiety was for the girl, not me. She was his sister. They invited me to ride with them in their car to the next town where our party was to have dinner. As we rode I told De Bosis of my first visit to Rome, of my search for Sir Moses Ezekiel, and of my having had tea with him in his studio in the Old Wall of Rome.

"That is a strange coincidence," he said, "Sir Moses Ezekiel was my foster father, and after his death I inherited his studio in the Old Wall of Rome. And tomorrow you must come again at five and have tea with me."

This time instead of tea it was champagne cocktails, and we went up and sat on his porch on top of the wall, from where we could see

Continued on page 178

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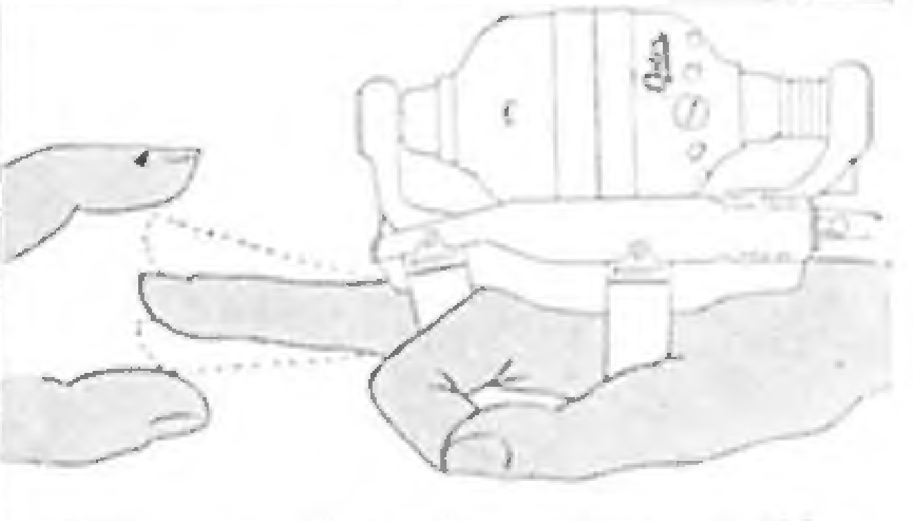

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De Bosis Unafraid

Continued from pages 32-177

the sunset, and St. Peter's silhouetted against the sky.

Later he invited me to his home where I met his mother, who was a lovely and charming gentlewoman, and I saw his sister again.

After our trip to Rome, De Bosis, I learned, came to America once or twice to lecture on Italian art. But I did not see him again.

Nor did I hear anything more about him until several years ago when I saw the name De Bosis heading an article in *Time*. It told of his fateful flight over Rome from which he had not returned.

As a result of the letter that I wrote to *Time* magazine, drawing a parallel between him and his foster father, Sir Moses Ezekiel, I received a letter from Ruth Draper, the famous reader and impersonator who wrote from Paris. She said she had known De Bosis and that at first he had espoused the cause of Fascism. He had felt that it was the only way out of the critical economic condition in which post war Italy found itself.

But later convinced that Fascism as Mussolini had made it was throttling liberty, De Bosis began, in 1930, to circulate bi-monthly letters condemning the Fascist regime and predicting its fall. He signed them "National Alliance." For five months he carried on the work alone, sending six hundred letters every fortnight, and requesting that each recipient send on six copies of the letter. When in December he was obliged to make a short voyage abroad, two friends agreed to carry on his work. During his absence they were arrested by the Fascist police. One of them was Mario Vinciguerra, one of the best known writers in Italy at the time.

De Bosis' first impulse was to return to Rome and share the fate of his friends. Then realizing that the duty of a soldier was not to surrender, but to fight to the end, he made his decision to carry on the work of the National Alliance by scattering upon Rome 400,000 letters from the air.

Exiling himself from Italy he went to France, taking a job as a concierge in a second-rate French hotel. With finances whose source has not been revealed he purchased a second-hand airplane, and after only a few lessons, made his flight over the Mediterranean.

At 3:15 in the afternoon of October 3, 1931, he took off from Marseilles, and reached Rome at 8:00 that evening. For about half an hour his plane soared over the city, and eyewitnesses have described his flight as a feat of great skill and daring. He flew very low and in places it seemed as if snow had fallen, so thickly were the leaflets strewn. He dropped them into the laps of spectators at an open air cinema, and among the tables of cafés in the squares.

That night he did not return to his lodging. In the mail the following day a friend received a letter from him postmarked 3:00 p.m., October 3, 1931. De Bosis must have mailed it on his way to the aviation field. He asked that it be published in case he failed to return from his flight. The title of the letter was *The Story of My Death*, and it has been published. It is too long to reproduce here, but in effect this was his message:

"Tomorrow at 3:00, in a meadow on the Côte d'Azur, I have a rendezvous with Pegasus.

"Pegasus is my airplane. It has a brown body and white wings, and though it is as strong as eighty horses, it is as slim as a swallow. Sometimes, like its namesake of old, it leaps into the air drunk with petrol, and in the night it can glide at will through the sky like a phantom.

"I found it in the forest, and its old master will bring it to me on the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea. I am going to fly to Rome to scatter words of liberty which for seven years have been forbidden like a crime.

"My plane makes two hundred kilometers an hour. Mussolini's planes make three hundred. There are 900 of them and they are waiting for me. Yet the danger is not in the going. It is in the coming back. But my message will be the better recommended by reason of my death." ⧺

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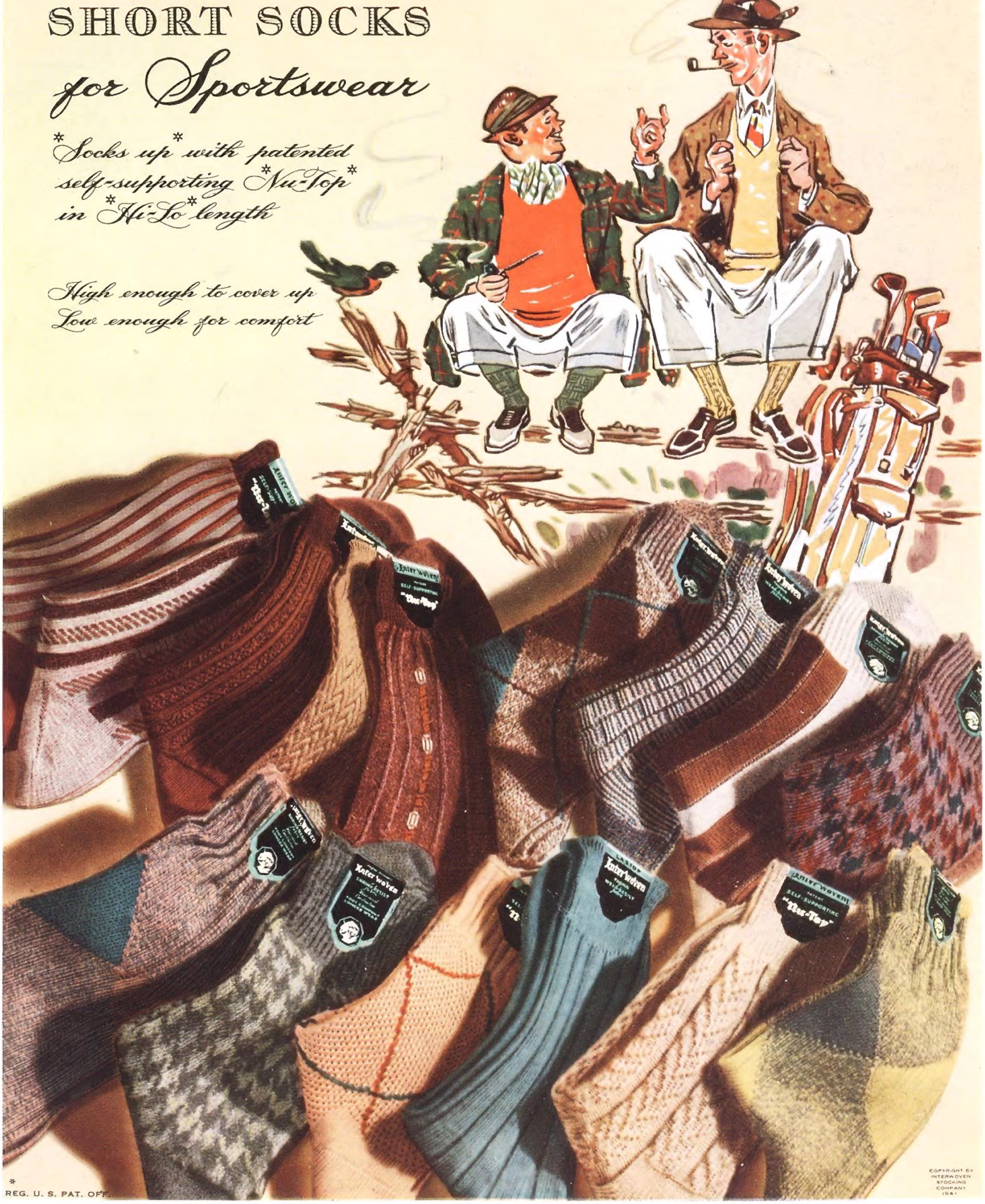
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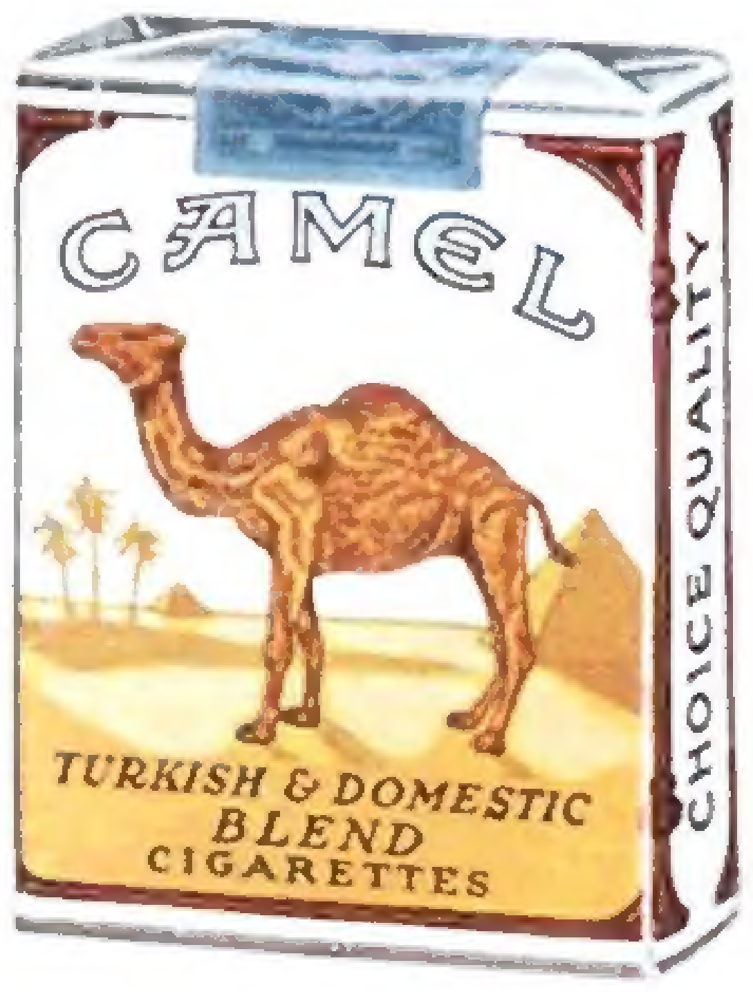

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